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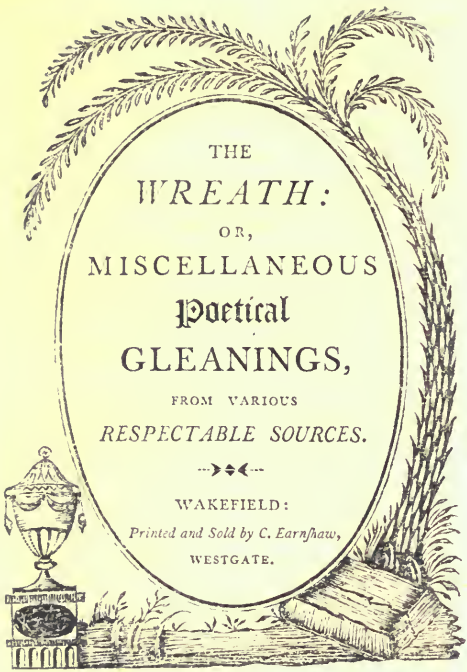

SONNET TO HOPE.

MISS WILLIAMS.

O Ever ſkill'd to wear the form we love,
To bid the ſhapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay ſmile, remove
The laſting ſadneſs of an aching heart.

Thy voice, benign enchantreſs! let me hear;
Say—that for me ſome pleaſure yet ſhall bloom!
That Fancy's radiance, Friendſhip's precious tear,
Shall ſoften or diſpel misfortune's gloom!

But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illuſion charm'd my eye:
O! ſtrew no more, ſweet flatt'rer! on my way,
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die:
Viſions leſs fair will ſooth my penſive breaſt,
That aſks not happineſs, but longs for reſt.

ODE *for his* MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY, 1781.

WHITEHEAD.

STILL does the rage of war prevail?
Still thirſts for blood th' infatiate ſpear?
Waft not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,
That paſſion baffles reaſon's boaſted reign,
And half the peopled world is civiliz'd in vain!
What are morals, what are laws?
What religion's ſacred name?
Nor morals ſoften, nor religion awes;
Pure tho' the precepts flow, the actions are the ſame.
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And av'rice, tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury-fiends that wait,
As tort'ring plagues, on human kind,
When ſhown in their own native light,
In truth's clear mirror, heav'nly bright,
Like real monſters riſe;
But let illuſion's pow'rful wand
Transform, arrange the hideous band,
They cheat us in diſguiſe;
We dreſs their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them glory, and purſue the blaze.
O blind to nature's ſocial plan,
And Heav'n's indulgent end!
Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bleſs,
Bids ſtrife and diſcord ceaſe;
"Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her paths are peace."
Ev'n this auſpicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy ſerene,
And not one ruffling gale of care
Diſturb the halcyon ſcene;

On lighter wings would zephyrs move,
The ſun with added luſtre ſhine,
Did Peace, deſcending from above,
Here fix her earthly ſhrine:
Here to the monarch's fondeſt pray'r
A juſt attention yield,
And let him change the ſword of war
For her protecting ſhield.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

PRATT.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged ſeer,
Who ſad and lonely paſs'd the joyleſs year;
Betray'd, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
And ſhunn'd (oh, dire extreme!) the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his veſt, a hermit's was his food.
Nitch'd in ſome corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockſtone lave,
Hour after hour, the melancholy ſage,
Drop after drop to reckon, would engage
The ling'ring day; and, trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well.
Then thus he moraliz'd, as ſlow it paſs'd,
"This brings me nearer Lucia than the laſt;
And this, now ſtreaming from the eye," ſaid he.
"O my lov'd child! will bring me nearer thee."

When firſt he roam'd, his dog, with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to ſhare;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the ſorrower ſought a lonely woe.
The hermit paus'd, th' attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;
Up roſe the hermit, up the dog would riſe,
And ev'ry way to win a maſter tries.
"Then be it ſo. Come, faithful fool," he ſaid;
One pat encourag'd, and they fought the ſhade.
An unfrequented thicket ſoon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Melliſluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh,
Fountains which well a pilgrim's drink ſupply;
And thence by many a labyrinth it led,
Where ev'ry tree beſtow'd an ev'ning bed.

Skill'd in the chaſe, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moonlight he had caught;
This courſe the ſage forbade. Feeling for all
Had he, and mourn'd his fellow-creature's fall.
"And why," ſaid he, "muſt man ſubſiſt by prey?
Why ſtop yon melting muſic on the ſpray?
Why, when aſſail'd by hounds' and hunters' cry,
Muſt half the harmleſs race in terror fly?
Why muſt we work of innocence the woe?
Still ſhall this boſom throb, theſe eyes o'erflow.
A heart too tender here from man retires,
A heart that aches if but a wiſh expires."
Thus liv'd the maſter good, the ſervant true,
Till to its God the maſter's ſpirit flew,
Beſide a fount, which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the hermit found a grave;
All in the running ſtream his garments ſpread,
And dark, damp verdure ill conceal'd his head:
Crouch'd in the water the ſurvivor ſtood,
Sick'ning with ſorrow, and rejecting food;
The faithful ſervant, from that fatal day,
Watch'd the lov'd corpſe, and piteous pin'd away.
His head upon his maſter's cheek was found,
While the obſtructed waters mourn'd around.

ELEGY *on the* DEATH *of* STERNE,

Which happened at the Time of the General Election, 1768.

ARLEY.

WHILE venal crowds for worthleſs men engage,
Who baſely promiſe what they'll not perform;
While Freedom's purchas'd, and while Faction's rage
Rends England's peace with her ſeptennial ſtorm;

Unaw'd by pow'r, unſway'd by partial views,
Deaf to the clam'rous roar of public ſtrife,
Calmly contemplative, the private muſe
Marks the calamities of private life:

Sees worth and wiſdom daily ſink away,
Sees, and laments them with a kind concern;
E'en now to ſorrow yields the penſive lay,
And drops a tear for genius and for Sterne.

O form'd to pleaſe, to urge the ſocial ſigh,
The gloomy hours of anguiſh to beguile,
To temper humour with humanity,
And melt the boſom, while you force the ſmile!

Soon ſhall thy works, the darts of ſlander ſtemm'd,
By Wiſdom cheriſh'd, and by Virtue priz'd,
Be by Hypocriſy alone condemn'd,
By prudiſh Ignorance alone deſpis'd.

For what is wiſdom, what is virtue worth?
Hard-hearted ſpleen and rigour to deſtroy,
To raiſe compaſſion, call our feelings forth,
And ſooth life's cares with inoffenſive joy.

Let Folly's ſons, to malice ever prone,
Deem all thy labours vain caprice and whim,
Benignity and Truth will ever own
The gen'rous *Toby* and the faithful *Trim*.

Grant, Decency may ſometimes diſcommend,
And plead its outward barriers you aſſault;
Maria's woes and poor *Le Fevre*'s end
Make ample recompenſe for ev'ry fault.

Long, Gratitude thy mem'ry ſhall revere,
Long as benevolence and virtue reign;
Pity thy monumental ſtone ſhall rear,
And daily dew it with a tear humane.

There Honour, Love, and Friendſhip ſhall attend,
Wait round thy ſilent aſhes as they ſleep;
There Wit and Genius mourn their common friend,
And Mirth, unpatroniz'd, ſhall learn to weep.

SONNET TO LIFE.

BOOTHBY.

WHAT art thou, Life? the ſhadow of a dream:
The paſt and future dwell in thought alone;
The preſent, ere we note its flight, is gone!
And all ideal, vain, fantaſtic ſeem.

Whence is thy ſource? and whither doſt thou tend?
So ſhort thy period, and thy form ſo frail;
Poor priſ'ner, pent in death's ſurrounding vale,
Born but to breathe, to ſuffer, and to end.

Why, ſhadow! bring'ſt thou, on thy raven wing,
Dark trains of grief, and viſions of the night,
Rather than graces rob'd in purple light,
Elyſian flow'rs, and love's unclouded ſpring?
Since ſad or gay, whatever be thy theme,
Death ſurely ends, at once, the dreamer and the dream.

DESCRIPTION OF HAY-MAKING.

FROM "BEWSEY," A POEM.

THERE ſee the mowers, to their half-done taſk
Early returning, jocund, o'er the graſs
That yeſterday they cut: with ſtone well ply'd,
Bending, they whet the clear-reſounding ſteel;
And now in order plac'd, ſtep after ſtep
Slow following, with ſucceſſive well-tim'd ſtrokes
The ſcythe they brandiſh: falling at their feet,
In ſemicircles wide, a mingled heap
Of ſeedling ſtalks and flow'rs of various hues
In wild confuſion lies, to bloom no more.
Meanwhile a num'rous train of men and boys,
And country maidens, bearing in their hands
The rural trophies, cheerfully begin
Their pleaſing taſk, and ſcatter far and wide,
With airy toſs, the odorif'rous hay;
Light burden! While as now the climbing ſun,
In ſplendour clad, pours forth his ſloping rays
Stronger, the field is all a moving ſcene
Of gaiety and buſineſs, mirth and toil.
Many the jokes, and frequent are the laughs,
Enlivening their labour: on the copſe
Of yonder hedge, where gay the wild-roſe blooms,
Is laid the copious can, with needful ſtore
Of liquor fill'd, and cover'd from the ſight
Of buſy flies. Full oft the heated ſwain
Thither is ſeen to pace, and from the cup
Firſt takes a long, deep draught; then to the fair,
Not aſking, but whoſe warm bluſh'd cheeks betray
Her thirſt, ſlow carrying, preſents the cup
With awkward gallantry. Fatigued, the hand
Awhile repoſe: the ſun-burnt clown, robuſt,
Pulls on his knee his modeſt-looking fair,
Pleas'd, and yet half aſham'd; ah! happy he,

If from her lips he gain at laſt the kiſs,
With many ſtruggles won; nor is e'en ſhe,
Though her diſorder'd locks, with many a frown,
Now ſhe adjuſts, displeas'd at heart to loſe
The fragrant prize ſhe wiſh'd not to withhold.
She ſeeks not to enſnare a captive train
Of ſlaves, to grace the triumphs of her eyes;
Nor, having won her lover's faithful heart,
To leave him, proud-exulting in his pains.
For him alone the riband gay is ſeen,
On Sundays, ſtreaming in her hat of ſtraw,
Luring, at church, unwary eyes from pray'rs.
Still near her through the field he ſtrives to toil;
And oft, when unperceiv'd, they tell their love
In ſidelong glances: language ſweet! that ſpeaks,
In ſilence, more than all th' affected fop,
Practis'd in ſlatt'ry's arts, with oily tongue,
Pours in his vainer fair's deluded ears.
Here 'tis that Love beſtows his pleaſing joys,
Unblended with his cares; for here no fears
Of rankling jealouſy diſturb the breaſt.
He *knows* his maiden true, as ſhe her ſwain;
And ſo ſhall each be prov'd, for Hymen ſoon
In bondage ſweet ſhall join their willing hands.
Be kind, ye ſouthern breezes! blow not yet,
Nor bid your train of gloomy clouds and ſhow'rs,
Unwelcome now, deform the tranquil ſky;
But let the frequent wain, unſtopp'd by rains,
Clear the dry hay-field of its duſky piles!

GOODY BLAKE *and* HARRY GILL.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter ſtill?
Of waiſtcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to ſmother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the ſame with Harry Gill:
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chat'er, chatter ſtill.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the fame with Harry Gill;
Beneath the fun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter ſtill.

Young Harry was a luſty drover,
And who ſo ſtout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.
Auld goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed ſhe was, and thinly clad;
And any man, who paſs'd her door,
Might ſee how poor a hut ſhe had.

All day ſhe ſpun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
This woman dwelt in Dorſetſhire;
Her hut was on a cold hill ſide;
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the ſame fire, to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one ſmall cottage,
But ſhe, poor woman! dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when ſummer came,
The long, warm, lightſome ſummer day;
Then at her door the *canty* dame
Would ſit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our ſtreams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would ſhake!
You would have ſaid, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her ev'nings then were dull and dead;
Sad caſe it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not ſleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And ſcatter'd many a luſty ſplinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had ſhe, well or ſick,
As ev'ry man, who knew her, ſays,

A pile beforehand, wood or ſtick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the froſt was paſt enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then, it muſt be ſaid,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To ſeek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long ſuſpected
This treſpaſs of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that ſhe ſhould be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there at night, in froſt and ſnow,
He watch'd to ſeize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out, did Harry ſtand;
The moon was full, and ſhining clearly,
And crisp with froſt the ſtubborn land.
—He hears a noiſe—he's all awake—
Again—on tip-toe down the hill
He ſoftly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after ſtick did Goody pull;
He ſtood behind a buſh of elder,
Till ſhe had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load ſhe turn'd about,
The bye-road back again to take,
He ſtarted forward with a ſhout,
And ſprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her faſt;
And fiercely by the arm he ſhook her,
And cry'd, "I've caught you then at laſt!"
Then Goody, who had nothing ſaid,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the ſticks, ſhe pray'd
To God, who is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy-cold he turn'd away.

He went complaining all the morrow,
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas, that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
And not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.—
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all, who see him, say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

HORATIAN PHILOSOPHY.

AIKIN.

FROM scenes of tumult, noise, and strife,
And all the ills of public life;
From waiting at the great man's gate,
Amid the slaves that swell his state;
From coxcomb poets and their verses;
From streets with chariots throng'd, and hearses:

From rattling ſpendthrifts and their gueſts,
And dull buffoons with ſcurvy jeſts;
From faſhion's whims, and folly's freaks;
From ſhouts by day, and nightly ſhrieks;
O let me make a quick retreat,
And ſeek in haſte my country ſeat;
In ſilent ſhades forgotten lie,
And learn to live, before I die!
There, on the verdant turf reclin'd,
By wiſdom's rules compoſe my mind;
My paſſions ſtill, correct my heart,
And meliorate my better part:
Quit idle hope and vain deſire,
And ceaſe to gaze where fools admire:
With ſcorn the crowd profane behold
Enſlav'd by ſordid thirſt of gold,
Nor deign to bend at ſuch a ſhrine,
While prieſt of Phœbus and the Nine.
Nor would I ſhun the ſtudent's toil,
But feed my lamp with Grecian oil.
Sometimes, through Stoic walks ſublime,
Up the rough ſteep of Virtue climb;
From philoſophic heights look down,
Nor heed if Fortune ſmile or frown;
In Wiſdom's mantle cloſely furl'd,
Defy the tempeſts of the world;
And, ſcorning all that's not our own,
Place ev'ry good in mind alone.
Then, ſliding to an eaſier plan,
Put off the God, to be the Man;
Reſolve the offer'd ſweets to prove,
Of ſocial bowls, gay ſports, and love;
Give froward life its childiſh toy,
Nor bluſh to feel, and to enjoy.
Yet ever, as, by humour led,
Each path of life in turn I tread,
Still to my firſt great maxim true,
On Moderation fix my view;
Let her with temp'ring ſway preſide
O'er pleaſure's cup and learning's pride;
And by her ſage decrees o'er-rule
The dogmas of each ſturdy ſchool.
Opinion thus may various play,
While reaſon ſhines with ſteady ray,
And caſts o'er all the ſhifting ſcene
Her ſober hue, and light ſerene.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

FINDAR.

THE old ſhepherd's dog, like his maſter, was gray;
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by Tray;
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the graſs the ſhepherd would lie,
For a nap in the ſun—'midſt his ſlumbers ſo ſweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd conſtantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents deſcended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'midſt the tempeſts and rain,
Tray ſcorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the ſtraw Tray made his laſt bed;
For vain againſt death is the ſtouteſt endeavour—
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, cloſ'd his eyes, and, ah! cloſ'd them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the ſhepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave in true ſorrow would bend;
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor ſwain,
"O! bury me, neighbours, beſide my old friend."

A FREE IMITATION *from* CATULLUS.

AS ſome fair flow'r, beneath a ſoft'ring ſky,—
Sweet fav'rite object of the gard'ner's eye!—
With jealous care is ſtrongly fenc'd around,
Secure from cattle, and the ploughſhare's wound:
To lads and laſſes when this flow'r is ſhown,
Pleas'd they all wiſh the lovely plant their own;
Snapp'd from its ſtem it now neglected lies,
Fade its warm tints, and ev'ry beauty dies;
The lads and laſſes, who admir'd ſo late,
Paſs the pale flow'ret, nor regard its fate.
Thus a fair virgin, whom kind Heav'n approves,
Whom friendſhip ſofters, guards, directs, and loves,
Should ſome curs'd ſpoiler blaſt her ſpotleſs fame,
Sinks the wan victim of remorſe and ſhame:
No longer friends the fair with fondneſs eye;
The lads reject her, and the laſſes fly.

THELAMONT AND ALMERIA.

FROM BIDLAKE'S "SEA."

NOW thrice three bright revolving ſuns had view'd
Fond Thelamont to his Almeria join'd;
With rapture melting into fix'd eſteem;
Equal delight, and ſoul-exchanging bliſs.
So beam'd, ſo ſmil'd, ſo parted ev'ry year!
Bright ſhone a ſummer's morn, when Thelamont
Upon a placid ſea ſet ſail; intent,
With baited hook, to tempt the finny tribe.
Cruel delight! From native beds to drag
The wounded fools, and ſpoil their ſilv'ry ſcales
And ſpotted pride, writh'd on the tort'rous hook,
In ſuff'rance dumb. O, be meek Mercy heard!
Thrice bleſs'd be he, who ever kindneſs ſhows
To the poor brutal race: contign'd, by him
Who ſhelters all, to Reaſon's manly rule,
And mild Humanity's more tender care.
Thrice bleſs'd be he! Soft Pity, copious ſhow'r
Thy gracious dews upon his head; refreſh
His tender heart, and glad his darkſome days!

He to Almeria firſt his purpoſe ſpoke.
She, meek and timid fair, by nature fearful,
But more through love, with look ineffable,
Thus ſpake: "Why try the dang'rous wave to-day?"
Oft have I fear'd ſome dire miſhap, when thou
Upon the faithleſs main haſt ſolace ſought,
Where unknown horror lurks, and hidden ſnares.
This day is ſacred to the rites of love;
This anniverſal of the happy year
Since firſt our hands we join'd; and mutual pledg'd
Our faith. This happy day with me conſume;
With me, I pray, and with our little race."
And then ſhe turn'd delighted looks to where
Their roſy infants, dew-drops of gay health,
Spring buds of purple youth, ſported around.
To this, of anſw'ring feelings raptur'd full,
Though all the father, all the huſband roſe
At once; and tides o'erflowing of rich joy
Almoſt his boſom burſt, he anſwer made:
"Sweet ſharer of my days! partner of my bliſs!
Fear not. I leave thee for a little ſpace;
And long before brown night its ſhades extends,
Shall to thy arms return. Short abſence makes

True love more sweet." O blindness to the future!
That kindly veils sharp pain's perspective ills;
Hides what no caution can avoid, or keeps
From greater ills of choice! Silent, depress'd,
Almeria sat; placid, though not content;
And forc'd a smile that would consent have spoken,
And wip'd in haste a stealthful tear unseen,
That fear had dropp'd upon her downcast eye;
And check'd a sigh that apprehension breath'd,
Soft as the summer ev'ning zephyr curls
The crimson bosom of the sleepy lake.

Now from the port th' impatient vessel steers,
And to the wanton gales the swelling sails
Their bosoms gave; and gliding swift before
The fresh'ning breeze, that brushing kiss'd the wave,
The painted vessel danc'd, light, trim, and gay.
With equal speed the shores receding flew,
Till far into the azure main they gain'd.
Deceitful morn! why dost thou smile so fair?
Shall nature be so false? Fresh'ning, the breeze
Swells to a gale; the shifting gale a storm;
That adverse soon forbade all hop'd return,
And access to the wish'd-for land deny'd.
Alas, poor Thelamont! thy drifting bark
Flies fast before the furious winds, that, mad
And cruel, wing thee from thy fading home;
The lov'd, the happy spot, where wait thy vows,
Thy dear delights, thy rosy smiling babes;
The softest, sweetest partner of thy care.
Nor ev'ning greets thee now with promis'd joy;
Nor infant sports; nor her kind arms, that wrap
Thee in the lap of love; the flow'ry bow'r,
That shields from ev'ry blast, from ev'ry pain.
Far, far from these, and ev'ry soothing joy,
Art thou to dreary, friendless night consign'd,
And all the horrors of the rough, rude storm.

The closing eve, meantime, with moisten'd lids,
Sunk low and sad on ocean's troubled bed,
In sympathy of melancholy fate.
On the remorseless main her anxious eye
Almeria cast, where madness furious play'd,
And through the thick'ning mist did fancy paint,
Last friend of grief, the vessel's distant form,
That held the lord, the sharer of her heart.
Her children oft (O happy age! whom yet

Hope e'er delights,) look'd thro' the dark'ning ſcene,
And in imagination's pictʋre ſaw
The bark, and hail'd their parent's bleſs'd return:
And made more keen Almeria's frantic woe,
When e'en deceptive promiſe fail'd to cheat,
And dull, blank diſappointment coldly frown'd.
Go wrap your fondling arms, ye ſmiling babes!
Strain cloſe your fainting mother's breaſt! kiſs, kiſs
Away the tears! that flowing fountains run,
And mingle pity's ſtream with her full tide.
She needs your ev'ry ſoothing art, your wiles,
To mellow ſharp diſtreſs! for never more
Shall ſhe, ſave in your ſweetly-dimpled cheeks,
That pictʋre ſweet remembrance of paſt love,
Th' unfading image of your ſire behold.

Laſt, fancy fail'd, and cruel frowning night
Deny'd e'en cheering hope; and rolling flow,
In pitchy darkneſs wrapp'd the ruin'd ſcene.

The SWALLOW *and the* TORTOISE.

MRS. BARBAULD.

A Tortoiſe in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter-quarters under ground,
And, with a ſober pace,
Was crawling o'er a ſunny bed,
And thruſting from his ſhell his pretty toad-like head.

Juſt come from ſea, a ſwallow,
As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat our old racer hollow:
At length he ſtopp'd direct in view,
And ſaid, "Acquaintance, briſk and gay,
How have you far'd this many a day?"

"Thank you! (reply'd the cloſe houſekeeper,)
Since you and I laſt autumn parted,
I've been a precious ſleeper,
And never ſtirr'd or ſtarted;
But in my hole I lay as ſnug
As fleas within a rug;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the ſnow and ice was thaw'd."

" But I, (rejoin'd the bird,)
Who love cold weather juſt as well as you,
Soon as the warning blaſts I heard,
Away I flew,
And, mounting in the wind,
Left gloomy winter far behind.
Directed by the mid-day ſun,
O'er ſea and land my vent'rous courſe I ſteer'd;
Nor was my diſtant journey done
Till Afric's verdant coaſt appear'd.
There, all the ſeaſon long,
I chas'd gay butterflies and gnats,
And gave my negro friends a morning ſong,
And hous'd at night among the bats.
Then, at the call of ſpring,
I northward turn'd my wing,
And here again her joyous meſſage bring."

" Lord! what a deal of needleſs ranging!
(Return'd the reptile grave.)
For ever hurrying, buſtling, changing,
As if it were your life to ſave!
Why need you viſit foreign nations?
Rather like me, and ſome of your relations,
Take out a pleaſant half year's nap,
Secure from trouble and miſhap."

" A pleaſant nap, indeed! (reply'd the ſwallow,)
When I can neither ſee nor fly,
The bright example I may follow;
Till then, in truth, not I!
I meaſure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment;
As good be bury'd all at once
As doze out half one's days, like you, you ſtupid dunce!"

AN EPITAPH.

ESCAP'D the gloom of mortal life, a ſoul
Here leaves its mould'ring tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have ſtemm'd the ſea of life;
Like thee, have languiſh'd after empty joys;

Like thee, have labour'd in the ſtormy ſtrife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainſt paſſion's threatful blaſt,
Let ſteady reaſon urge the ſtruggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn, at laſt,
Gives to thy longing eye the bliſsful ſhore.

Forget my frailties, thou art alſo frail;
Forgive my lapſes, for thyſelf mayſt fall;
Nor read unmov'd my artleſs, tender tale,
I was a friend, O man! to thee, to all.

TRANSLATION *of a* POEM *of* HALLER.

AH, woods for ever dear! whoſe branches ſpread
Their verdant arch o'er Hazel's breezy head,
When ſhall I once again, ſupinely laid,
Hear Philomela charm your liſt'ning ſhade?
When ſhall I ſtretch my careleſs limbs again,
Where, gently riſing from the velvet plain,
O'er the green hills, in eaſy curve that bend,
The moſſy carpet Nature's hands extend?
Where all is ſilent! ſave the gales that move
The leafy umbrage of the whiſp'ring grove;
Or the ſoft murmurs of the riv'let's wave,
Whoſe cheering ſtreams the lonely meadows lave.

O Heav'n! when ſhall once more theſe eyes be caſt
On ſcenes where all my ſpring of life was paſs'd?
Where oft, reſponſive to the fallen rill,
Sylvia and love my artleſs lays would fill.
While Zephyr's fragrant breeze, ſoft breathing, ſtole
A pleaſing ſadneſs o'er my penſive ſoul.
Care and her ghaſtly train were far away,
While calm beneath the ſhelt'ring woods I lay,
'Mid ſhades impervious to the beams of day.

Here—ſad reverſe! from ſcenes of pleaſure far,
I wage with ſorrow unremitting war:
Oppreſs'd with grief, my ling'ring moments flow,
Nor aught of joy, nor aught of quiet know.
Far from the ſcenes that gave my being birth,
From parents far, an outcaſt of the earth!
In youth's warm hours, from each reſtriction free
Left to myſelf in dang'rous liberty.

Now pale diſeaſe ſhoots thro' my languid frame,
And checks the zeal for wiſdom and for fame.
Now droops fond Hope, by Diſappointment croſs'd;
Chill'd by neglect, each ſanguine wiſh is loſt.
O'er the weak mound ſtern Ocean's billows ride,
And waſt deſtruction in with ev'ry tide;
While Mars, deſcending from his crimſon car,
Fans, with fierce hands, the kindling flames of war.

Her gentle aid let Conſolation lend:
All human evils haſten to their end.
The ſtorm abates at ev'ry guſt it blows:
Paſt ills enhance the comforts of repoſe.
He who ne'er felt the preſſure of diſtreſs,
Ne'er felt returning pleaſure's keen exceſs.
Time, who affliction bore on rapid wing,
My panting heart to happineſs may bring.
I, on my native hills, may yet enhale
The purer influence of the ambient gale.

Ah, ſcenes of early joy! ah, much-lov'd ſhades!
Soon may my footſteps tread your vernal glades.
Ah! ſhould kind Heav'n permit me to explore
Your ſeats of ſtill tranquillity once more!
E'en now, to Fancy's viſionary eye,
Hope ſhows the flatt'ring hour of tranſport nigh.
Blue ſhines the ether, when the ſtorm is paſt;
And calm repoſe ſucceeds to ſorrow's blaſt.
Flouriſh, ye ſcenes of ever-new delight!
Wave wide your branches to my raptur'd ſight!
While, ne'er to roam again, my weary'd feet
Seek the kind refuge of your calm retreat.

The COMFORTS *of* RELIGION.

O Bleſs'd Religion! heav'nly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing pow'r
Can ſweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When diſmal thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A univerſal ſhade;—

Thy ſacred dictates can aſſuage
The tempeſt of the ſoul:

And ev'ry fear ſhall loſe its rage
At thy divine control.

Through life's bewilder'd, darkſome way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heav'nly ray
A cheering luſtre ſheds.

When feeble reaſon, tir'd and blind,
Sinks, hopeleſs and afraid,
Thou bleſs'd ſupporter of the mind!
How pow'rful is thy aid!

Oh! let my heart confeſs thy pow'r,
And find thy ſweet relief;
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And ſoften ev'ry grief.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

MOTT.

NOW ev'ning dim appears—that much-lov'd hour
Of ſweet tranquillity and rural eaſe:
When far afield is heard
The ploughman's ſimple ſong;

And from the bean-field ſings the lab'ring bee.
Warn'd homeward by the coming ſhades of night,
And dews that gently fall
On ev'ry drooping flow'r.

With Contemplation let me ſeek to dwell,
In wild romantic vale, or ruin dark,
Where the ſwift-eireling bat
Flits in the twilight way.

And oft, in ſheep-cote near, the pleaſing ſound
Of warning-bell is heard; as Philomel,
In Echo's mournful haunts,
Sings her ſad tale of woe.

Or if, by muſing Mem'ry, fondly led
To poor Matilda's turf of fading flow'rs,
Meet me in holy guiſe,
O maid! rever'd by thoſe

Who love to ſhed affection's hallow'd tears,
Unmark'd, at night; when through the fleecy clouds

That veil her azure ſphere,
The wan moon dimly ſhines.

But when drear winter ſaddens all the plain,
And by the cheerful fire, at cloſe of day,
I hear the bleak winds mourn
Around my reed-thatch'd hut;

The muſe my lonely hours ſhall oft beguile:
And thou, ſweet maid! the willing mind ſhalt ſtore
With pity, meek content,
And friendſhip's ſacred law.

As night appears, big with the wintry ſtorm,
Then ſhall the glimm'ring lamp, with cheering ray,
Beam o'er the neighb'ring plain,
Or mountain's lonely ſide:

For oft poor travellers, benighted, ſtray
Wide of the village path, at that dark hour,
When not a watch-dog barks,
No diſtant ſheep-bell ſounds.

Or, ling'ring onward, fear the chaſm's depth,
Conceal'd by drifted ſnow; as the cold blaſt
Howls through the leafleſs thorn,
And windings of the ſteep.

DESCRIPTION *of an* AGED RUSTIC.

CRABBE.

NOR yet can time itſelf obtain for theſe,
Life's lateſt comforts, due reſpect and eaſe;
For, yonder, ſee that hoary ſwain, whoſe age
Can with no cares, except his own, engage;
Who, propp'd on that rude ſtaff, looks up to ſee
The bare arms broken from the with'ring tree;
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftieſt bough,
Then his firſt joy, but his ſad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the ruſtic trade,
His ſteady hand the ſtraighteſt furrow made;
Full many a prize he won, and ſtill is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
A tranſient pleaſure ſparkles in his eyes,
He hears and ſmiles, then thinks again and ſighs

For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich diſdain him; nay, the poor diſdain;
Alternate maſters now their ſlave command,
And urge the efforts of his feeble hand;
Who, when his age attempts its taſk in vain,
With ruthleſs taunts of lazy poor complain.

Oft may you ſee him, when he tends the ſheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in ſnow;
When, rous'd by rage, and mutt'ring in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.

"Why do I live, when I deſire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in ſpring, the young are blown away,
Without the ſorrows of a ſlow decay;
I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
Nipp'd by the froſt, and ſhiv'ring in the wind;
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow ſwains are gone;
Then, from the riſing generation thruſt,
It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the duſt.
Theſe fruitful fields, theſe num'rous flocks I ſee,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Slow in their gifts, but haſty in their words;
Wants of their own demand their care, and who
Feels his own want and ſuccours others too?
A lonely, wretched man! in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my wo;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

A MORNING RAMBLE.

MY oriſons devoutly breath'd to heav'n,
Before th' increaſing heat, or riſing gale,
Has wholly dry'd the pearly drops away,
With deepeſt ſenſe of gratitude impreſs'd,
Forth let me haſte, and with a walk amuſe
My leiſure hours. Of two delightful paths,
Oft with my ſteps imprinted, which to chooſe
I heſitate, uncertain. Downward, this

Directs me to the bottom of the dale;
That, stretch'd through roughest woodlands, upwards leads
To where the heath, with supercilious pride,
The plain o'erlooks. Along the side of each
A riv'let murmurs. In the first, my limbs,
Though able down the slope to pass with ease,
May deem the toil of re-ascending hard;
While, if exhausted with the latter's height,
Refreshment in returning they may find.
Permit me, then, the latter to pursue,
Nor think I walk in solitude. Each tree
Presents an old acquaintance, and each bush
A friend, whose bounty often hath regal'd
My ravish'd senses with a rich perfume.
The same few objects long remain. I meet
With something new each moment. Lo! this oak
Supports a woodbine unobserv'd before.
An infant ivy round another twines
That bush, with thorn impervious to the hand,
A linnet's nest hath in its bosom gain'd.
And, hark! yon excavated trunk resounds
With hum of bees: a colony, till now,
Unnotic'd there. But pleasure ev'ry change
Bestows not. Who, with grief unmov'd, can see
What ravages the cruel herds have made
Among the lower boughs of yonder ash?
Not distant far, another stands, depriv'd
Of all its spreading honours, by the hand
Of some unfeeling woodman. There his axe,
Resistless weapon! to the ground hath hewn
The venerable monarch of the grove.
Adieu, my ancient guardian! It imparts
A melancholy joy to recollect
How oft, beneath thy hospitable shade,
I thoughtless wont to loiter; from the world,
And all the cares of busy life, absolv'd.
Thy fall not I alone regret: thy fall,
In long-protracted melancholy strain,
The stock-dove mourns; while, of their fav'rite tree
Bereft, the jay and cuckoo, chatt'ring loud,
Arraign the author of thine overthrow.
Onward, the road continues still to wind,
And I, within the limits of its track,
My steps confine. A smooth inclosure now
I measure o'er, and now remove aside

The rambling ſhoots of bramble, that oppoſe
My paſſage through a thicket. Here, a fold,
And there, a ſhed for cattle, ſtrikes mine eye.
Before me often ſhoots a timid hare;
Nor ſtart I ſeldom at the whirring flight
Of partridge, on her brittle ſtore ſurpris'd.
Meantime, on this ſide, high above me, ſwells
A rugged mountain, overgrown with wood;
The riv'let on the other brawls along.
Now, down a fair declivity of ſand
It babbles cheerful; now, it foams o'er rocks,
Fretful and diſcontented. Deep conceal'd
Beneath incumbent willows, and the boughs
Of hazel, darkling, there its current flows;
And yonder, in a pure tranſlucent pool,
Diffuſive ſpreads, as of the level ſpot
Enamour'd Nigh the bank, with whiſp'ring ſound,
Soft ſigh the reeds; and ſmiling, half immers'd,
The water-lily, all ſubmiſſion, turns
Her ſpotleſs boſom as the gale directs.

ECONOMY.

PINDAR.

ECONOMY's a very uſeful broom,
Yet ſhould not ceaſeleſs hunt about the room,
To catch each ſtraggling pin to make a plum.
Too oft, economy's an iron vice,
That ſqueezes e'en the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and aſk a crumb.

Proper economy's a comely thing;
Good in a ſubject—better in a king;
Yet, puſh'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling:
Moſt eaſily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and ſtealing.

E'en when the heart ſhould only think of grief,
It creeps into the boſom like a thief,
And ſwallows up th' affections all ſo mild—
Witneſs the Jeweſs and her only child.

Poor miſtreſs Levi had a luckleſs ſon,
Who, ruſhing to obtain the foremoſt ſeat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,

High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell ail plump into the pit.
Dead, in a minute, as a nit:
In ſhort, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was diſtracted, raving, wild;
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiſs'd her child
Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around.
Soon as the ſhow'r of tears was ſomewhat paſt,
And moderately calm th' hyſteric blaſt,
She caſt about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a ſaving knowledge bleſs'd,
She thus the playhouſe manager addreſs'd:

"Sher, I'm de moder of the poor Chew lad,
Dat meet miſhfartin here ſo bad—
Sher, I muſs haf de ſhilling back, you know,
Aſs Moſes haf nat fee the ſhow."

But as for av'rice, 'tis the very devil;
The ſount, alas! of ev'ry evil;
The cancer of the heart, the worſt of ills:
Wherever ſown, luxuriantly it thrives;
No flow'r of virtue near it lives—
Like aconite, where'er it ſpreads, it kills.

THE AFRICAN.

SOUTHEY.

OH! he is worn with toil! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek:—hold, hold thy mer-
cileſs hand.
Pale tyrant! for, beneath thy hard command,
O'erweary'd nature ſinks. The ſcorching ſun,
As pitileſs as proud Proſperity,
Darts on him his full beams; gaſping he lies,
Arraigning, with his looks, the patient ſkies,
While that inhuman trader lifts on high
The manging ſcourge. Oh, ye who, at your eaſe,
Sip the blood-moiſten'd beverage! thoughts like
theſe
Haply ye ſcorn: I thank thee, gracious God!
That I do feel, upon my cheek, the glow
Of indignation, when, beneath the rod,
A ſable brother writhes in ſilent woe.

ELEGY on the DEATH of Miſs H. TAYLOR,

By her Father, JOHN TAYLOR, Eſq.

HOW vain the wiſh of long-continuing joy,
Form'd on the tranſient pleaſures of a day!
How weak, that man ſhould ſerious toil employ,
To reſt his thought on clouds which fleet away!

As well from hence he may attempt to riſe
On eddying winds aloft, and proudly dare
To bid the fiery meteor in the ſkies
Arreſt its motion through the liquid air.

Scarce hath ſwift Time his laughing circle drawn,
Of gay deluſive years, to twenty-one,
Ere all the light-blown bubbles of our dawn
Vaniſh, like dew drops from the morning ſun.

In manhood's courſe how artfully are thrown
Succeeding lures of life, from ſtage to ſtage!
More firm in proſpect, but, when truly known,
Frail as the playthings of our infant age!

Of human ties that bind us moſt to earth,
However various, 'tis by all agreed,
If ſunk with ſadneſs, or if cheer'd by mirth,
In either period friendſhip takes the lead.

Happy their lot, whoſe ever-ſeeking minds
In this falſe world can gain a ſmall ſupply!
Supremely ſo the man who hourly finds,
At home, its radiance beam from ev'ry eye!

This my paſt life hath prov'd, and yet may prove,
Save that my Harriet is no longer giv'n!
Her ſoul of friendſhip and her looks of love,
Fled to their ſource, have found a home in heav'n.

Alas! reflection now alternate guides
The mind, enfeebled, to each diff'rent theme;
As bury'd joy, or living hope preſides,
Till balmy ſlumbers give this lenient dream:—

Methinks I ſee, with ſympathetic woe,
Pale Sorrow moving from that hallow'd tomb,
In ſighs as mild as ſummer zephyrs blow,
To breathe theſe accents through the midnight gloom:

Mourner, approach! yon moon will light thy way,
O'er fun'ral hillocks in the cypreſs glade;
Theſe flowing eyes ſhall catch her waning ray,
And ſhow the flow'ry turf where Harriet's laid!

Eager I haſte, with dying voice, to ſpeak
This one memorial, as a truth ſincere:
Her life ne'er caus'd a bluſh upon her cheek,
Nor drew, till gone, from this fond heart a tear.

When Faith, deſcending on a ſeraph's wing,
Points out my progreſs to a happier ſhore;
There the bright ſaint (ſhe ſaid) can welcome bring,
And hail with rapture, "We ſhall part no more."

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

PHILIPS.

"——Sing, heavenly Muſe!
Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling! He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Transfix'd his ſoul, and kindled am'rous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff,
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corſe ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers: or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well poliſh'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,

Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends:
With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtraight my briſtling hairs erect
Through ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admired by modern ſaints,
Diſaſt'rous acts forebode: in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him ſtalks
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay
Of debtor, ſtraight his body, to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To ſome inchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas lets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
This caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the hummiug prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my days. But when nocturnal ſhades
This world envelope, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumbing froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood:
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimm'ring light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſp'rate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendant on a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake.
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,

In vain—awake, I find the fettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.

Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut, in rough-furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdu'd (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſe, with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds,
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through the Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruizing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charybdis, (dang'rous rocks!
She ſtrikes rebounding; whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea: in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming! Horrors ſeize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the batt'ring waves ruſh in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks found'ring in the vaſt abyſs.

LINES BY A LADY,

On obſerving ſome White Hairs on her Lover's Head.

THOU to whoſe pow'r reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's airy dreams, relentleſs Time!
Alike the dread of lover and of friend,
Why ſtamp thy ſeal on manhood's roſy prime?
Already twining 'midſt my Thyrſis' hair
The ſnowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Through all her forms, though nature owns thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
Secure to please, while goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant! when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly:
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,
Each smile that beams from that enchanting face—

Then through her stores shall active Mem'ry rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delightful view.
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

On the DEATH of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HAMLEY.

WHILE nations mourn the day
When Franklin wing'd his way
Far above earth's poor toils and creeping cares;
Say, shall the plaintive lute,
When Freedom calls, be mute,
Nor slowly-solemn breathe its dirgeful airs?

The free-born sons of verse
Still love to deck the hearse,
Where rest the mighty guardians of mankind;
Nor shall they, FRANKLIN, fear
For thee a shrine to rear,
And hail with incense due thy heav'n-taught mind.

The patriot passing by
Where thy cold ashes lie,
Shall say, while manly tears bedew his face,
"There sleeps the sage in peace,
Who bade oppression cease,
His country's friend, and friend of human race."

By truth and virtue blefs'd,
Simplicity fhall reft,
In forrowing filence, o'er thy grave, and weep;
And focial Love, with eyes
Where dews of pity rife,
Forlorn and fad, her vigils there fhall keep.

Science, in accents mild,
Shall praife her fav'rite child,
Whofe foaring wifdom heav'n's own fire fubdu'd;
And Freedom there fhall bend
Her awful port, and fend
Such genuine fighs, as blefs the wife and good.

Yet not with thee decay'd
Shall all her fpirit fade;
She moves impetuous as the whirlwind's breath;
She lifts her light'ning fpear,
And bids the nations hear
Her voice, far-fhouting, "Liberty or Death."

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a fummer evening,
Old Kafpar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was fitting in the fun,
And by him fported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She faw her brother Peterkin
Roll fomething large and round,
That he befide the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to afk what he had found,
That was fo large, and fmooth, and round.

Old Kafpar took it from the boy,
Who ftood expectant by;
And then the old man fhook his head,
And with a natural figh,
'Tis fome poor fellow's fkull, faid he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,

And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughſhare turns them out;
For many thouſand men, ſaid he,
Were ſlain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the Engliſh, Kaſpar cry'd,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But ev'ry body ſaid, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,
Yon little ſtream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forc'd to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to reſt his head.

With fire and ſword the country round
Was waſted far and wide.
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, muſt be
At every famous victory.

They ſay it was a ſhocking ſight
After the field was won,
For many thouſand bodies here
Lay rotting in the ſun;
But things like that, you know, muſt be
After a famous victory.

Great praiſe the duke of Marlbro' won
And our good prince Eugene.—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body prais'd the duke
Who ſuch a fight did win.

But what good came of it at laſt?—
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why, that I cannot tell, ſaid he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

EFFUSION.

Written by Moonlight, upon a ſequeſtered woodland Hill.

HERE, plac'd beyond all human ken,
Far from the world's intruſive eye,
Far from the haunts of toilſome men,
I ſtand, and view the blue-rob'd ſky.

Wide o'er the heav'n's celeſtial glow—
While moon and ſtars in glory ſhine—
A raptur'd glance around I throw,
And own the maker's hand DIVINE.

When I behold theſe orbs that roll,
Whoſe birth with Time's remote began,
Theſe lights that burn from pole to pole,
And *they* but *parts* of *one great plan;*

Warm from my ſoul the ſtrain aſcends,
That hails the Lord of Nature's frame;
My lowly heart before him bends,
And tranſport kindles at his name.

Theſe works OMNIPOTENCE declare.
Aloud proclaim tranſcendant ſkill;
And ORDER ſpeaks thy ſov'reign care,
Almighty, all-pervading will!

Thy hand hath nothing made in vain,
Thy bounties e'en to me extend;
Thy gifts—diffus'd like vernal rain,—
On *all* thy works alike deſcend.

Spirit ſupreme! in all things found,
In radiant ſpheres, or earth's green ſod;
Author of all this wondrous round,
Creative, all-informing GOD!——

Almighty Maker!—when I trace
Thouſands of worlds that round me lie,

Harmonious roll'd through boundleſs ſpace,
My heart exclaims, "Lord, what am I?"

Compar'd with what mine eye can ſee,
I ſeem a point,—a dubious line;
And *theſe*, when I compare with THEE,
Appear in leſs'ning ſhades like mine.

Compar'd with time and endleſs ſpace,
A poor Ephemeron I ſeem;
A grain of duſt on Nature's face;
My preſent being but a dream.

Unconſcious when I firſt drew breath,
Unknowing when my life will cloſe,
Yet *certain* the cold hand of death
Will one day ſink me to repoſe.

But yet I feel a SOUL within,
Some ſpring impelling this machine;
A pow'r which muſt from thee begin,
Which thinks, which wills, which acts unſeen.

To THEE faſt clings the heav'n-born ſoul,
To thee the vital flame aſpires;
Aims at THY HEAV'N—the wiſh'd-for goal,
And thither points her vivid fires.

On *thee* alone I can rely,
(An imitated being here;)
Fix'd in the hope, whene'er I die,
I wake to TRUTH'S ETERNAL YEAR.

Whither, immortal Lord! I go
When *this* exiſtence fades in air,
Why ſhould I dread?—why ſhould I know?
For thou, my Father, wilt be there!

PRAISE OF WAR CONDEMNED.

IN evil hour, and with unhallow'd voice,
Profaning the pure gift of poeſy,
Did he begin to ſing, the firſt who ſung
Of arms and combats, and the proud array
Of warriors on th' embattled plain, and rais'd
Th' aſpiring ſpirit to hopes of fair renown

By deeds of violence. For, ſince that time,
Th' imperious victor, oft unſatisfy'd
With bloody ſpoil, and tyrannous conqueſt, dares
To challenge fame and honour; and too oft
The poet, bending low to lawleſs pow'r,
Hath paid unſeemly rev'rence, yea, and brought
Streams cleareſt of th' Aonian fount, to waſh
Blood-ſtain'd ambition. If the ſtroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none elſe;
If they who make the cauſe might taſte th' effect,
And drink themſelves the bitter cup they mix,
Then might the bard (though child of peace) delight
To twine freſh wreaths around the conqu'ror's brow,
Or haply ſtrike his high-ton'd harp to ſwell
The trumpet's martial ſound, and bid them on,
Whom juſtice arms for vengeance; but, alas!
That undiſtinguiſhing and deathful ſtorm
Beats heavieſt on the expos'd innocent;
And they that ſtir its fury, while it raves,
Stand at ſafe diſtance; ſend their mandate forth
Unto the mortal miniſters that wait
To do their bidding.——Ah! who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendleſs orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghaſtly train of woes,
That follow at the dogged heels of war?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory,
Rejoicing o'er the defolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph, hymns to God,
O'er the deſtruction of his gracious works,
Hymns to the Father, o'er his ſlaughter'd ſons.
Deteſted be their ſword, abhorr'd their name,
And ſcorn'd the tongues that praiſe them!

The CROWS *and the* WRENS.

PINDAR.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her ſticky neſt;
And younglings did ſhe bring to light,
In number five at leaſt.

One morning, on a ſummer's day,
Did peep eche youngling Crow,
And ſpied upon a brambling buſh
Some youngling Wrens below.

Theſe ſimple Wrens in happy glee
Did ſpread their little wing:
And, lightſome, hopp'd from buſh to buſh,
And merrily did ſing.

"Poor humble creatures," cry'd the Crows,
"Eche is a beggar wight;
"Look up to *us*. and ſee our ſtate,
"Our houſes lofty hight.

"*We* look into the beamy ſkies,
"While you through hedges wade;
"*We* gaze upon the morning ſun,
"While *ye* are loſt in ſhade.

"Poor imps, departe, nor here offend;
"Take off eche ſelie face;
"This hill was only made for *crows*,
"Then do not us diſgrace.

"If you do not this region quit,
"We'll dung upon you ſoon."
The ſmiling Wrens made anſwer none,
But trill'd their little tune.

Short time had paſs'd, when ſuddenly
Grim Boreas 'gan howl;
The thunder crack'd, the lightning flaſh'd,
And frighted man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder crack'd,
And lightning broad did flaſh;
The limb whereon the Crows were perch'd
Did give a ſudden craſh.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young Crow;
Some broke their legs, and ſome their wings,
And doleful look'd below.

'Twas now the time for Wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, ſaw with ſmiles the Crows
All ſprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch Wren began:
" Sir Crows, of *high* renowne.
" Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
" All in a *hurry* down.

" And by the looke of all your limbs,
" And feathers fous'd with rain,
" It will be ſome ſmall time before
" Your Graces mount again.

" Proud fooles, how ſelie ye deſcend
" From ſkies to *dirty fens!*
" Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
" And happy to be *Wrens*."

INSCRIPTION FOR A RILL.

BIDLAKE.

AH! not in vain we ſilver rills
From moſſy fountains flow;
Who, crawling down the vocal hills,
Leave morals as we go.

Pictur'd in us, may mortals ſee,
In our inceſſant ſtriſe,
The toils of drear obſcurity,
The toils of mortal life,

Faſt, faſt we run, ne'er to return,
Like time that ever flies;
Thy fate with us, O man! then mourn,
And, mourning, be thou wiſe.

Though fretting on our courſe we gain,
Like poor contentious pride;
Yet all our toil is not in vain,
We ſwell the river's tide.

From us, lone trav'llers of the dale,
O be it underſtood,
How e'en the lowlieſt in life's vale
May aid the common good.

TRANSLATION OF LINES

From a Youth in Confinement, to his Miſtreſs, the Night before his Execution.

MISS WILLIAMS.

THE hour that calls to death is near,
It brings to me no throb of fear;
The breaſt that honour arms, can brave
The murd'rer's ſteel, th' untimely grave;
But thou, to whom I gave my heart,
From thee for ever muſt I part.
And leave my mourning love to ſigh?
Ah! 'tis a cruel taſk to die!

To-morrow, my cloſ'd eyes no more
Shall gaze on beauty I adore:
To-morrow, faddiſhing ev'ry grace,
Unceaſing tears ſhall bathe thy face:
To-morrow, chill'd by death's cold graſp,
My hand no longer thine ſhall claſp:
From thee for ever I ſhall fly—
Ah! 'tis a cruel taſk to die!

ODE ON CHARITY.

G. DYER.

O Thou! whoſe eye of ſmiling love
Outſhines yon eye-lids of the day;
Whoſe boſom no rude tumults move.
Whoſe form no pencil can pourtray;
So bright thine eye, thy form ſo fair,
Beauty herſelf ſeems ſtation'd there.

Hail, Charity! thou faireſt, beſt.
Adorn'd with virtue's peerleſs crown;
And wont, array'd in ſimpler veſt,
To beam with luſtre of thine own:
Still let thy breaſt with rapture glow,
But ſpare a ſigh for human woe.

Sweeter thy breath, than gales that play,
Where ſummer-flow'rs their odours fling;

Nor is ſo ſoft the voice of May,
With all the choir of tuneful ſpring.
The ſmile that on thy cheek is ſeen,
Beſpeaks a paradiſe within

Oh! ſtill thy ſacred form diſplay;
Near thee a balm ſhall ſorrow find;
Still, like the golden orb of day,
Reign the warm friend of human kind!
And let thine hand to all impart
Fair emblems of an open heart.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

M. BRUCE.

NOW ſpring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joys my better years have known;
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' inconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt,
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning dreams preſage approaching fate,
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe,
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Where mortals viſit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with ſtill ſilence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

Then let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the lab'rer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

DETESTATION OF SLAVERY.

COWPER.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does *not* feel for man. The natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
T' inforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,

And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That ſinews bought and ſold have ever earn'd!
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Juſt eſtimation priz'd above all price,
I would much rather be myſelf the ſlave,
And wear the bonds, than faſten them on him!
We have no ſlaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themſelves once ferry'd o'er the wave,
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country, and their ſhackles fall.
That's noble and beſpeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the bleſſing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire. That where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

TO MINISTERS.

O Ye who fill the throne of pow'r—
Who ſpeak and millions muſt obey,
Who reign—the monarchs of the hour;
Who riſe—dictators of the day;

Think, while the trumpet's clam'rous breath
Re-echoes through the regions round,
What ſcenes of agony and death
Await the inharmonious ſound!

Oh! join not, then, with haſty rage,
The tumults that are heard from far;
But ſhun the deſolating ſtage,
Oh! ſhun the guilty walks of war!

Think, while the thund'ring cannons roar,
And while the waving fauſchion plays,
How carnage wades through ſtreams of gore,
And grins amid the ſteely blaze!

Ah! vain are words to paint the woes
Which haunt the crowded field of blood;
Not all that rhetoric bestows
Can trace the ſanguinary flood.

The thouſands of the mighty ſlain
Who ſleep upon the martial ſhore.
Though they have felt the wound of pain,
They heave the languid ſigh no more:

But if your thoughtleſs minds would know—
Or can endure—of more—to hear—
To widows and to orphans go,
And count the never-ceaſing tear!

Read in the groans that rend the heart—
Read in the tears that ceaſeleſs roll—
What words are pow'rleſs to impart—
The ſpeechleſs anguiſh of the ſoul!

Oh! think of theſe—and ſheathe the blade
That darts its ſickly gleam afar;
And ſhun the dark impending ſhade
That hovers o'er the ſcene of war.

VERSES, written at the CLOSE of the YEAR.

COWPER.

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too ſoon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wiſe enough to ſcan
His beſt concerns aright,
Would gladly ſtretch life's little ſpan
To ages, if he might.

To ages, in a world of pain;
To ages, where he goes
Gall'd by Affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeleſs of repoſe.

Strange fondneſs of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm!
Strange world, that coſts it ſo much ſmart,
And yet has pow'r to charm!

Whence has the world its magic pow'r?
Why deem we death a foe?

Recoil from weary life's beſt hour,
And count a longer woe?

The cauſe is *Conſcience—Conſcience* oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible, though ſoft,
And dread of death enſues.

Then, anxious to be longer ſpar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evil then ſeems light, compar'd
With the approach of death.

'Tis JUDGMENT ſhakes him!—*There*'s the fear
That prompts his wiſh to ſtay;
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And muſt deſpair to pay.

Pay!—follow Chriſt, and all is paid;
His death your peace inſures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm deſcend to yours.

THE WISH. *TO A FRIEND.*

LOVELL.

THE muſe who ſtruck to moral ſtrains the lyre,
Now turns to court a viſionary theme;
To frame the wiſh which flatt'ring hopes inſpire,
When fancy revels in her golden dream.

I aſk no lone retreat, no ſhady grove,
Nor ſtyle nor bow'r can boaſt a charm for me;
I muſe on juſtice, liberty, and love,
And need I, Orion, tell my wiſh to thee?

I bend, great Juſtice! at thine awful throne,
Eternal arbiter of good and ill;
The ſons of ſoul ſhall make thy laws their own,
And form their dictates by thy ſov'reign will.

But oft perverted is thy high beheſt,
And oft I'm doom'd oppreſſion's rod to ſee;
I ſee wealth triumph, and the poor oppreſs'd,
And need I, Orion, tell my wiſh to thee?

How bounds the foul at freedom's facred call!
How ſhrinks from ſlav'ry's heart-appalling train!
But ſtill her victims av'rice will enthral,
Afric's ſad ſons ſtill wear th' accurſed chain.

Still pow'r deſpotic, with ambition join'd,
Would cruſh the ſoul determin'd to be free;
I ſee debas'd man's dignity of mind,
And need I, Orſon, tell my wiſh to thee?

Were juſtice follow'd. then would man be good;
Were freedom guarded, then would man be bleſs'd;
No gen'rous impulſe of the ſenſe ſubdu'd,
But love, unfraught with anguiſh, fill the breaſt.

I felt the magic of Lucinda's eye,
I thought her charms were of no mean degree;
Lucinda's name inſpir'd the ſecret ſigh,
And need I, Orſon, tell my wiſh to thee?

One only wiſh remain'd: oh! might I find,
Amid this ſcene of danger and of ſtrife,
Some kindred ſpirit, ſome congenial mind,
To cheer my journey through the vale of life.

Indulgent Heav'n vouchſaf'd the boon to ſend;
A youth I found, and juſt and mild was he;
My heart ſprang mutual to embrace its friend,
And need I, Orſon, name that friend to thee?

LINES *written in a* BOWER

Of Mr. Swainſon's Botanic Garden, Twickenham.

BY THE ELDER CAPT. MORRIS.

HERE, to enjoy the ſilent and the cool,
Sat one unknown among the proud and gay;
Too wiſe he to prove ambition's fool,
Too dull to learn to trifle life away.

Now *in the manſion*, now *this ſecret bow'r*,
Ten days of quiet did the muſer ſpend:
There Swainſon's mirth beguil'd the tedious hour,
Here little Robin was his gueſt and friend.

Perch'd on his book, and perking in his face,
The guileleſs Redbreaſt ſeem'd to watch his thought:
Alas! he knew not man's perfidious race,
By whoſe allurement ſimple birds are caught.

E'en man to man but rarely is ſincere!
The love profeſs'd is intereſted art:
Though Heav'n's bright image on his brow appear,
Yet honeſt Robin boaſts a purer heart.

Deſpair not, Robin, though I take my flight;
The gen'rous hoſt, who oft hath feaſted me,
Shall, for my ſake, thy amity requite,
And when he treats his friends, remember thee.

EPITAPH.

PINDAR.

O Thou remov'd from this world's ſtrife,
Whoſe relics here below are laid,
May peace, who watch'd thy harmleſs life,
In death protect thy gentle ſhade!

Yet not alone, around thy bier,
Thy Children's ſighs unfeign'd aſcend;
The mourner Pity drops a tear,
And Virtue weeps a vaniſh'd friend.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

S. M. ORAM.

HAIL, Friendſhip! then, thou ſource divine,
Whence copious ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
Inſpiring ev'ry heart benign
With all thy honeſt warmth to glow;
Nor vain thy pow'r: for where extends *thy* ſway,
Unfully'd, honour o'er the heart preſides,
Vice from thy preſence ſhrinks aſham'd away,
And white-robe'd Virtue all thy actions guides;
Her beaming ſceptre wields thy holy ſpell:
And in the circle all the moral graces dwell.

Oh! bleſs'd irradiation mild,
To cheer us on our weary way,
Whether through gloomy deſarts wild,
Or vales which fancy paints, we ſtray;
For where each brilliant pointed beam extends,
Th' effects of vice no more diſturb the mind
Illumin'd; but ſhe cheerly onward bends,
With rapture, permanent as great, to find
At thy pure cryſtal fount, without control,
"The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul."

Scowling indignant round the ſcene,
Her devious tracks full fraught with woe,
Misfortune moves with pallid mien
Around her venom'd ſhafts to throw;
And where ſhe moves will Friendſhip onward preſs,
With pity's tear ſoft trembling in her eye,
To ſoothe the ruffling gales of grief, and bleſs
The dark'ning gloom with rays of conſtancy;
Kindly the lengthen'd roll of ills to ſhare;
At laſt, to ſteal the ſting from heart-corroding care.

So when the tempeſt-driven car
Old Winter mounts, with rapid pace,
Around to ſpread deſtructive war,
O'er nature's animated ſpace;
Haply ſoft peering 'midſt ſome ſnow-fring'd vale,
An ever-green may charm the wand'rer's eye,
That braves the fury of the paſſing gale.
Till on its bloom the ſummer's breath ſhall ſigh;
Waving its green leaves in the ſunſhine hour,
That wither'd not, aſſail'd by winter's ruthleſs pow'r.

THE PRAISE OF POTATOES,

A BURLESQUE.

HAIL, rare potatoes! hot or cold, all hail!
O quickly come, mine appetite's delight!
Whether, in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
By baker's art delicious thou'rt embrown'd,
While rills of purple gravy from the pores
Of *mighty* beef improve the luſcious fare;—
Whether the dame of culinary ſkill
Have rudely ſcalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage

Of warring elements confign thee deep
Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid
In humid durance plung'd;—or when with ſteaks
Of marbled vein, from rump of ſtall-fed ſteer
Diſparted late—ſlic'd in the ſhallow pan
I view thee kindly ſtrew'd, how joys my heart!
How flaſh with eager glance my longing eyes!
Or in the tedious eve when nipping froſt
Reigns potent, 'mid the ſmould'ring embers roaſt
(From ſubterranean ſtore ſelected) thoſe
Of ampleſt ſize rotund, of native coat
Yet unbereft—and if my homely board,
Penurious, add but few ſalubrious grains
Of humble ſalt, I bleſs the cheap repaſt!
But chiefly come at noon-tide hunger's call,
When from th' ebullient pot your mealy tribe,
With happieſt art concoct, profuſely pours;
And be the maſs with butter's plenteous aid
To rich comitence wrought: nor, oh! withhold
The pepper's pungent pow'r, of grateful glow
Beneficent; left my inſatiate claim,
Ventoſe and watʼry, cauſe the twinging gripe
Of colic pang abdominal'———And here
Need I relate how—(when for thee I ſlight
Thy rival roots and poignant ſauces rare,
Crown'd with exotic name) my humble choice,
Mock'd with rude inſult, wakes the latent ſpark
Of witling's fire—a feeble glow-worm ray,
That beams, not burns. Nor feels my injur'd taſte
(Taſte undeprav'd by faſhion's varying art)
Alone the ſhaft; but perſon, fortune, fame;
All, all, invidious ſcann'd, with ſneer malign
And ſcoff ſarcaſtic.——In the *pudding*'s praiſe
Let others rant loquacious—I deſpiſe
The doughy mortel for my fav'rite food.
Give me but this, ye gods! fcornful I paſs
Each celebrated ſhop——*Williams* or *Birch*,
Or he of Belgic fame—idol ſupreme
Of city-vint'ner in city-hall ador'd,
By mortals, *Heffman* high)—where brittle puffs
Multangular—with cuſtards, cakes, and creams,
And lucid jelly's nodding o'er the brim
Of cryſtal vaſe, in paſtry pomp combine
To line the ſenſe. Theſe, theſe unmov'd I paſs,
While ſome I antedate potatoes' charms,
"Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind."

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

HARK! when the brazen clarions ſhrilly ſound
On ev'ry ſide, while weapons glitter round,
Fell deſolation ſweeps th' enſanguin'd plain,
And nought is ſeen but awful heaps of ſlain.
Here broken armour, there a ſoldier lies,
With not one tender friend to cloſe his eyes:
In his laſt hour, perhaps, he mourns a wife,
Or children dearer to his heart than life,
Who, left behind, a prey to pining grief,
Seek in the arms of Death a kind relief.
Here lies a ſon, a father, or a friend.
By love of glory hurry'd to their end.
Here the proud charger welters in his gore,
Who breath'd in battles, but now breathes no more.
Theſe are thy horrors, War! O princes, ſay,
Can ye e'er make amends for ſuch a day?
Can ye a father's grief, or mother's fears,
A ſiſter's anguiſh, or an orphan's tears,
Compenſate fully? Can ye ever give
A juſt reward to thoſe who ceaſe to live?
What is a province newly gain'd to thoſe
In battle who a friend or father loſe?
See War's deſtructive progreſs quickly drain
The once well ſown and cultivated plain?
Dread carnage traces out each conqu'ror's way,
And ſome new horror waits on ev'ry day.
Here, from ſome tomb new ranſack'd, flames ariſe,
While trembling females rend with ſhrieks the ſkies:
Nor youth nor ſex is ſpar'd—nor even age
Can be ſecure from the fierce victor's rage:
Here ſome diſtracted band appears in arms,
Their country's danger ev'ry paſſion warms;
Each ſoldier anxiouſly maintains the ſtrife,
And in th' unequal conteſt ends his life.
Such are dread wars, the bane of ev'ry joy,
Which the ſweet peace of millions oft deſtroy—
O may that day arrive when all mankind
Shall be in one firm union cloſely join'd;
When no ambitious prince, in ſearch of fame,
Shall write, in fields of blood, his warlike name;
But all, with one accord, ſhall join t' adore
The God who gave, and ſtill is giving more.

EPITAPH *on the* TOMB *of* COLLINS.

HAYLEY.

YE who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune's facred genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins (hapleſs name!)
Solicits kindneſs with a double claim.
Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science taught,
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
He paſs'd in madd'ning pain life's fev'riſh dream,
While rays of genius only ſerv'd to ſhow
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
Ye walks that echoed to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful ſtone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raiſe.
For this the aſhes of a bard require,
Who touch'd the tend'reſt notes of Pity's lyre;
Who join'd pure faith to ſtrong poetic pow'rs;
Who, in reviving reaſon's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to reſt,
And rightly deem'd the book of God the beſt.

On the STRANGER'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

For the annual Support of which, ſacred Muſic is performed in the Methodiſt Chapel, Mancheſter.

RYLEY.

WHAT, but a wink of life, is wretched man,
Though threeſcore years may ſtretch the fleeting ſpan!
How chequer'd, ſhort-liv'd, ev'ry fancy'd joy—
Poſſeſſion palls, as with a child a toy;
Still on we preſs, ſtill graſp at ſomething new,
Till, ſhadow-like, 'tis vaniſh'd from our view;
Nothing ſubſtantial in this world we find,
Nothing but what muſt ſoon be left behind——
Uncertain all—but yet of death ſecure;
What happens after is, as yet, obſcure:

Obſcure, I mean, to mortals' narrow ken;
The beſt, or party, moſt exalted then,
Who are elect, or who are doom'd to woe,
None ever came from thence to let us know —
Yet if a mortal may his judgment lend,
Sure he is right who is the *Stranger's Friend*.

Hath muſic charms the ſavage breaſt to ſoothe,
To ſoften rocks, tempeſtuous paſſions to smooth;
Hath muſic charms to melt the flinty heart,
And cauſe it take a ſympathetic part;
By gentle harmony the ſoul ſurpriſe,
And call it from its lurking-place, the eyes:
If ſuch the bleſſed pow'r to mube giv'n,
The ſource muſt ſurely have its riſe in heav'n.
The ſtrains of Orpheus drew from realms below
His wife—at leaſt the poets feign it ſo——
But now a nobler cauſe employs the lyre—
God gives the ſpark, and angels fan the fire;
Oh! may it blaze in ev'ry human heart,
Till all ſhall join to take the Stranger's part:
To give, forgive, aſſuage another's pain,
Is heav'nly profit and a certain gain;
'Tis hoarding riches where no thieves break in,
Where charity is ſaid to cover ſin.
To this ſoft muſic kindly lends her aid;
And may her labours doubly be repaid!
May crowds beſtow; let none his mite withhold;
'Twill purchaſe bleſſings—ten—nay, twenty fold.

TO MR. S. W. RYLEY,

On an Account of his Death appearing in the Newſpapers,

SMART.

IF the dire rumour ſpread of numbers ſlain,
And others wounded, on th' embattled plain,
We heave a ſigh, or drop the ſilent tear,
And with that War no more its fr nt may rear;
Or if, by accident, it ſhould be read.—
He we eſteem'd has made the Grave his bed;
Though ſorrowful all the ſame muſt undergo,
What feeling heart can be exempt from woe?

But ſhould we learn, ſome *Monſter* has deſign'd,
By *forgeries* to wound the tender mind;—
With angry eye, the vengeful look we give,
And almoſt think the wretch ſcarce fit to live.

So felt thy friends, when Falſehood dar'd to ſpread
Its baſe account, *declaring* RYLEY *dead!*—
But ſhort is falſehood's reign——Indulgent Heav'n
To thee, once more, the bleſſing *Health* has giv'n:
Prolongs thy life t'enjoy a partner's love,
To ſee true friends, with ſmiles, thy *Works* approve—
Smiles—that increaſe, as they peruſe the plan,
Which pleads the cauſe of ſuff'ring *injur'd Man!*
Intent on this—Oh, may thy joys abound,
And *future ſchemes* with happineſs be crown'd!
Th' invidious arts of Ignorance forgive——
Though Envy bid thee *die*—a STANLEY bids thee LIVE!

ADDRESS *to the* SUPREME BEING.

GISBORNE.

FATHER of earth and heav'n, Almighty Lord,
Whoſe ſpan confines infinity, whoſe eye
Surveys eternal ages at a glance;
How long, in crowding millions round thy throne,
On balanc'd wings, while-ſpirits pure thy nod
Await, in bliſs moſt bleſſed when thou deign'ſt
To ſpeak thy mandate, and their ſervice uſe;
How long ſhall man, with cold reluctant heart,
Ponder the truths thy word, thy works, declare?
Yet here, ev'n here, in this apoſtate vale,
Still thou haſt many ſervants. But afar
From thy abode, the vain, the ſelfiſh throng
On folly's glitt'ring ſtream ſecurely floats,
Or toils through ſtorms for honour, pow'r, or gold,
Thou art not in their thoughts, nor in their ways.
This to his pleaſure turns, this to his farm,
That to his merchandiſe. The globe rolls round;
And ſtill another and another ſpring
Beholds the chaſers urge the blind purſuit,
Nearer, yet nearer, to the gloom that hangs
In miſty volumes on th' horizon's verge,
And hides the gulph wide-yawning for its prey.

Meanwhile they feaſt, they dance, the jocund harp
Rings at their board; the viol, tabret, horn,
And lute, ſymphonious to the choral lay,
Pour the full tide of harmony: but Thee
They ſlight, nor mark the wonders of thy hand!
Yet name they not their God!—What name they more?
Thy holy name the town, the country hears
In ceaſeleſs repetition; day and night,
Buſineſs and leiſure, indigence and wealth,
All hours, all places hear thy holy name.
Strange to the heart, why dwells it on the tongue?
To round a period with ſonorous cloſe;
To court the fool's applauſe by daring Thee;
To tell the paſſing impreſſe of ſurprize;
To vent the flames of diſappointed hope;
To ſilence doubt, that ſcans th' uncertain tale;
To ſwell the ev'ning roar, of impious mirth.
When wine enchains the proud blaſphemer's joy;
To arm the caitiff that for a word, a look,
To realms of endleſs woe a brother hurls
Stamp'd with thy image, nurtur'd by thy love,
Father of all, yet ſpare! Thine arm extend
In mercy, not in judgment: looſe the bonds
Thou only canſt unlock; bonds firmer far
Of adamant, that gird the ſlaves of gain.
Pierce the deaf ear, the ſightleſs eye-ball cleanſe,
The dull mind quicken, melt th' obdurate heart,
Teach the awaken'd ſoul, with kindling joy,
In all that air and earth and ſea diſplay,
Through each returning ſeaſon, to behold
Thee, the great Author; 'mid the changing ſcenes
And varying cares of life, bid her in Thee
Fix her ſupreme regard, thy will explore,
Revere thy counſels, thy behefts obey.

PITY'S TEAR.

WHAT falls ſo ſweet on ſummer flow'rs,
As ſoft, refreſhing, tepid ſhow'rs?
What bids the bud its ſweets exhale
Like ev'ning's mildly-whiſp'ring gale?
Yet ſweeter, more delicious far,
And brighter than the brighteſt ſtar,

Decking the intellectual ſphere,
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear.

What bids Deſpair her arrows hide?
What checks affliction's tort'ring tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And ſoothes the fev'riſh, throbbing brain?
What calms the rage of jealous pride,
And bids the rending pang ſubſide?
Lulling to reſt diſtruſt and fear—
Soft Pity's kind and holy tear.

Yet not that pity form'd to give
A pang which bids affliction live;
Not pity that can, taunting, ſhow
Superior pride, untouch'd by woe:
Not pity that, with haughty ſmile,
Conſoles—and murders all the while—
But pity which is form'd to prove
The bond of faith—the teſt of love.

LEDYARD's PRAISE *of* WOMEN.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THROUH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilſome ſteps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected ſtranger,
To all the ſtranger's ills a prey.

While ſteering thus my courſe precarious,
My fortune ſtill has been to find
Men's hearts and diſpoſitions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and ſorrow healing,
With ſoft compaſſion's ſweeteſt tone.

No proud delay, no dark ſuſpicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the ſad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature.
Obliging, modeſt, gay, and bold,
Woman's the ſame endearing creature
In courtly town and ſavage wild.

When parch'd with thirſt, with hunger waſted,
Her friendly hand refreſhment gave;
How ſweet the coarſeſt food has taſted!
What cordial in the ſimple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words careſſing,
Shed comfort on the fainting ſoul;
Woman's the ſtranger's general bleſſing
From ſultry India to the Pole.

ELEGY——SPRING, 1796.

HUMS.

DELIGHTFUL Spring, I taſte thy balmy gales
Pregnant with life, my penſive ſoul they cheer;
Creation ſmiles; the woods, the hills, the vales,
Hail the gay morning of the dawning year.

Expand, ye groves, your renovated bloom;
Warble, ye ſtreams; ye ſwelling buds, unfold;
Waft all the plenty of your rich perfumes;
And wave, ye flowrets, wave your locks of gold.

Rapt in the maze of nature's boundleſs charms,
I gaze infatiate, wonder, and admire;
Ah! how they ſoothe th' impaſſion'd heart's alarms,
And wake to tranſport ſhort the woe-ſtruck lyre!

But ſoon the contraſt blackens on the view.
Theſe ſcenes of beauty man infenſate mars;
Clothes ſmiling nature with a mournful hue,
Blaſts all her blooms, and with her muſic jars.

O! might the moral ſpring but once revolve
Its infant bloſſoms 'midſt the noon-tide blaze;
Barbaric paſſions lowring miſts diſſolve,
While dawn'd pure reaſon with ſerener rays!

O fool! to think it—Winter, bleak and foul,
There broods eternal—hope creates in vain

Fantastic forms, which please the cheated soul,
Poor air-built fabrics of the poet's brain.

See life and health enliven all around,
O'er lawns and woods the eye delighted roves;
While pour an artless harmony of sound—
Flocks from the fields, and warblers from the groves.

Luxuriant verdure here adorns the plain;
There the gray fallows and the tinkling team,
The farm's neat mansion, and the village fane,
Whose moss-clad tow'r reflects the solar gleam.

But, ah! while nature pours th' enliv'ning breath,
Paints her fair forms, and spreads her treasure here;
O'er other shores black sweeps the cloud of death,
Glares the red faulchion, and the murd'rous spear.

E'en now, perhaps, confronting armies meet,
Loud roll the drums, the thund'ring cannons roar,
Rocks the dire field beneath unnumber'd feet,
And Horror waves his locks bedropp'd with gore.

Through dust in whirlwinds driv'n, inconstant seen,
Thick flash the swords, the frequent victim falls;
While o'er his mangled trunk, and ghastly mien,
Hosts trampling rush, where maniac Fury calls.

Say, soldier! say, grim spectacle of pain!
What tyren lur'd thee from thy peaceful home;
To leave thy poor, thy small domestic train,
For toils of arms, o'er billowy deeps to roam.

No beams of glory cheer thy hapless lot,
Thy name descends not to a future age,
Impell'd to combat for thou know'st not what,
And urg'd to slaughter by another's rage:

Thy widow'd wife, thine orphan children weep,
And beg their scanty meal from door to door,
While, gash'd with wounds, thy limbs dishonour'd sleep,
And waste and moulder on a foreign shore.

In vain, alas! we boast of civil worth,
And vaunt of virtue in religion's robe;
If calm we view ambition issuing forth
Her brood of scorpions, to infest the globe.

The bonds of nature we asunder part,
Led by the blaze of passion's sanguine star,

Peace on the lips, and murder in the heart,
To favage, brutal, fell, infernal war.

Hark! a glad found my roving thought recalls,
The diftant fheep-bell fills the quiv'ring breeze,
The fhade flow-deep'ning, o'er the landfcape falls!
And veil'd in mift the dim horizon flees

As the poor fhepherd folds his fleecy care,
Lo! chaunts the nightingale her ev'ning lay;
Sing on, fweet fongftrefs! homeward I repair,
Warn'd by thy requiem to the clofing day.

REFLECTIONS on entering into ACTIVE LIFE.

COLERIDGE.

LOW was our pretty cot: our talleft rofe
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
(At filent noon, and eve, and early morn)
The fea's faint murmur: in the open air
Our myrtles bloffom'd, and acrofs the porch
Thick jafmines twin'd: the little landfcape round
Was green and woody, and refrefh'd the eye.
It was a fpot, which you might aptly call
The VALLEY of SECLUSION. Once I faw
(Hallowing his fabbath-day by quietnefs)
A wealthy fon of Commerce faunter by,
BRISTOWA's citizen: he pauf'd, and look'd,
With a pleas'd fadnefs, and gaz'd all around;
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And faid, *it was a bleffed little place!*
And we *were* bleffed. Oft with patient ear
Long-liftning to the viewlefs fkylark's note,
(Viewlefs, or haply for a moment feen
Gleaming on funny wing) in whifper'd tones
I faid to my beloved, "Such, fweet girl!
The unobtrufive fong of happinefs:
Unearthly minftrelfy! then only heard
When the foul feeks to hear: when all is hufh'd,
And the heart liftens!"

But the time when firft,
From that low dell, ftceping up the flowy mount
I climb'd with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,

O what a goodly ſcene! *Here* the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain ſpeckled thin with ſheep;
Gray clouds that, ſhadowing, ſpot the ſunny fields;
And river, now with buſhy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full with naked banks;
And ſeats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city ſpire:
The channel *there*, the iſlands, and white ſails,
Dim coaſt, and cloudlike hills, and ſhoreleſs ocean;
It ſeem'd like Omnipreſence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple! The whole world
Was imag'd in its vaſt circumference.
No wiſh profan'd my overwhelmed heart:
Bleſs'd hour! it was a luxury—*to be*.

Ah, quiet dell! dear cot! and mount ſublime!
I was conſtrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I ſhould dream away the truſted hours
On roſeleaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for uſe?
Sweet is the tear, that from ſome HOWARD's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
And he that works me good with unmov'd face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids;
My benefactor, not my brother man!
Yet even this, this cold beneficence,
Seizes my praiſe when I reflect on thoſe,
The ſhaggard Pity's viſion-weaving tribe;
Who ſigh for wretchedneſs, yet ſhun the wretched,
Nurſing in ſome delicious ſolitude
Their ſlothful loves and *daintiſh* ſympathies!
I therefore go—and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodleſs fight
Of Science, Freedom, and the Truth in Chriſt.
Yet oft when after honourable toil
Reſts the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,
My ſpirit ſhall reviſit thee, dear cot!
Thy jeſſmin, and thy window-peeping roſe,
And myrtles fearleſs of the mild ſea-air,
And I ſhall ſigh fond wiſhes—ſweet abode!
Ah! had *none* greater, and that *all* had ſuch!
It might be ſo—but the time is not yet;
Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

PHILANTHROPY.

DARWIN.

WHEN erſt contagion, with mephitic breath.
And wither'd famine urg'd the work of death;
Marſeilles' good biſhop, London's gen'rous may'r,
With food and faith, with medicine and with pray'r,
Rais'd the weak head, and ſtay'd the parting ſigh,
Or with new life relum'd the ſwimming eye.—

And now, Philanthropy, thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the Line;
O'er each dark priſon plays the cheerful light,
Like northern luſtres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with croſs or creſcent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and miſery are found,
O'er burning ſands, deep waves, or wilds of ſnow,
Thy HOWARD journeying ſeeks the houſe of woe.
Down many a winding ſtep to dungeons dank,
Where anguiſh wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves beſtrew'd with many a mould'ring bone,
And cells, whoſe echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whiſp'ring friend diſcloſe,
No ſun-beam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuſe of toil, and prodigal of health;
With ſoft aſſuaſive eloquence expands
Pow'r's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads ſtern-ey'd Juſtice to the dark domains,
If not to ſever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awaken'd Mercy through the gloom,
And ſhows the priſon, ſiſter to the tomb!—
Gives to her babes the ſelf-devoted wife,
To her fond huſband liberty and life.

The ſpirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er theſe earthly ſcenes, their partial eye,
When firſt, array'd in Virtue's pureſt robe,
They ſaw her HOWARD traverſing the globe;
Saw round his brows her ſun-like glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unweary'd rays;
Miſtook a mortal for an angel gueſt,
And aſk'd what ſeraph-foot the earth impreſs'd.
Onward he moves!—Diſeaſe and Death retire,
And murm'ring demons hate him, and admire.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

MRS. OPIE.

STAY, Lady—ſtay, for Mercy's ſake,
And hear a helpleſs orphan's tale:
Ah! ſure my looks muſt pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek ſo pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor fooliſh child, how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelſon's Victʼry came,
Along the crowded ſtreets to fly—
And ſee the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother fought—
She could not bear to ſee my joy:
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's ſhouts were long and loud;
My mother, ſhudd'ring, cloſ'd her ears:
"Rejoice, rejoice!" ſtill cry'd the crowd—
My mother anſwer'd with her tears.

"Oh, why do tears ſteal down your cheek,"
Cry'd I, "while others ſhout with joy?"
She kiſs'd me; and in accents weak,
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I ſaid:
When ſuddenly ſhe gaſp'd for breath,
And her eyes cloſ'd! I ſhriek'd for aid:
But, ah, her eyes were cloſ'd in death!

My hardſhips ſince I will not tell:
But now, no more a parent's joy,
Ah, Lady! I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide:
Truſt me, I mean to earn my bread—
The ſailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady, you weep:—"what is't you fee?"
You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt;
Bound in thy adamantine chain.
The proud are taught to taſte of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learnt to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy;
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh [illegible] on thy suppliant's head,
[illegible] dess, lay thy chast'ning hand;
Nor [illegible] thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
[illegible] the impious thou art seen
[illegible] voice, and threat'ning mien,
[illegible] Horror's mural cry,
[illegible] pair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

The CHARMS *of* PRECEDENCE.

SHENSTONE.

"SIR, will you please to walk before?"
"No, pray sir,—you are next the door."
"—Upon mine honour, I'll not stir—"
"Sir, I'm at home; consider, sir—"
"Excuse me, sir;—I'll not go first."
"Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it;
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—"

Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.
Life squares not friends! with your proceeding,
It flies while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's grannam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death at hand—let me advise you,
Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise you.

Beſides, how inſincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forſwear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?

FATAL EFFECTS of MONASTIC SECLUSION.

BIRCH.

OH! were theſe walls permitted to rehearſe,
Or might our retroſpective viſion pierce,
Time's ſacred volume, through each crouded page
Dark with the annals of thine iron age,
What monuments of blind, miſtaken zeal
The faithful record would at once reveal!
Myriads of youth, by thy deſtructive ſpell,
Sent living fun'rals to the cloiſter'd cell;
Condemn'd the wretched penance to abide
Of foul hypocriſy and monkiſh pride:
Each warm affection and paternal care
Left unrequited for the pomp of pray'r;
Each ſocial duty, each endearing tie,
The ſoul's beſt bond, its native ſympathy,
And thoſe few virtues which our natures own,
Alike forgotten, or alike unknown.
There the pale veſtal to thy ſhrine betray'd,
Her ſpirits waſted and her bloom decay'd,
All melancholy mourns the ling'ring day,
Forbid to feel, and tutor'd how to pray;
Taught to confeſs, through the unbluſhing grate,
Thoſe ſins (if ſins) the darkſome walls create,
While ſoft confeſſion and reluctant pray'r
Follow the bead leſs frequent than the tear:
And from the lonely midnight couch ariſe
The lovely captive's ineffectual ſighs.
With ſilent anguiſh is her boſom torn,
And native tranſports ſtruggling to be born:—
The ſigh of meek compaſſion, faithful gueſt!
Supreme and ſacred in the female breaſt;
The ſoft vibrations of the tender vow,
And all the nameleſs ecſtaſies that flow
From kindred harmony, domeſtic peace,
Maternal rapture, and connubial bliſs.
Add too the mild ſenſations which await
The daily comforts of the crowded gate,

Whose bounty never fails the poor to bless,
Like Heav'n's own manna in the wilderness;
Where streams no sorrow, where the sons of need
Are cloth'd, if naked, and, if hungry, fed:——
Those blameless transports of the virtuous mind,
From Heav'n descended, and by Heav'n design'd
To soothe our sad variety of woe,
And harmonize the state of man below.

Such might have render'd many a vestal dear
The sun and solace of her social sphere.
But these expir'd at some foul demon's hour,
Crush'd by the iron hand of papal pow'r.
Hard fate! the soul of sympathy deny'd
To share the pleasure, or the pain divide;
Joyless herself: to others' joys unknown,
She drops no tear for sorrow but her own;
Till, pining in the solitary gloom,
She sinks unpity'd to an early tomb.

Thus droops the beauteous plant of tender birth,
When rudely sever'd from its parent earth:
Though all alluring to the spoiler's view
The grace and fragrance of the vale it grew,
In some dank cave its dying sweets exhale,
Where cheers no sun, where breathes no vernal gale;
The infant buds, just bursting into day,
Strive to expand, and ere they bloom decay.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

BURNS.

WHEN chill November's surly blast,
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?

Or haply, preſs'd with cares and woes,
Too ſoon thou haſt began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miſeries of man.

"The ſun that overhangs yon moors,
Outſpreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to ſupport
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've ſeen yon weary winter ſun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Miſpending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the ſway;
Licentious paſſions burn;
Which ten-fold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is uſeful to his kind,
Supported is his right;
But ſee him on the edge of life,
With cares and ſorrows worn;
Then age and want (oh, ill-match'd pair!)
Show, man was made to mourn.

"A few ſeem favourites of Fate,
In Pleaſure's lap careſs'd;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewiſe truly bleſs'd.
But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this leſſon learn,
That man was made to mourn!

"Many and ſharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed ſtill we make ourſelves,
Regret, remorſe, and ſhame!
And man, whoſe heav'n-erected face
The ſmiles of love adorn,

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind,
Is surely not the ~~fault~~ true!
The poor oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That, weary-laden, mourn."

THE WISH.

IN these uncertain transient scenes below,
Where hopes and fears alternate ebb and flow;
Where joys in prospect charm the ravish'd eye,
But in fruition fade, or wholly die:

Where each, by various whims and paſſions toſs'd,
In puzzling mazes frequently is loſt;
Grant me the bleſſing of one faithful friend,
On whom with confidence I may depend:
Of ſoul ſincere, in uſeful knowledge wiſe,
Prepar'd in time of grief to ſympathize;
Her mind, like ſunſhine of the brighteſt day,
To glad the heart and praiſe the genial ray;
Who has no thought which friendſhip need conceal,
Or e'er a ſecret purpoſe would reveal;
Warp'd by no paſſion, private end, or fame,
Alike our int'reſts, and our minds the ſame.
Ye virtuous few! of ſympathetic ſoul,
Whoſe inbred worth all ſelfiſh ends control;
Who freely can, without reſerve, impart
Each gen'rous impulſe riſing in the heart,
As through this vale of miſery we go,
May we the ſweets of tender friendſhip know!
And grant me, pow'rs! out of your ample ſtore,
Health, peace, one faithful friend; I aſk no more.

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

WHEN the ſtroke of the woodman had ceas'd in the vale,
And the ſweet Philomela had finiſh'd her ſong·
A ſage child of ſorrow repeated his tale,
And ſigh'd to the ſtream as it murmur'd along.

"I have ſeen the glad proſpect, which led me aſtray,
Change its luſtre, and fade like the tints of the morn;
I have ſeen the meridian ſplendour of day,
But night has ſucceeded, and left me forlorn.

"I have ſeen, as I paſs'd, how the roſe bluſhing gay,
To the gale of the morning its boſom diſplay'd;
I return'd—but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn ere the ev'ning was dead.

"I have ſeen (oh, how lovely!) the maid of the dale,
Bluſh'd with health and with beauty, triumphantly tread;
But alas! neither beauty nor health could avail,
For all that was lovely with Laura is dead.

"How delusive is hope!—oh, how transient the ray
Of the sunbeam, that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day;
And the blasts of misfortune, how piercingly keen!

"How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the day,
Which is clouded with care, and o'ershadow'd with woe!
How dreary, unsocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the children of sorrow must wander below!

"Oh! when shall the pilgrim arrive at his home,
And man to his parent in gladness return?
Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to mourn?"

Thus nightly he sung, and the swains lov'd to hear,
For his accents were gentle and mild as the dew,
Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a tear,
And shrunk from the world, and the picture he drew.

HANNAH.—*A PLAINTIVE TALE.*

SOUTHEY.

THE coffin, as I cross'd the common lane,
Came sudden on my view; it was not here
A sight of ev'ry day, as in the streets
Of the great city; and we paus'd and ask'd
Who to the grave was going? It was one,
A village girl; they told us she had borne
An eighteen months' strange illness; pin'd away
With such slow wasting as had made the hour
Of death most welcome—To the house of mirth
We held our way, and, with that idle talk
That passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the hour. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade,
That makes the eye turn inward. Then I heard,
Over the vale, the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, and question'd of the dead again.
It was a very plain and simple tale:
She bore, unhusbanded, a mother's name,

And he who ſhould have cheriſh'd her, far off
Sail'd on the ſeas, ſelf-exil'd from his home;
For he was poor. Left thus a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
Were buſy with her name. She had one ill,
Heavier—neglect, forgetfulneſs from him
Whom ſhe had lov'd ſo dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came,
To mingle with her cup of wretchedneſs;
And when his parents had ſome tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there;
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, bitterer
Than ſilence. So ſhe pin'd, and pin'd away,
And for herſelf and baſty toil'd and toil'd,
Till ſhe ſunk with very weakneſs. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, and ſhe work'd
Moſt hard, and, with hard working, barely earn'd
Enough to make life ſtruggle. Thus ſhe lay
On the ſick bed of poverty, ſo worn
That ſhe could make no effort to expreſs
Affection for her infant: and the child,
Whoſe liſping love, perhaps, had ſolac'd her,
With ſtrangeſt infantine ingratitude,
Shunn'd her as one indiff'rent. She was paſt
That anguiſh—for ſhe felt her hour draw on,
And 'twas her only comfort now to think
Upon the grave. "Poor girl!" her mother ſaid,
"Thou haſt ſuffer'd much!"—"Aye, mother, there is none
Can tell what I have ſuffer'd," ſhe reply'd:
"But I ſhall ſoon be where the weary reſt."
And ſhe did reſt her ſoon; for it pleas'd God
To take her to his mercy.

GILES JOLLUP *the* GRAVE *and* BROWN SALLY GREEN.—*A PARODY.*

LEWIS.

A Doctor ſo prim, and a ſempſtreſs ſo tight
Hob-a-nobb'd in ſome right maraſquin;
They ſuck'd up the cordial with trueſt delight:
Giles Jollup the Grave was juſt five feet in height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.

"And as," ſaid Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go
"To phyſic a feveriſh land,
"At ſome ſixpenny hop, or perhaps the may'r's ſhow,
"You'll tumble in love with ſome ſmart city-beau,
"And with him ſhare your ſhop in the Strand"

"Lord, how can you think ſo?" Brown Sally Green ſaid;
"You muſt know mighty little of me;
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I ſwear, 'pon my honour, that none in your ſtead
"Shall husband of Sally Green be.

"And if e'er for another my heart ſhould decide,
"Like to you and the faith which I gave,
"God grant that, at dinner, too amply ſupply'd,
"Over-eating may give me a pain in my ſide;
"May your ghoſt then bring rhubarb to phyſic the bride,
"And ſend her, well-doz'd to the grave!"

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told.
Sally wept, till ſhe blew her noſe ſore!
But ſcarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd when, behold!
A Brewer, quite ſtyliſh, his gig that way roll'd,
And ſtopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whiſky of cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
The ſteam of ſtrong beer now bewild'ring her brain,
He caught her while tipſy! Denials were vain,
So he carry'd her home as his ſpouſe.

And now the roaſt beef had been bleſs'd by the prieſt,
To cram now the gueſts had begun:
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feaſt;
Nor yet had the claſh of her knife and fork ceas'd,
When a bell—('twas a duſtman's)—toll'd—"one!"

Then firſt, with amazement, Brown Sally Green found,
That a ſtranger was ſtuck by her ſide:
His cravat and his ruffles with ſnuff were embrown'd;
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round,
Sent ſome pudding away to be fry'd!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and ſhort was his height;
His apron was dirty to view;

The women (oh! wondrous!) were hufh'd at the fight:
The cats, as they ey'd him, drew back, (well they might.)
For his body was pea-green and blue!

Now as all wifh'd to fpeak, but none knew what to fay,
They look'd mighty fool'fh and queer.
At length fpoke the bride, while fhe trembled—"I pray,
"Dear Sir, your peruke that afide you would lay,
"And partake of fome ftrong or fmall beer!"

The fempftrefs is filent; the ftranger complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a fquall Sally gave, through furprize!
Like a pig that is ftuck, how fhe open'd her eyes,
When fhe recogniz'd Jollup's bare fkull!

Each mifs then exclaim'd, while fhe turn'd up her fnout,
"Sir, your head isn't fit to be feen!"
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
And couldn't conceive what the noife was about,
While the Doctor addrefs'd Sally Green:

"Behold me, thou jill-flirt! behold me!" he cry'd;
"You've broken the faith which you gave;
"God grants, that, to puniſh your falſehood and pride,
"Over-eating fhould give you a pain in your fide:
"Come fwallow this rhubarb! I'll phyfic the bride,
"And fend her, well-dos'd, to the grave!"

Thus faying, the phyfic her throat he fore'd down,
In fpite of whate'er fhe could fay;
Then bore to his chariot the damfel fo brown;
Nor ever again was fhe feen in that town,
Or the Doctor who whifk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer: and none, fince that time,
To make ufe of the brew-houfe preſume;
For 'tis firmly believ'd, that, by order fublime,
There Sally Green ſuffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her fprite,
With fhrieks, make the chamber refound;

"I wont take the rhubarb!" ſhe ſqualls, in affright,
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Jollup purſues her around.

With wigs ſo well powder'd, their fees while they crave,
Dancing round them, twelve doctors are ſeen:
They drink chicken-broth, while this horrible ſtave
Is twang'd through each noſe—"To Giles Jollup the Grave
"And his patient, the ſick Sally Green!"

TO AN ASS,

Seen grazing at Night in a Country Church-Yard.

POOR victim of oppreſſion! and is this.
This all the choice thy tyrant maſter leaves thee?
This all thy home, poor outcaſt? Com'ſt thou here,
Weary with labour and the day's hard taſk,
As to thy reſting-place? In ſooth, poor Aſs!
Well haſt thou choſen it; the reſt thou ſeek'ſt
None here ſhall interrupt—none here inſult
The paſſive tameneſs of thy nature——'tis
Infirmity's hereditary home.
Welcome, partake the tranquil boon it offers;
Enjoy its fleſh-fed verdure, thou poor beaſt!
And, as thou feaſteſt at Death's table, think
('Tis Miſ'ry's higheſt privilege, the thought!)
Thou feaſteſt at the table of a friend!

TO THE PRIMROSE.

BIDLAKE.

PALE viſitant of balmy ſpring,
Joy of the new-born year,
That bidd'ſt young Hope new plume his wing,
Soon as thy buds appear:
While o'er the incenſe-breathing ſky
The tepid hours firſt dare to fly,
And vainly woo the chilling breeze;

That bred in Winter's frozen lap,
Still ſtruggling chains the ling'ring ſap—
Within the widow'd trees;

Remote from towns, thy tranſient life
Is ſpent in ſkies more pure;
The ſuburb ſmoke, the ſeat of ſtrife,
Thou canſt but ill endure.
Coy ruſtic! that art blooming found
Where artleſs Nature's charms abound,
Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill;
Well pleas'd to ſip his ſilv'ry tide,
Or nodding o'er the fountain's ſide,
Self-gazing look thy fill.

Or on the dingle's ſhadowy ſteep,
The gaudy furze beneath,
Thy modeſt beauties ſweetly peep,
Thy chaſter odours breathe.
From luxury we turn aſide,
From wealth and oſtentatious pride,
With many an emblematic thorn;
Thy humbler mien well pleas'd to meet,
Like competence in bleſs'd retreat,
Thy ſmiles the ſpring adorn.

What though thou boaſt no ſplendid hue
Of Flora's prouder race,
To me more fair art thou to view
In all thy ſimpler grace.
Thine innocence and beauty meek,
More like my Celeſtina's cheek,
Where all the modeſt virtues play;
Expreſſion beaming from her eye,
In cherub ſmiles of chaſtity,
With mild and temper'd ray.

Yet treaſures lurk within thy lips
To glad the ſpoiler bee,
Who not with idle errand ſips,
Or wanton vagrancy.
Ah! bleſs'd is he who temp'rance tries,
Simplicity alone diſguiſe,
And ſhuns the falſer gloſs of art;
'Tis he extracts a bliſs refin'd,
Congenial to the virtuous mind,
The tender feeling heart.

Thy ſmiles young Innocence invite,
What time thy lids awake,
In ſhadowy lane to taſte delight,
Or mazy tangled brake.
The infant troop of roſy hue,
And gay with health, I ſeem to view,
While pleaſure lights their laughing eyes;
With little hands a wreath combine,
Their fugitive delights entwine,
And boaſt their fragrant prize.

Ah! happy breaſts! unknown to pain,
I would not ſpoil your joys;
Nor vainly teach you to complain
Of life's deluſive toys.
Be jocund ſtill, ſtill ſport and ſmile,
Nor dream of woe, or future guile;
For ſoon ſhall ye awaken'd find
The joys of life's ſad thorny way
But fading flow'rets of a day,
Cut down by ev'ry wind.

TRANSLATION OF AN HYMN,

Compoſed by SILLERY and LA SOURCE,

And ſung by them every night during their Confinement with her in the Priſon of the Luxembourg.

MISS WILLIAMS.

CALM all the tumults that invade
Our ſouls, and lend thy pow'rful aid,
Oh! Source of Mercy! ſooth our pains,
And break, oh! break our cruel chains!
To thee the captive pours his cry,
To thee the mourner loves to fly:
The incenſe of our tears receive,
'Tis all the incenſe we can give.

Eternal Pow'r! our cauſe defend,
O God! of innocence the friend!
Near thee for ever ſhe reſides,
In thee for ever ſhe confides.
Thou know'ſt the ſecrets of the breaſt,
Thou know'ſt th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſs'd:

Do thou our wrongs with pity ſee,
Avert a doom offending thee.

But ſhould the murd'rer's arm prevail,
Should tyranny our life aſſail,
Unmov'd, triumphant, ſcorning death,
We'll bleſs thee with our lateſt breath.
The hour, the glorious hour will come
That conſecrates the patriot's tomb:
And with the pang our mem'ry claims,
Our country will avenge our names.

ELEGY ON THE AFRICAN SLAVES.

SHENSTONE.

WHY droops this heart with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why ſinks my ſoul beneath each wintry ſky?
What penſive crowds, by ceaſeleſs labours worn,
What myriads wiſh to be as bleſs'd as I!

What though my roof devoid of pomp ariſe,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his deſtin'd way!
Nor coſtly art my flow'ry dales diſguiſe,
Where only ſimple Friendſhip deigns to ſtray!

See the wild ſons of Lapland's chill domain,
That ſcoop their couch beneath the drifted ſnows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the ſharp eaſt for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a ſlave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The ſigh ſhe cauſes well becomes the brave,
The pang ſhe cauſes 'tis e'en bliſs to bear.

See the poor native quit the Lybian ſhores,
Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound;
No radiant ſmile his dying peace reſtores;
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendſhip heals his wound.

Let vacant bards diſplay their boaſted woes;
Shall I the mockery of grief diſplay?

No; let the Muſe his piercing pangs diſcloſe,
Who bleeds and weeps his ſum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guiſe he ſtood,
Ere the ſhrill boatſwain gave the hated ſign;
He drop'd a tear unſeen into the flood,
He ſtole one ſecret moment to repine.

Yet the Muſe liſten'd to the plaints he made,
Such moving plaints as nature could inſpire;
To me the Muſe his tender plea convey'd,
But ſmooth'd and ſuited to the ſounding lyre.

"Why am I raviſh'd from my native ſtrand?
What ſavage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infect this teeming land,
And more than ſea-born monſters plough the main?

"Here the dire beaſts' horrid ſwarms prevail;
Here the blue aſps with livid poiſon ſwell;
Here the dry dipſa writhes his ſinuous mail;
Can we not here ſecure from envy dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chaſe,
When the fierce panther fought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this Chriſtian race?
O race more polliſh'd, more ſevere than they!

"Ye prowling wolves! purſue my lateſt cries;
Thou hungry tiger! leave thy reeking den;
Ye ſandy whirles! in rapid eddies riſe;
O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men!

"Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows:
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

"Of bleſsful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds, convey'd by death, repair;
But ſtain'd with blood, and crimſon'd o'er with crimes,
Say, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair?

"No; cardleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours and enhance our pains,
And feign thoſe diſtant regions to repay.

"For them our tuſky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowell'd gold;

Where rove the brutal nation's wild deſires,
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our lives are ſold!

"Yet ſhores there are, bleſs'd ſhores for us remain,
And favour'd iſles, with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze ſhall medicine ev'ry wound.

"There the ſtern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly ſupplicant, ſpread his aſking hand;
There ſhall we view the billow's raging ſtrife
Aid the kind breaſt, and waft his boat to land."

MONSIEUR TONSON.

TAYLOR.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At leaſt ſome fifty years ago, or more,
A pleaſant wight in town, yclep'd Tom King;
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *ſmoke*,
In ſhort, for ſtrokes of humour quite *the thing*.

To many a jovial club Tom King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd ſhone—
Choice ſpirit, grave freemaſon, buck and blood
Would crowd his ſtories and *bon mots* to hear;
And none a diſappointment e'er could fear,
Tom's humour flow'd in ſuch a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic Tom would hunt for day and night.
Careleſs how Prudence on the ſport might frown;
If e'er a pleaſant miſchief ſprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away Tom flew,
Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chance'd his courſe to bend,
Juſt by that ſpot the Seven Dials hight:—
'Twas ſilence all around, clear was the coaſt,
The watch, as uſual, dozing on his poſt,
And ſcarce a lamp diſplay'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honeſt, plodding, Foreign Artizans,
Known at that time by name of REFUGEES—
The rod of perſecution from their home
Compell'd the inoffenſive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a ſwarm of bees.

Tom and his friend were ſaunt'ring through the ſtreet,
In hopes ſome food for humour ſoon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It ſeem'd the prologue to ſome merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door Tom gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may ſuppoſe near two o'clock,)
"I'll aſk," ſays King, "if THOMSON lodges here."
"THOMSON," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," King replies, "but want to ſee
What kind of animal will now appear."

After ſome time, a little Frenchman came;
One hand diſplay'd a ruſh-light's trembling flame,
The other held the thing they call *culotte;*
An old ſtrip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waiſtcoat o'er one ſhoulder ſpread,
Scarce half awake he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous ſmil'd,
And ſoon addreſs'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come ſo late?
I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your houſe I chanc'd to-night to go—
But, really, I've diſturb'd your ſleep, I fear—
I ſay, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this ſtreet may dwell,
If there's a Mr. THOMSON lodges here?"

The ſhiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The buſineſs of this unimportant kind,
Too ſimple to ſuſpect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a ſigh, that thus his reſt ſhould break,
Then, with unalter'd courteſy he ſpake—
"No, Sare; no Monſieur TONSON loges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he ſped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed.
But King reſolv'd not thus to drop the jeſt;
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a viſit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's reſt.

Tom knock'd,—but waited longer than before;
No footſtep ſeem'd approaching to the door.
Our Frenchman lay in ſuch a ſleep profound—
Tom, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his poſt determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door reſound.

At laſt Tom hears him o'er the paſſage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again diſturb'd his ſleep;
The wag ſalutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the ſurpriſe,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes,)
"Is there—a Mr. THOMSON—lodges here?"

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm ſure I tell you, Sare, laſt night—
(And here he labour'd with a ſigh ſincere,)
No Monſieur TONSON in de varld I know,
No Monſieur TONSON here—I tell you ſo;
Indeed, Sare, dere no Monſieur TONSON loges here!"

Some more excuſes tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman ſought once more repoſe.
The rogue next night purſu'd his odd career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous ſigh,
"Sare, 'pon my ſoul, no Monſieur TONSON here."

Our ſportive wight his uſual viſit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whoſe tongue, indeed, than any jack went faſter—
Anxious ſhe ſtrove Tom's errand to inquire;
He ſaid, "'Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He would not ſtir till he had ſeen her maſter."

The damſel then began, in doleful ſtate,
The Frenchman's broken ſlumbers to relate,
And beg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
Tom told her ſhe muſt fetch her maſter down,
A chaiſe was ready—he was leaving town,
But firſt had much of deep concern to ſay.

Thus urg'd, ſhe went the ſnoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was ſhe oblig'd to bawl
Ere ſhe could rouſe the torpid lump of clay.
At laſt he wakes—he riſes—and he ſwears,
But ſcarcely had he totter'd down the ſtairs,
When Tom attacks him in the uſual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And ſtraight in rage began his creſt to rear—
"Sare, vat de devil make you treat me ſo?
Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
Got tam, I ſwear, no Monſieur Tonson here."

True as the night, Tom went, and heard a ſtriſe
Between the harraſs'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which ſhould defcend to chaſe the fiend away:
At length to join their forces they agree,
And ſtraight impetuouſly turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmneſs of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty ſhock,
Uttering the old inquiry, calmly ſtood—
The *name* of Thomson rais'd the ſtorm ſo high—
Tom deem'd it then the ſafeſt plan to fly,
With "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In ſhort, our hero, with the ſame intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of miſchief was the wicked wit:
They throw out water—for the watch they call,
But Tom, expecting, ſtill eſcapes from all—
Monſieur at laſt was forc'd his houſe to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On ſome fair proſpect fought the Eaſtern clime;
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot:
At length, content, amid his rip'ning ſtore,
Tom treads again on Britain's happy ſhore,
And his long abſence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope Tom flies,
And the ſame night, as former freaks ariſe,
Tom fain muſt ſtroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
"Ah! here's the ſcene of frequent mirth," Tom ſaid:
"My poor old Frenchman, I ſuppoſe, is dead—
Egad! I'll knock and ſee who holds his place."

With rapid ſtrokes Tom makes the manſion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, ſtrange to ſay,
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of ſportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentleſs foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him ſix years ago,
Juſt in his former trim he now appears;
The waiſtcoat and the night-cap ſeem'd the ſame,
With ruſh-light, as before, he creeping came,
And Tom's deteſted voice aſtoniſh'd hears.

As if ſome hideous ſpectre ſtruck his ſight,
His ſenſes ſeem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, beſpoke a heart full ſore—
Then, ſtarting, he exclaim'd, in rueful ſtrain,
"*Begar! here's Monſieur* TONSON, *come again!*"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

THE GRAND DISTINCTION

Between the VIRTUOUS and the WICKED reſerved for another State.

GLYNN.

LOOK round the world! with what a partial hand
The ſcale of bliſs and miſ'ry is ſuſtain'd,
Beneath the ſhade of cold obſcurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm ſupports her head,
No friendly voice ſpeaks comfort to her ſoul,
Nor ſoft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But in their ſtead Contempt and rude Diſdain
Inſult the baniſh'd wand'rer. On ſhe goes
Neglected and forlorn: Diſeaſe and Cold,
And Famine, worſt of ills, her ſteps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heav'n's juſt will reſign'd,
She ne'er is ſeen to weep, or heard to ſigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon ſweet-ſmelling bow'r,
Where flufh'd with all the inſolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills

For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of Heav'n he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet flatt'ring gales
His high explosions; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

Seest thou this, righteous Father! Seest thou this,
And will thou ne'er repay? shall good and ill,
By carry'd undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot: Ah, no! the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
That long obscur'd her beams: when sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise
Nor ever sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

MAN.

FOE to whate'er resembles plan,
The creature of a cloud is man,
The sport of ev'ry wind that blows:
Give him a pure and cloudless sky,
An atmosphere serene and dry,
And health on ev'ry feature glows.

High beats his pulse to pleasure's sway,
Light round his heart the spirits play,
And brace his nerves to vig'rous toil:
But change the scene, and bid the hours
Revolve in wildly-weeping show'rs,
And cheerful sun-beams cease to smile;

The wretch no more of rapture dreams,
Relax'd through ev'ry nerve he seems,
And listless sighs the live-long day;
In fancy feels a thousand woes
Combine to banish soft repose,
And chase fond Hope itself away.

Is this the man for sway design'd,
And this th' "omnipotence of mind,"
That spurns indignant all control?

Better with dignity to yield,
And own, that patience is the ſhield
That beſt ſupports the ſinking ſoul.

AN INVOCATION TO TRUTH.

HAIL! form benign, ſedate, ſerene,
Of aſpect mild, and placid mien;
From prejudice and paſſion free,
The friend of Peace and Liberty!
O teach me, by thy precepts bland,
My ardent temper to command;
With candour patiently to hear,
And calmly contradiction bear;
The light of reaſon may I ſee,
Though it againſt my int'reſt be;
In argument collected, cool,
Or with the wiſe, or with the fool;
Avoiding ever party jars,
As nations would inteſtine wars.
On demonſtration let my mind
Confirm'd aſſent and credit find;
Nor let me willingly deceive,
Nor yet implicitly believe.
Grant me aright pure love to ſcan,
My duty to my God and man;
Malignant falſehood to defy,
And more than death to fear a lie.

ELEGY

Occaſioned by the Loſs of his Daughter.

BOOTHBY.

NOW the down of the ſwan o'er my temples is ſpread,
And grief and misfortune have bow'd down my head!
Now old age is at hand, and each ſorrowful day
Something adds to the load, as the time wears away.
'Twere fitting, the little that life had to ſhare
Free from care and alarm might have quietly paſs'd;

That in ſtudious repoſe, to my boſom ſtill dear,
Soft peace might have ended an humble career;
In the houſe of my fathers, ah! too much my pride!
On a wife's faithful breaſt have ſecurely rely'd!
With a few dear companions, who, knowing my heart,
Had to faults been indulgent, where that had no part;
Till the marble, in wait for the reſt of its prey,
To eternal oblivion had ſnatch'd me away;
To her again join'd, at whoſe ſad, early doom,
All my joys, hopes, and pleaſures were hid in the tomb.
Such once was my wiſh, nor unworthy to know
The calm that an innocent life ſhould beſtow;
But vain were my projects, my wiſhes all vain;
No repoſe, no retirement, muſt ſoften my pain;
Strange maſters my meadows and groves ſhall poſſeſs;
For them my lov'd plants wear their beautiful dreſs.
To new regions I go; unfriended, alone,
Rejected, forgotten, unpity'd unknown.
Doom'd perhaps, to behold my dear country no more,
My bones ſhall lie white on ſome far-diſtant ſhore;
O'er my poor ſcatter'd relics no ſorrows be ſhed,
And nameleſs the duſt that flies over my head.

REFLECTIONS

On the Miſery attendant upon Greatneſs.

MRS. ROBINSON.

AH! who can tell the various pangs that wait
On ſplendid miſery? the hidden woes
That, thronging round the canopy of gold,
Pernicious, moth-like, feed upon the wretch
Who groans beneath the pageantry of ſtate?
Who can deſcribe the agonizing throbs,
The thirſty fevers, or the languid hours,
That fated Luxury is doom'd to own?
Who can avert the ſtrongly-poiſon'd ſhaft
Of Envy, glancing from the recreant ſoul?
Or who can bear the ſlow-conſuming touch
Of unrequited Love; the ſubtle ſmile
Of inſolent Diſdain; or the fell graſp
Of keen Ingratitude, "the child of hell!"

Or who, but those, the worst of human kind,
Who batten on the miseries of man,
Would, robbing Nature of her ample means,
Crouch the base knee, or prompt the fawning tongue,
To gain applause from Ignorance and Pride?
Who, that is blest'd with intellect refin'd;
With taste, to know the dignity of worth;
The vast supremacy of innate truth;
The majesty of mind: the sacred glow
That warms the soul of Genius, and expands
The pure ethereal essence of the soul,
Would, like an eagle, pouncing on a worm,
Barter the greatest attributes of God,
For the base joys of sublunary pow'r?

ANNA'S COMPLAINT:

Or, The MISERIES of WAR.

MRS. MOODY.

ON Thanet's rock, beneath whose keep
Impetuous rolls the foaming deep,
A lowly maid, to grief consign'd,
Thus pour'd the sorrows of her mind;

And while her streaming eyes pursue
Of Gallia's cliffs the hilly view,
"Accurst (she cries) that guilty shore,
Whence William shall return no more!

"Thou, cruel war, what hast thou done?
Through thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow's cries,
And, torn from love—the lover dies.

"Ah, William! wherefore didst thou go
To foreign lands to meet the foe?
Why, won by war's deceitful charms,
Didst thou forsake thy Anna's arms?

"Alas! full little didst thou know,
The monster war doth falsely blow:
He decks his form with pleasing art,
And hides the daggers in his heart.

" The muſic of his martial band,
The ſhining halberd in his hand;
The feath'er'd helmet on his head,
And coat ſo fine of flaming red—

" With theſe the ſimple youth he gains,
And tempts him from his peaceful plains;
And by this pomp was William led
The dang'rous paths of war to tread.

" Fair-ſounding words my love deceiv'd:
The great one's talk'd, and he believ'd,
That war would fame and treaſure bring,
That glory call'd to ſerve the king.

" But wiſe men ſay, and ſure it's true,
That war is theft, and murder too;
Yet had my William thought it ſo,
He had not gone to fight the foe.

" How bleſt, could Anna ſee him now,
With ſhoulders bending o'er the plough,
Toiling to ſow his native fields,
And reap the harveſt virtue yields.

" Then happier lot would both betide,
A bridegroom he, and I a bride.
But theſe fond hopes return no more,
For dead he lies on yonder ſhore.

" O! in that battle's diſmal day,
When thou, dear youth, didſt gaſping lay,
Why was not then thy Anna there,
To bind thy wounds with ſofteſt care;

" To ſearch with ſpeed the neareſt ſpring,
To thy parch'd lips the water bring;
To waſh with tears thy bleeding face,
And ſooth thee with a laſt embrace.

" But thou, amid a ſavage train,
Were mingled among heaps of ſlain,
Without one friend to hear thy ſighs,
Or Anna's hand to cloſe thine eyes.

" Thou, cruel war, what haſt thou done?
Through thee the mother mourns her ſon,
The orphan joins the widow's ſighs,
And, torn from Anna—William dies."

THE EVENING WALK.

MRS. CARTER.

HOW ſweet the calm of this ſequeſter'd ſhore,
Where ebbing waters muſically roll;
And ſolitude and ſilent eve reſtore
The philoſophic temper of the ſoul!

The ſighing gale, whoſe murmurs lull to reſt
The buſy tumult of declining day,
To ſympathetic quiet ſoothes the breaſt,
And ev'ry wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your taſk be ended with the ſetting ſun:
Let all be undiſturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave aſcends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous viſions o'er the ſoften'd heart,
In this ſtill moment, all their charms diffuſe,
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the ſoul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful Mem'ry wakens all her pow'rs,
She bids her fair ideal forms aſcend,
And quick to ev'ry gladden'd thought reſtores
The ſocial virtue and the abſent friend.

Come, Luſidora, come, and with me ſhare
The ſober pleaſures of this ſolemn ſcene;
While no rude tempeſt clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

Come, while the cool, the ſolitary hours
Each fooliſh care and giddy wiſh control,
With all thy ſoft perſuaſion's wonted pow'rs
Beyond the ſtars tranſport my lifting ſoul.

Oft when the earth detain'd by empty ſhow,
Thy voice has taught the truſter how to live;
Taught her to look with ſcorn on things below,
And ſeek her better portion in the ſkies.

Come, and the ſacred eloquence repeat;
The world ſhall vaniſh at its gentle ſound,
Angelic forms ſhall viſit this retreat,
And op'ning heav'n diffuſe its glories round.

VERSES

Presented to a Lady with some Violets.

SWIFT.

THESE vi'lets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring:
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute of the muse.
Whate'er has beauty, wealth, or pow'r,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flow'r.
Wit is a flow'r; and bards prepare
The flow'rs of fancy for the fair.
In flow'r of youth the loves appear;—
And lovelier blooms when thou art near.
The flow'r of health.—The dancing hours
Earth's joyful bosom dress with flow'rs;
And beauty's flow'ry fetters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flow'rs the Graces Venus deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck;—
That neck, whose paradise to range
A flow'r I'd prove, and bless the change:
One little hour I'd live, then die,—
A violet in that heav'n to lie.
Of vi'lets kisses first were made,
And Venus swore they ne'er should fade!
She swore—and by the oath she swore
The spell improv'd, and charm'd the more:
Purpling it rose, the fairest flow'r
That ever grac'd the poet's bow'r;
To Laura's lips in haste it flew,
And, blooming there, delights in you.
Still as you charm, some flow'r we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
When graceful Laura leads the dance,
We cry, The Flow'r of Elegance!
Does fashion's wreath her brow adorn,
We know the flow'r of Taste is born;
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart the flow'r of truth;
And well these vernal buds express
Her beauty's spring of tenderness.
But not the brightest flow'rs of spring,
Whose odours charge the zephyr's wing;

Not all the vernal ſweets that blow,
The vi'let's grace, the lily's ſnow,
Like thee in luſtre can compare,
Or breathe ſo freſh, or bloom ſo fair:
For in thy boſom dwells a flow'r
Nor time ſhall taint, nor death devour;
A flow'r that no rude ſeaſon fears,
And—VIRTUE is the name it bears.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

SHAW.

YET do I live! O how ſhall I ſuſtain
This vaſt unutterable weight of woe?
This worſe than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whoſe life my hopes were treaſur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My deareſt Emma's dead;
Theſe eyes, theſe tear-ſwoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—ſhe lives on ſome far happier ſhore,
She lives—but (cruel thought) ſhe lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious abſence of a day
Remov'd, would languiſh for my charmer's ſight,
Would chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the ſlow return of night;
How ſhall I endure
(O miſery paſt a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, ſucceſſively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my ſoul?

Was ſhe not all my fondeſt wiſh could frame?
Did ever mind ſo much of heav'n partake?
Did ſhe not love me with the pureſt flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my ſake?
Though mild as evening ſkies,
With downcaſt ſtreaming eyes,
Stood the ſtern frown of ſupercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, ſome muſe, the ſadden'ſt of the train,
(No more your baid ſhall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy ſtrain,
And, O! diſcard the pageantry of phraſe:

Ill ſuit the flow'rs of ſpeech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The ſource of my complaint,
My ſoul may own th' impaſſion'd line;
A ſluſh of tears may guſh to my relief,
And from my ſwelling heart diſcharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the ſad tales you tell;
"How good ſhe was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity ceaſe—alas! I know too well:
How in her ſweet expreſſive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners moſt engaging, moſt refin'd:
No piteous object could ſhe ſee,
But her ſoft boſom ſhar'd the woe,
Whilſt ſmiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon ſhe might beſtow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still ſhone conſpicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to ev'ry female art,
Alike to feign, or to diſguiſe:
And O the boaſt how rare!
The ſecret in her faithful breaſt repos'd,
She ne'er with lawleſs tongue diſclos'd,
In ſacred ſilence lodg'd inviolate there.

O feeble words—unable to expreſs
Her matchleſs virtue, or my own diſtreſs!
Relentleſs death! that, ſteel'd to human woe,
With murd'rous hand deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel!) ſtrike this deprecated blow,
And leave ſuch wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
The ſons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, want, or dire diſeaſe,
And ſupplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain.—Perverſe, ſtill on th' unwecting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to ſhed;
Hope's infant bloſſoms to deſtroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When virtue ſhall renounce thy pow'r;
When thou no more ſhalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid ſway.

Alas the day!—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some ſad memento of my loſs appears;
I fly the fatal houſe—ſuppreſs my ſighs,
Reſolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that ſweetneſs, that enchanting air,
Now loſt; and naught remains but anguiſh and deſpair.

Where were the delegates of heav'n, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children ſafe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To ſee her force th' endearing ſmile,
My ſorrows to beguile,
When torture's keeneſt rage ſhe prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a huſband's heart.

How ſhall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's reſiſtleſs pow'r,
My hand ſhe preſs'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents ſpoke her fears!
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the tranſient ſcene is o'er,
And we muſt part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my raviſh'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune ſmil'd in vain;
If it has been my ſole endeavour ſtill
To act in all obſequious to thy will;
To watch thy very ſmiles, thy wiſh to know,
Then only truly bleſt when thou wert ſo:
If I have doated with that fond exceſs,
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it leſs;
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-lov'd mem'ry ſhall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondneſs ſee,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My deareſt Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)

Promiſe——and I will truſt thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
That to ſome diſtant ſpot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapleſs Emma's love,
Where ſafe thy blandiſhments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender for its mother's ſake.
Wilt thou?————
I know thou wilt——ſad ſilence ſpeaks aſſent,
And in that pleaſing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly ſtrength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Suſtain the firmneſs of my ſoul no more,
But ſink beneath the weight:
Juſt Heav'n! (I cry'd) from mem'ry's earlieſt day,
No comfort has thy wretched ſuppliant known,
Misfortune ſtill with unrelenting ſway
Has claim'd me for her own,
But O——in pity to my grief, reſtore
This only ſource of bliſs: I aſk—I aſk no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is paſt,
Ev'n now ſhe looks—ſhe ſighs her laſt——
Vainly I ſtrive to ſtay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, proteſt againſt her death.

When the ſtern tyrant cloſ'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wiſh to tear her from the ſkies;
How curſe my fate in bitterneſs of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitleſs ſorrow ſpare,
Dare not to aſk what heav'n's high will decreed;
In humble rev'rence kiſs the afflictive rod,
And proſtrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,
Some ſaving truth thy roving ſoul to teach:
To wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,
And point out bliſs beyond misfortune's reach:
To ſhow that all the flatt'ring ſchemes of joy,
Which tow'ring hope ſo fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can deſtroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in deſpair.
Then O! with pious fortitude ſuſtain
Thy preſent loſs—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;

Time ſhall adminiſter its wonted balm,
And huſh this ſtorm of grief to no unpleaſing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by ſome diſaſt'rous fate,
Caught and impriſon'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while, and ſpends its little rage;
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in ſullen mood
Droops the ſweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the ſong:
Serenely ſorrowing, breathes its piteous caſe,
And with its plaintive warblings ſaddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heav'n—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how ſoon my ſcene of bliſs is paſt!
My budding joys juſt promiſing to blow,
All nipp'd and wither'd by one envious blaſt!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the ſprightly jeſt, the jocund ſong?
Time creeps unconſcious of delight:
How ſhall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyleſs night!
Where ſhall I reſt my weary head?
How ſhall I find repoſe on a ſad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug,* the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace reſtore;
Thy vot'ry wrapp'd in thy Lethean ſhade,
A while ſhall ceaſe his ſorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in ſleep's embrace,
Again I ſhall behold my Emma's face;
Again with tranſport hear
Her voice ſoft whiſp'ring in my ear!
May ſteal once more a balmy kiſs,
And taſte at leaſt of viſionary bliſs.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my ſhadowy ſchemes of bliſs depoſe,
Will tear the dear illuſion from my ſight,
And wake me to the ſenſe of all my woes:

* Laudanum.

If to the verdant fields I ſtray,
Alas! what pleaſures now can theſe convey?
Her lovely form purſues where'er I go,
And darkens all the ſcene with woe.
By nature's laviſh bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove,
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Naught can their beauties or my loſs reſtore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my diſeaſe,
And my ſad ſighs are borne on ev'ry paſſing breeze.

Sickneſs and ſorrow hov'ring round my bed,
Who now with anxious haſte ſhall bring relief,
With lenient hand ſupport my drooping head,
Aſſuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly buſineſs call away,
Who now ſhall in my abſence fondly mourn,
Count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my boſom diſcompoſe,
Who now with ſweet complacent air
Shall ſmooth the rugged brow of care,
And ſoften all my woes?
Too faithful mem'ry——Ceaſe, O ceaſe——
How ſhall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilſt ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to ſhare his woes,
When reaſon's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy ſweet-liſping tongue ſhall aſk the cauſe,
How oft with ſorrow ſhall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's ſmile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart ſhalt thou reſtore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By bleſſings once enjoy'd now more diſtreſt,
More beggar by the riches once poſſeſt.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou caus'd—(O ſtrange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now ſhall ſeek, with fond delight,
Thy infant ſteps to guard aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artleſs ways,

By all thy ſoft endearments bleſt,
And claſp thee oft with tranſport to her breaſt,
Alas! is gone——Yet ſhalt thou prove
A father's deareſt, tendereſt love;
And O ſweet ſenſeleſs ſmiler (envied ſtate)!
As yet unconſcious of thy hapleſs fate,
When years thy judgment ſhall mature,
And reaſon ſhows thoſe ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' aſſuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth),
And be the comfort of my age,
When ſick and languiſhing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care ſupply?
And oft as to thy liſt'ning ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilſt on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly ſtealing to thy father's ſide,
Whene'er thou ſeeſt the ſoft diſtreſs,
Which I would vainly ſeek to hide,
Say, wilt thou ſtrive to make it leſs?
To ſooth my ſorrows, all my cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuſe one drop of joy?

MADNESS.

Written on a Cliff at Cromer.

NORGATE.

HUSH, huſh, Eliza—huſh, my love, nor 'wake,
With heedleſs ſtep, yon melancholy form,
In moody trance that ſits—let no rude noiſe
Invade the ſolemn ſilence of his ſoul!
Mark his wild front, Eliza, and his brows,
That o'er twin glaring eye-balls grimly roll.
Liſt—how the bleak winds whiſtle round his head,
Laſh his gray locks, and chill his feeble form!
'Tis Madneſs' ſelf, that ſighs the live-long night,
And to the pale moon pours his ſorrowing ſong.

'Twas erſt, an aged ghoſt embroil'd the night,
When Julia, 'midſt the ſinking ſeamen's howl,
Alone was ſilent—was alone reſign'd—

And in a world of waters made her grave.
The ſhatter'd veſſel ſank—This wretch eſcap'd,
And no one liv'd to tell the fearful tale,
Save his lorn ſelf!
But ever ſince, on yonder cragged cliff,
When night rolls darkneſs from her hundred hills,
Bereft of reaſon, this poor piteous ſoul
Stalks fearleſs on the brink, and calls for Julia!
Sometimes, when heav'n and earth ſhould ſeem convuls'd;
Where ev'ry tougheſt oak lies cleft in twain;
When the rough breakers climb againſt the rock,
And drink the ragged ſplinters as they burſt;
This child of phrenzy loves to ſit alone,
Weave the light ſea-weed for his Julia's brow,
Or, careleſs, ſcatter round the ſilv'ry ſand.
And oft I've ſeen him too, in horrid joy,
Play with the forked lightning's deadly flaſh,
And, with wild ſtep, to the deep thunder dance.

Sometimes, when ſilence ſettles on the ſea,
And peaceful billows rock the world to ſleep,
With boſom bare, and haggard eye, pale cheek,
And all the dread accompaniments of woe,
He tears his fleſh, hurls the aſtoniſh'd flock
Down the deep beach—and, with ungrateful tooth,
He gnaws the ſtaff that ſav'd him from deſtruction.

See, ſee, Eliza—now he bends his knee—
Now he calls Julia—now again he runs
To claſp a phantom—ſee, how, with fond embrace,
He kiſſes it—and now, my love, he's happy!
Ah! he ſtarts back—and, with an anger'd arm,
Beats the inſulting blaſt—he feels, alas!
That ev'ry faireſt form eludes his graſp,
That ev'ry Julia—is an empty wind!

Poor ſoul! thou haſt no interval of peace;
For at the noon of night, when weary'd age
And love-ſick youth lay in the lap of ſleep
Their languid head, thou ſtalk'ſt alone, and pour'ſt
Thy mournful accent to the liſt'ning winds!
Or ſhould thy reſtleſs brain, with ranting tir'd,
Be lull'd one moment to forgetfulneſs,
The next is harraſs'd with tormenting dreams,
So black, ſo frantic, and ſo deadly wild—
They mock imagination to conceive!

Come, come, Eliza, let us quit this dark,
This melancholy ſcene; let us retire
To our own peaceful hermitage, my love,
And to the God of reaſon pour our praiſe.

THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

TAYLOR.

IF dreams of fancy ſooth the penſive heart,
And woes fictitious pleaſing pains impart;
How much more ſoothing is the tender tale,
Where all th' unborrow'd charms of Truth prevail!
Sorrows well ſung, from hiſt'ry's faithful page,
Awaken ſympathy, and vanquiſh rage.
Ye gen'rous few! whoſe finer feelings move
Reſponſive to the joys and pangs of love.
Attend the theme my plaintive muſe has choſe,
Fam'd Theodoſius and Conſtantia's woes.

Conceive a maid with ev'ry virtue crown'd
Alike for beauty and for wit renown'd;
Where matchleſs ſymmetry of form conſpires
To ſuſcitate and ſpread love's dormant fires,
Where ſpeaking eyes, and mind-illumin'd face,
Give ſoul to ſhape, and dignity to grace:—
Such was Conſtantia: but her ſordid ſire,
Averſe to lib'ral love's refining fire,
To freezing fiend-like avarice a ſlave,
Sent her, love's victim, to the gloomy grave.

This beauteous virgin Theodoſius woo'd.
A youth with worth of early growth endu'd,
Profoundly learned; yet whoſe noble mind
A place for heav'n-deſcended love could find:
For in the boſom of the greatly wiſe,
Venus and Mercury together riſe.
Soon in Conſtantia's breaſt his goodly frame
And pleaſing converſe ſpread the gen'rous flame;
But diſagreement foul between their ſires
Damp'd all the ardour of love's lib'ral fires.
Then was the youth, to dire revenge a prey,
Torn from ſweet converſe with the fair away;

And soon her father, whose relentless rage
Nor tears could move, nor pity soft assuage,
Resolv'd to sacrifice her matchless charms,
With brutal fury, to another's arms.

But Theodosius, plung'd in deep despair,
Soon in a letter thus address'd the fair:
"Lovely Constantia, once my fav'rite theme,
Is now, alas! my misery supreme,
Must I then live, distressing thought! to see
Those charms another's, once delight'd for me?
Streams, fields, and meadows, where so oft of love
We talk'd delighted, now my torment prove;
Life's purple tides to me unwilling roll,
And hope's last ray expires within my soul.
Farewell! and ever happy may you be,
Nor break your transport with one thought of me!"

Distracted as she read, the weeping fair
Was now resolv'd her father's rage to dare;
And sooner with heroic courage—die,
Than with a marriage full of guilt comply.
But when the well beloved youth she heard,
Had in the night's deep silence disappear'd,
To Heav'n she vow'd to consecrate her days,
And spend her time in penitence and praise.
Now in a cloister's solitary cell,
Where barb'rous zeal and melancholy dwell.
The beauteous maid immur'd, a prey to grief,
Sought, in confession of her sins, relief.

A priest there was within the convent, fam'd
For thoughts sublime, and Father Francis nam'd;
Him, kneeling, thus with agony oppress'd,
And drown'd in tears, the noble maid address'd;
"My conduct has depriv'd of life, I fear,
A youth, ah! once to me how justly dear!
Whose well-taught mind was gen'rous, brave, and free,
And without fault, save that of loving me;
For him my tears in ceaseless torrents flow,
And keen remembrance points the sting of woe."

While thus the beauteous mourner sought relief,
The rev'rend priest was overwhelm'd with grief;
Their post the pow'rs of life almost forsook,
And agony the seat beneath him shook.

For now the fair Conſtantia ſtood reveal'd
To Theodoſius, in the prieſt conceal'd;
But ſtudious to elude her ſearching eyes,
The father ſtill retain'd his dark diſguiſe.
His ſoul he mans with fortitude ſevere,
Collects his thoughts, and checks the guſhing tear;
With accents mild, and words of ſov'reign balm,
He tries her grief to mitigate and charm.
His ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtrain'd,
And her loſt peace the maid awhile regain'd;
Next day, to heav'n and pure affection true,
She took the veil, and bade the world adieu.
Now by a letter, to the fair addreſs'd,
The long-loſt Theodoſius ſtood confeſs'd;
And father Francis thus, in plaintive ſtrains,
Sooth'd the fair ſource of all his joys and pains:
"As the firſt fruits of comforts ever thine,
Since now the vot'ry of a life divine,
Know Theodoſius lives, and lives in me,
Loſt to the world's delights, dear maid! for thee;
Our diſappointed love will prove our gain,
And mutual joy ſucceed to mutual pain."
With tears of rapture, ſuch as virtue gives,
The fair one wept, and cry'd, "He lives, he lives!
The pangs of hopeleſs ſorrow now will ceaſe,
And life's laſt trembling flame expire in peace."

Deep in the cloiſter's horrid gloom immur'd,
By walls of ſtone, and maſſy gates ſecur'd,
Ten years, compos'd of melancholy days,
Conſtantia ſpent in penitence and praiſe;
At length a fever, whoſe devouring rage,
With ruthleſs ravage ſpares nor ſex nor age,
But brings to all an undiſtinguiſh'd doom,
Swept gen'rous Theodoſius to the tomb.
But ere the vital ſpark had wing'd its way,
As on the bed of death he panting lay,
In moving terms, life's feeble lamp juſt ſpent,
His benediction to the fair he ſent;
Who to the dire diſtemper now a prey,
And verging faſt to death, delirious lay.
Soon as the abbeſs told th' expiring maid,
That the lov'd father in the duſt was laid.
And dying bleſs'd her, ſhe with pleaſure cry'd,
"Let me be bury'd by my lov'd one's ſide!

My vow extends no farther than the grave,
And this is all my fondeſt wiſh can crave."
Stern gloomy zeal, relenting at the pray'r,
This her laſt wiſh then gave the conſtant fair.

Their tomb proclaims them juſtly, ſtill we find,
" Lovely while living, nor in death diſjoin'd."

A PARAPHRASE

On the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.

THOMSON.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear;
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O, let me liſten to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears;
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears;
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?

Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor ſtores nor granaries belong,
Naught but the woodland, and the pleaſing ſong;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their muſic or their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.

Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!

What regal veſtments can with them compare?
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!

If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads
Will he not care for you, ye faithleſs! ſay,
Is he unwiſe? or are ye leſs than they?

THE DEATH OF ALICO,

An African Slave,

Condemned for Rebellion, in Jamaica, 1760,

EDWARDS.

'TIS paſt; ah! calm thy* cares to reſt;
Firm and unmov'd am I:
In Freedom's cauſe I bar'd my breaſt,—
In Freedom's cauſe I die.

Ah, ſtop! thou doſt me fatal wrong;—
Nature will yet rebel;
For I have lov'd thee very long
And lov'd thee very well.

To native ſkies, and peaceful bow'rs,
I ſoon ſhall wing my way;
Where joy ſhall lead the circling hours,
Unleſs too long they ſtay.

O ſpeed, fair ſun! thy courſe divine;
My ABALA remove:
There thy bright beams ſhall ever ſhine,
And I for ever love!

On thoſe bleſs'd ſhores—a ſlave no more—
In peaceful eaſe I'll ſtray;
Or rouſe to chaſe the mountain boar
As unconfin'd as day.

No Chriſtian tyrant there is known
To mark his ſteps with blood,
Nor fable Mis'ry's piercing moan
Reſounds through ev'ry wood.

* He is ſuppoſed to addreſs his wife at the place of Execution.

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
Have ſeen the falling tear;
Known the good heart by pity wrung;
Ah! that ſuch hearts are rare.

Now, Chriſtian, glut thy raviſh'd eyes—
I reach the joyful hour:
Now bid the ſcorching flames ariſe,
And theſe poor limbs devour:

But know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage;
The death thou giv'ſt ſhall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death, how welcome to th' oppreſt!
Thy kind embrace I crave;
Thou bring'ſt to Mis'ry's boſom reſt,
And Freedom to the ſlave.

STANZAS.

MRS. ROBINSON.

FLY ſwift, ye tardy, mournful hours,
And waft upon your ſombre wings
Each cloud of dreary woe that low'rs,
Each pang that from affection ſprings!
For though to others joy you bear,
With love's beſt wreath of flow'rets gay;
Though all around is rich and fair,
'Tis ſtill to ME a winter's day.

Fly, ſummer gales, nor vainly ſeek
To cheer the breaſt where grief reſides,
Nor ſtrive to tint that pallid cheek
Where ſorrow's tear each ſmile derides.
Ere autumn ſpreads its glowing bloom,
Life fades on Time's deſtructive wing,
Yet Pity, pointing to the tomb,
Bids Hope reveal eternal ſpring!

Then ceaſe, ah! ceaſe, my throbbing breaſt!
To cheriſh Mem'ry's penſive ſhade;
Ceaſe to recall theſe moments bleſs'd,
Whoſe viſions only ſhone to fade:

Let Apathy with freezing pow'r,
Twine round thy fibres soft Repose,
And give to ev'ry ling'ring hour,
That rest which passion never knows.

EFFECTS OF WAR.

WITH glitt'ring arms I saw the soldiers march
With hearts elate, and footsteps light as air,
Vaunting of victories their arms would gain;
Eager they fill'd the transports waiting near,
To waft them to the hostile tented field,
And from the vessel's side with loud huzza,
Hail'd with a cheerful voice the crowded shore,
And bade their much-dejected friends farewell.
Dejection too prophetic of their fate!
Post after post soon brings a heavy tale,
Though gloss'd with victory, fatal to the peace
Of fathers, mothers, children, wives, and friends.
Dead is the hand that long with labour fought
To feed the little offspring hov'ring round:
Vanish'd the hope that sooth'd a parent's age;
Sunder'd the ties of faithful wedded love;
And the dear long-tried friend for ever gone.
Such is the curse of vict'ry!——Now review
The horrors that attend an adverse fate.
The conq'rors are become the conquer'd now;
See them retreat before a foe, enrag'd
By unprovok'd assault, and num'rous wrongs;
Their marches harass'd by th' advancing van,
And loss sustain'd of men, of stores, and arms.
Famine and pestilence new horrors add,
And fainting by the way leave many a wretch
To linger out the sad remains of life,
Hopeless of better fate, than that some foe
May kindly cut its thread, and end his pain.
A shatter'd remnant reach once more the shore.
From whence in health's full tide they gayly sail'd:
Once more their footsteps press their native land,
And like a cordial draught through ev'ry vein
New vigour flows, and warms their languid hearts.
Impatient now each seeks his long-lost home,
To cheer the breast that in his absence pin'd:

And in the fond embrace each ſoon forgets
The various ſorrows they have long endur'd.
Not e'en the ſickly face and mangled limb
Check the pure joy that glows at his return.
Terror had long ſuggeſted he was loſt;
He is once more at home, and all ſeems well.
If aught can damp his joy, it is the tale,
The mournful tale, that he is doom'd to tell,
Of his loſt comrades in the fatal field,
Blaſting the ling'ring hope that yet ſurviv'd,
And bade the anxious boſom daily watch
For his return, who was its only joy.

Long ſhould reflection in a monarch's mind
Dwell on ſuch themes. Then, ſtrongly there impreſs'd,
War in its various horrors would appear:
And if a ſpark of virtue in him lives,
Nature muſt ſhrink from ſuch a thought accurſt,
As plunging nations in offenſive war.

EPITAPH

On SAUNTERING JACK and IDLE JOAN.

PRIOR.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone
Lie ſauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling years threeſcore and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell;
The morning paſs'd, the ev'ning came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks! what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again.
They ſoundly ſlept the night away;
They did juſt nothing all the day;
And having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
No ſiſter either had or brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.

Their moral and economy
Moſt perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground,

Nor fame nor cenſure they regarded;
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did;
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid;
So ev'ry ſervant took his courſe;
And bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and pariſh rate,
And took but read not the receipt;
For which they claim'd their ſunday's due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.

Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor,
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If aſk'd they ne'er deny'd their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carry'd,
Whoever either died or marry'd.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good nor bad, nor fools nor wiſe,
They would not learn, nor could adviſe;
Without love, hatred, joy or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were—
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd;
And ſo they liv'd; and ſo they died.

HUMAN LIFE.

SWEET is the ſummer's ev'ning, when the ſtorm
Has ſpent its ſudden rage! pleaſant the dawn,
The earlieſt dawn of day, after a night
Of darkneſs, when the morning's cheerful beam
Makes the heart glad! So, after ſorrows paſt,
My ſoul enjoys her ev'ning of repoſe,
With ſuch delight as though that peaceful hour
Releas'd her from all ills. Alas! not ſuch
Her little hour of peace,—'tis but the reſt
Of one ſore weary with long pilgrimage,
Who lies him down beneath the ſhade awhile,
Soon to riſe again, with ſorer ſteps
To toil along a way more difficult.

ELEGY *on a* YOUNG LADY,

Who died ſoon after the Celebration of her Nuptials.

MRS. WEST.

ADMIR'D and loſt, juſt welcom'd and deplor'd,
Com'ſt thou, fair nymph, to wake delight and
grief;
Like Lapland ſummers, with each beauty ſtor'd,
Tranſient like them, and exquiſitely brief?

Pale are thy coral lips, and clos'd thine eyes,
Expreſſion ſleeps and harmony is mute;
The ſpoiler Death on each fine feature lies,
Like blaſting cankers on the choiceſt fruit.

I took thy hand; it met my graſp no more
With kindly warmth; inanimate it fell;
I wept; but ſympathy's mild reign is o'er,
Nor can that icy breaſt reſponſive ſwell.

To deck her tomb, appropriate emblems find;
White roſes blighted, with their buds emboſs'd,
The frail acacia broken by the wind,
And myrtles ſhrivell'd by protracted froſt.

There wedded love, with torch revers'd, ſhould ſtand,
And gaze upon the ruin Death has made;

While weeping virtues weave the cypreſs band,
And ſoothe with dirges the repoſing ſhade.

There, whilſt diſſolving to its parent duſt,
The eye reverts from what it once ador'd,
Till the archangel, ſummoning the juſt,
Shall call the ſleeper to attend her Lord.

The lark ſhall o'er her chaunt his matin hymn,
And houſehold red-breaſt woo his ſpeckled mate;
The glow-worm, too, ſhall there at ev'ning trim
His elfin taper in ſepulchral ſtate.

With love unchang'd through many a varying year,
At ſtated ſeaſons, friendſhip ſhall return,
To plant freſh poſies round the honour'd bier,
To weed the thiſtle that o'erhangs the urn.

We riſe progreſſively, we bloom, and fade,
And, having deck'd it, occupy the grave;
Soon by the mourn'd the mourner ſhall be laid,
And aſk the tribute ſhe to others gave.

Vain in our pleaſures, vainer in our cares,
Bound on the wheel of time we riſe and fall;
Yet preſent wrong Eternity repairs,
The mighty empreſs and the judge of all.

LINES TO MR. OPIE,

On his having painted for her the Picture of Mrs. Twiſs.

MRS. OPIE.

HAIL to thy pencil! well its pleaſing art
Has trac'd thoſe features painted on my heart;
Now, though in diſtant ſcenes ſhe ſoon will rove,
Still ſhall I here behold the friend I love;
Still ſee that ſmile, "endearing, artleſs, kind,"
The eye's mild beam that ſpeaks the candid mind,
Which, ſportive oft, yet fearful to offend,
By humour charms, but never wounds a friend.
But in my breaſt contending feelings riſe,
While this lov'd ſemblance faſcinates my eyes;
Now pleas'd, I mark the painter's ſkilful line,
Now joy, becauſe the ſkill I mark was thine:

And while I prize the gift by thee beſtow'd,
My heart proclaims I'm of the giver proud.
Thus pride and friendſhip war with equal ſtrife,
And now the friend exults, and now the wife.

SONNET.—SLAVERY.

HOW oft, in reaſon's ſpite, muſt we be told,
(And told it too in Britain's lib'ral air,)
By thoſe that Afric's ſons in bondage hold,
That better they than Scotia's peaſants fare!

Could ye their hunger feed with fruits of gold,
And liquid rubies for their drink prepare,
All this for Freedom's feaſt were richly ſold,
Which Nature's voice incites each ſon to ſhare.

The naked wretch that drinks the torrent's tide,
And picks his ſcanty meal from ſhrub or tree,
While, unreſtrain'd by Pow'r's tyrannic pride,
O'er all the mountains he can wander free,
Is happier far (in ev'ry manly mind)
Than he that ſumptuous fares, in Slav'ry's halls confin'd.

ON FINDING A STRAYED CHILD.

MISS DAYE.

A Stem blown from its parent tree
I planted in my humble bow'r;
Sure it may grow to ſhelter me
From ſcorching ſun and dripping ſhow'r!

Stay, Madelina, child of woe,
Thy little feet no more ſhall roam;
I ſaid, and faſt as tears could flow,
Mine fell, and pity took thee home.

The dewy ground was then thy bed,
Its canopy, the arch of heav'n;
On a cold ſtone reclin'd thy head,
Thy mouldy ſcraps were hardly giv'n.

Ill ſuited was thy motley dreſs,
Refuſe of infancy and age;

So ſorted, as to ſhow diſtreſs,
Not ſcreen thee from the tempeſt's rage.

But on thy face yet health could glow,
There unreflecting ſmiles were ſeen:
For tranſient joy ſo temper'd woe,
To cheer thy little heart within.

By want torn from thy parent tree,
Here, hapleſs Madelina, come;
My little ſhall be ſhar'd with thee,
I'll be thy parent—here's thy home.

LINES *on the* CAPTURE *of* KOSCIUSKO.

WHAT ſpectred form is that, with tearful eye,
With heaving boſom, and with deep-drawn ſigh,
Sorrowing in ſilence o'er the darken'd cell
Where, Koſciuſko! thou art doom'd to dwell?
'Tis thou, lorn Liberty! whom once I knew
Cloth'd with the roſy morning's healthful hue,
Sweep the wide woodlands, and with carols gay
Swell the ſoft gales that uſher in the day;
'Tis thou, lorn Liberty! with anguiſh wild
Now weeping o'er thy fond, thy fav'rite child!

No common ſorrows hover round his head,
All nature ſickens, all her joys are fled:
The moon extends a cold and dewy gleam,
And the ſun ſaddens with a languid beam;
Pale livid lightnings through the welkin fly,
And pealing thunders ſhake the ſhudd'ring ſky:
O'er the wide concave no kind ſtar is found,
Night ſpreads her darkeſt, deepeſt ſhades around;
The war-worn vet'ran pours his penſive moan,
And in his leader's fate laments his own.

Poor Koſciuſko! long ſhall live thy fame,
And future infants learn to liſp thy name;
Ages unborn ſhall weep the hoſtile deed,
And curſe the ruffian hand that made thee bleed!
Shall mourn that morning, when the vital tide
Purpled thy limbs, and bubbled from thy ſide.
When firſt on thee was pour'd the dungeon's gloom,
Mocking the midnight darkneſs of the tomb;

On thee—at once magnanimous and mild,
In war a hero—and in peace a child.

O may that band, who once by thee inſpir'd,
By virtue ſanction'd, and by freedom fir'd,
Who oft with thee, on Viſt'las winding banks,
Vanquiſh'd the warriors of proud Pruſſia's ranks,
Strike, with a patriot arm, their wond'ring foes,
Weep o'er their country, but avenge her woes;
May triumph wave each banner in the field,
And frightful horror frown from ev'ry ſhield;
And like a ſtorm that ſwells the troubled gale,
Rolls down the hill, and ſweeps along the vale,
Cleaving in twain the foreſt's trembling king,
While the day darkens, and the mountains ring,
While the hoarſe thunders with re-echoed roar,
Crack the white cliffs, and roll around the ſhore;
So may thy band, with firm collected force,
Scour the wide plains, and conquer in their courſe;
And, Koſciuſko! ere thy ſoul have fled
To the dark, dreary manſions of the dead,
By thee led on, by thee their vengeance hurl'd,
Give tyrants death, and freedom to the world.

HUMANITY.

AH me! how little knows the human heart,
The pleaſing taſk of ſoft'ning others' woe;
Stranger to joy that pity can impart,
And tears ſweet ſympathy can teach to flow!

Pity the man who hears the moving tale
Unmov'd; to whom the heart-felt glow's unknown,
On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er prevail,
Nor made the good man's injur'd cauſe his own.

The ſplendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
The glare of pride and pomp be, Grandeur, thine:
To wipe from mis'ry's eye the falling tear,
And ſoothe th' oppreſſed orphan's woes, be mine.

Be mine the bluſh of modeſt worth to ſpare;
To change to ſmiles affliction's riſing ſigh;
The kindred warmth of charity to ſhare,
Till joy ſhall ſparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.

Can the loud laugh, the mirth-inſpiring bowl,
The dance, or choral ſong, or jocund glee,
Affect the glowing, ſympathizing ſoul,
Or warm the breaſt, HUMANITY, like thee?

THE SUMMER DAY.

AH! who beneath the burning ray,
Can bear the long, the ſummer's day?
Who 'mid the duſt and ſcorching ſun,
Content his daily race will run?
And yet, when Winter's icy breath
Flies o'er the white and frozen heath,
The wand'rer ſhudders to behold
The dreary ſcene, and ſhrinks with cold.

When drifted ſnow acroſs the plain
Spreads deſolation's chill domain,
The trav'ller ſighs, and ſeems to ſay,
"Ah, would it were a ſummer's day!"
Yet, when the ſun flames far and wide,
He haſtens to the wood's dark ſide——
And, ſhelter'd by embow'ring trees,
Sighs for the freſh and cooling breeze.

When duſty roads impede his way,
And all around the fervid ray
Scorches the dry and yellow heath,
Unviſited by zephyr's breath:——
Or, when the torrent wildly pours,
When the fierce blaſt impetuous roars,
Man ſtill on changes fondly bent——
Still murmurs, ſad and diſcontent.

THE WINTRY DAY.

IS it in manſions, rich and gay,
On downy beds or couches warm,
That Nature owns the wintry day,
And ſhrinks to hear the howling ſtorm?
Ah, no!

'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where Mis'ry feels the ſhafts of Death,

As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children—not a friend to save—
Unheeded go!

Is it in chambers, silken dress'd,
At tables with Profusion's heap;
Is it on pillows soft to rest,
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah, no!

'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,
Where Poverty's low sons endure,
And, scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet, mute, recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe!

Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh and feast, and dance and sing;
To crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the roof with revels ring?
Ah, no!

'Tis on the prison's flinty floor—
'Tis where the deaf'ning whirlwinds roar,
'Tis when the sea-boy, on the mast,
Hears the waves bounding to the blast,
And looks below!

Is it in chariots gay to ride,
To crowd the splendid midnight ball,
To revel in luxurious pride,
While pamper'd vassals wait your call?
Ah, no!

'Tis in a cheerless, naked room,
Where Mis'ry's victims wait their doom;
Where a fond mother famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic father flies,
Man's desp'rate foe!

Is it where, prodigal and weak,
The silly spendthrift scatters gold,
Where eager Folly hastes to seek
The fordid wanton, false and bold?
Ah, no!

'Tis in the silent spot obscure,
Where, forc'd all sorrows to endure,
Pale Genius learns, O lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on the bad
False praise bestow!

Is it where gameſters, thronging round,
Their ſhining heaps of wealth diſplay?
Where Faſhion's giddy tribes are found,
Sporting their ſenſeleſs hours away?
Ah, no!

'Tis where neglected Genius ſighs;
Where Hope, exhauſted, ſilent dies;
Where Merit ſtarves, by Pride oppreſs'd,
Till ev'ry ſtream that warms the breaſt
Forbears to flow!

VERSES *on the* DEATH *of his* MOTHER.

THOMSON.

YE fabled muſes, I your aid diſclaim,
Your airy raptures, and your fancy'd flame;
True genuine woe my throbbing breaſt inſpires,
Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
The ſoul ſprings inſtant at the warm deſign,
And the heart dictates ev'ry flowing line.

See, where the kindeſt, beſt of mothers lies,
And death has ſhut her ever-weeping eyes;
Has lodg'd, at laſt, peace in her weary breaſt,
And lull'd her many piercing cares to reſt.
No more the orphan train around her ſtands,
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands;
No more the widow's lonely fate ſhe feels,
The ſhock ſevere that modeſt want conceals,
Th' oppreſſor's ſcourge, the ſcorn of wealthy pride,
And poverty's unnumber'd ills beſide;
For, ſee! attended by th' angelic throng,
Through yonder worlds of light ſhe glides along,
And claims the well-earn'd raptures of the ſky.—
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
She ſeeks th' unfriended orphans left behind,
So hardly left! ſo bitterly reſign'd!
Still, ſtill is ſhe my ſoul's divineſt theme,
The waking viſion, and the wailing dream:
Amid the ruddy ſun's enliv'ning blaze,
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays!
And in the dread dominion of the night
Shines out again the ſadly-pleaſing ſight:

Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
And more than volumes ev'ry look imparts;—
Looks, ſoft, yet awful; melting, yet ſerene;
Where both the mother and the ſaint are ſeen.

But, ah! that night—that tort'ring night remains,
May darkneſs dye it with its deepeſt ſtains!
May Joy on it forſake her roſy bow'rs,
And ſtreaming Sorrow blaſt its baleful hours!
When on the margin of the briny flood,
Chill'd with a fad preſaging damp, I ſtood;
Took the laſt look, ne'er to behold her more,
And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar;
Heard the laſt words fall from her pious tongue,
Then wild into the bulging veſſel flung,
Which ſoon, too ſoon, convey'd me from *her* ſight,
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light!

Why was I then, ye pow'rs! reſerv'd for this,
Nor ſunk that moment in the vaſt abyſs?
Devour'd at once by the relentleſs wave,
And whelm'd for ever in a wat'ry grave?—
Down, ye wild wiſhes of unruly woe!—
I ſee her with immortal beauty glow;
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
Her tears all wip'd, and all her ſorrows flown:
Th' exulting voice of heav'n I hear her breathe,
To ſoothe her ſoul in agonies of death.
I ſee her through the manſions bleſt above,
And now ſhe meets her dear expecting love.
Heart-cheering ſight, but yet, alas! o'erſpread
By the damp gloom of grief's uncheering ſhade.
Come then of reaſon the reflecting hour,
And let me truſt the kind o'er-ruling Pow'r,
Who from the night commands the ſhining day,
The poor man's portion and the orphan's ſtay!

RETIREMENT.

BEATTIE.

WHEN in the crimſon cloud of even
The ling'ring light decays,
And Heſper on the front of heaven
His glitt'ring gem diſplays;

Deep in the ſilent vale, unſeen,
Beſide a lulling ſtream,
A penſive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimm'ring dale,
Ye woods, along whoſe windings wild
Murmurs the ſolemn gale;
Where Melancholy ſtrays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn,
Gleams on the weſtern deep:

To you, ye waſtes, whoſe artleſs charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your moſt ſequeſter'd bow'r
Let me at laſt recline,
Where Solitude (mild modeſt pow'r,)
Leans on her ivy'd ſhrine.

How ſhall I woo thee, matchleſs fair?
Thy heav'nly ſmile how win?
Thy ſmile, that ſmooths the brow of Care,
And ſtills the ſtorm within.
O, wilt thou to thy fav'rite grove
Thine ardent vot'ry bring,
And bleſs his hours, and bid them move,
Serene, on ſilent wing.

Oft let remembrance ſooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
He fram'd his infant lays.
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Diſtruſt alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His ſimple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart ſincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the ſhade.
Ah! why did Fate his ſteps decoy
In ſtormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy?—
O, take the wand'rer home!

Thy ſhades, thy ſilence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt, the hollow cliff, whoſe pine
Waves o'er the gloomy ſtream,
Whence the fear'd owl, on pinions gray,
Breaks from the ruſtling boughs,
And down the lone vale fails away
To more profound repoſe.

O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly-warbling ſong,
And balmy from the bank of flow'rs
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude ſound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flaſh on the ſtartled eye:

But if ſome pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bow'rs explore,
O, guard from harm his hoary head,
And liſten to his lore;
For he of joys divine ſhall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty ſpell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb thoſe toilſome heights,
By guileful Hope miſled;
Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
To Mirth's enliv'ning ſtrain;
For preſent pleaſure ſoon is o'er,
And all the paſt is vain.

ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

GISBORNE.

O Ye! whoſe knees a youthful progeny climbs,
While mirth, the fruit of innocence and love,
Dimples their cheeks, and ſhuts their laughing eyes,
Think on your charge! Faſt as th' expanding mind
Imbibes the leſſon, from her fount above
Bid Truth in ampler ſtream infuſe her lore.

Leave not in vernal dawn, when life invokes
Your cult'ring hand, the vacant field a prey
To weeds quick sprouting: plant with earliest care
The seeds you most desire should fill the soil;
And nurse, with zeal proportion'd to its worth,
Each rising produce. Teach your infant race,
That 'tis not theirs, like songsters of the grove,
Born but to sport and flutter for a day,
To doat on vain and transitory joys.
Teach them the harder, nobler task decreed
To prove the sons of Adam. Teach them love
Supreme of God, and, next to God, of man.
Teach them, 'tis theirs, in arduous conflict rang'd
'Gainst sin and pow'rs of darkness, to make known
Their firm allegiance to the King of Kings.
Teach them, though weak, to triumph in the strength
Omnipotence, spectator of the war,
At supplication's cry delights to yield
The faithful combatant; while heav'n spreads wide
Her glories, and displays the victor's crown,
A crown eternal; and beneath, hell yawns
Insatiate, thunders through each quiv'ring gulf,
And heaves the floods of ever-during fire.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

COWPER.

I Would not enter on my list of friends
(Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight.
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:

There they are privileg'd: and he that hunts,
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Diſturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who when ſhe form'd, deſign'd them an abode.
The ſum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or ſafety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and muſt extinguiſh theirs:
Elſe they are all—the meaneſt things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the firſt,
Who in his ſov'reign wiſdom form'd them all.
Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your ſons
To love it too.

NATURE.

'TWAS on a cliff whoſe rocky baſe
Baffled the briny wave;
Whoſe culter'd heights their verdant ſtore
To many tenant gave.

A mother led by ruſtic cares,
Had wander'd with her child;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the graſs
He frolick'd and he ſmil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd
To mark the infant's joy;
How oft would pauſe, amidſt her toil,
To contemplate her boy.

Yet ſoon, by other cares eſtrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forſook;
Careleſs he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

O ropp'd was each flow'r that caught his eye,
Till, ſcrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliffs unſhelter'd edge,
And pleas'd ſurvey'd the ſcene!

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone!—her cheeks were fluſh'd—
Her wand'ring eye was wild!

She ſaw him on the cliff's rude brink—
Now careleſs peeping o'er—

He turn'd, and to his mother ſmil'd,
—Then ſported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly—
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
O nature! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to ſave!

She tore the kerchief from her breaſt,
And laid her boſom bare:
He ſaw delighted—left the brink,
And ſought to banquet there.

BURLESQUE *of* HORACE's OTIUM DIVOS.

Written at the Mohawk Caſtle, in the Year 1761, by the elder Capt. Morris, and ſent to his Friend Lieut. Montgomery, afterwards a General Officer in the American ſervice, and killed at the Siege of Quebec.

EASE is the pray'r of him, who, in a whale-boat,
Croſſing lake Champlain, by a ſtorm's o'ertaken;
Not ſtruck his blanket,* not a friendly iſland
Near to receive him.

Eaſe is the wiſh too of the ſly Canadian;
Eaſe the delight of bloody Caghnawagas;
Eaſe, Richard, eaſe, not to be bought with wampum,
Nor paper-money.

Not colonel's pay, nor yet a dapper ſerjeant,
Orderly waiting with recover'd halberd,
Can chaſe the crowd of troubles, ſtill ſurrounding
Lac'd regimentals.

That Sub lives beſt, who, with a faſh in tatters,
Worn by his grandſire at the fight of Blenheim,
To fear a ſtranger, and to wild ambition,
Snores on a bear-ſkin.

Why, like fine fellows, are we ever ſcheming?
We ſhort-liv'd mortals! why ſo fond of climates
Warm'd by new ſuns? O, who that runs from home, can
Run from himſelf too?

* The ſoldier's blanket; uſed by the army as a ſail.

Care climbs radeaux† with four-and-twenty pounders,
Nor quits our light troops, or our Indian warriors;
Swifter than mooſe-deer, or the fleeter eaſt wind
Puſhing the clouds on.

He, whoſe good humour can enjoy the preſent,
Scorns to look forward; with a ſmile of patience
Temp'ring the bitter. Bliſs uninterrupted
None can inherit.

Death inſtantaneous hurry'd off Achilles;
Age far-extended wore away Tithonus:
Who will live longer, thou or I, Montgomery?
Dicky or Tommy?

Thee twenty meſs-mates, full of noiſe and laughter,
Cheer with their ſallies; thee the merry damſels
Pleaſe with their titt'ring; while thou ſitt'ſt adorn'd with
Boots, ſaſh, and gorget.

Me to Fort Hendrick, 'midſt a ſavage nation,
Dull Connajhory, cruel fate has driven.
O, think on Morris, in a lonely chamber,
Dabbling in Sapphic!

† Floating batteries; uſed on lake Champlain.

On the DEATH *of* THOMSON.

COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave;
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
To deck its poet's ſylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp* ſhall now be laid,
That he whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here;
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,

* The harp of Æolus, deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.

Shall ſadly ſeem, in Pity's ear,
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore,
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſs'd,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar,
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whit'ning ſpire,*
And 'mid the vary'd landſcape weep.

But thou who own'ſt that earthly bed,
Ah! what will ev'ry dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity ſhed,
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail?

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near;
With him, ſweet bard! may fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream! whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide,
Whoſe cold turf hides the bury'd friend.

And ſee! the fairy valleys fade,
Dun night has veil'd the ſolemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade!
Meek nature's child! again adieu.

The genial meads, aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom†;
Their hinds and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs,
With ſimple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy ſtone and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes;
"O vales, and wild woods!" ſhall he ſay,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies."

* Richmond church, in which Mr. Thomſon was buried.

† Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

A PINDARIC ODE TO SCIENCE.

G. DYER.

THERE are who ſkim the ſtream of life,
And catch delight from ev'ry paſſing gale;
No doleful ſounds their ears aſſail,
Nor heed they nature's ſtrife.
Bright ſkies illume their dawning day,
While muſic wakes its magic powers;
No clouds obſtruct their noon-tide ray,
And to ſoft meaſures move their evening hours.
Gayly its courſe the motley veſſel glides,
As Pleaſure at the helm, a laughing beauty, guides.

Their deſtin'd courſe ſome lonely bend,
And no propitious gales attend;
While direful notes are heard from far,
The ſcream of woe, the din of war:
'Midſt ſtruggling ſtorms their mornings doubtful riſe,
Sullen and ſlow proceed their hours along;
'Midſt ſcowling tempeſts cloſe their weſtern ſkies,
Nor ſoothes their ears the cheerful voice of ſong.

But, lo! the ſons of Genius ſtand,
And Science open ſpreads her volume fair,
And Friendſhip waves her hand
To check the child of Mirth, to ſooth the child of Care;
Nature aſſumes her ſmiling form,
Like Ocean reſting from a ſtorm:
From diſtant India's pearly ſhores,
From myſtic Egypt's latent ſtores,
Or where, in Gracia's tuneful groves,
The graces wanton with the Loves,
Lo! Science comes, and takes her awful ſeat,
While Genius glides along her queen's advance to greet.

The blooming wreath of rapt'rous praiſe
Now weave with varied ſkill and conſcious pride,
As when near Piſa's laurell'd ſide,
The Theban wove the living bays:
Of brow ſerene, and port ſublime,
Immortal Science, hail! To thee,
Bright with the ſpoils of ancient Time,
We yield the crown, we bend the willing knee.
To thee the Virtues all obedient riſe,
And Truth, with unveil'd face, and clear, unclouded eyes.

" Ye ſons of Mirth and ſons of Care,
I the bow'r of bliſs prepare;
Near me ſtream ambroſial ſhowers,
Near me bloom immortal flowers:
Oh! hither then your erring courſes bend;
Here Mirth's wild crew may haply find a friend;
Soon near my ſide ſhall Care forget to grieve,
And pining Melancholy dare to live."

Thus Science ſpake aloud—when, lo!
By Fancy's eye were ſeen the ſacred choir,
That taught with vivid glow
The canvas firſt to ſhine, that wak'd the melting lyre;
And round and round their queen they move,
Symphonious to the voice of Love.
Nor did in vain the thrilling dart
Of Muſic pierce the captiv'd heart,
Till ev'ry diſcord died away,
As clouds before the ſolar ray;
Through the wide earth th' harmonic chords reſound,
While Rapture lifts her voice, and Goodneſs ſmiles around.

THE ILLUMINATION.

FAWCETT.

WHAT mean theſe ſhowy, and theſe ſounding ſigns
Of gen'ral joy, my ſenſes that ſalute?
That bid my brow be ſmooth, and boſom bound,
And all my heart be holiday?—What means
The cannon's roar, that rends the ſhatter'd ſky?
The ſtunning peal the merry ſteeples pour?
At dead of night, along the ſtarry ſtreet,
This flaring luxury of feſtive light,
From ev'ry window ſlung?—Wherefore thus laughs
The hour of gloom?—Now that " the midnight bell
Does with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Strike one,"—why walks abroad th' undrowſy world?
Night's ghoſts and goblins, groans and ſhadows dire,
All ſhone away, that e'en unſhudd'ring walks
Bold Superſtition forth? " why is proud *Night*
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Thus all ſo wanton and ſo full of gawds?"
What fair event, to poliſh'd boſoms dear,

In poliſh'd life inſpires this pomp of joy?
Say, hath the African fair freedom found?
Spite of his ſhade at length confeſs'd a man,
Nor longer whipp'd becauſe he is not white?
That were a jubilee for heav'n to join!
T' extort the gelid hermit from his cell,
Inflame his brook-fed blood, and force him bring
His ſober foot to ſwell the city rout,
With virtuous riot reeling, and with joy
Glorioufly giddy!—But 'tis not for this,
'Tis not for this the midnight vies with noon.

Sing, Io, Pæan! Io, Pæan, ſing!——
Thouſands of pulſes, high with health that leap'd,
Whoſe ſprightly ſpring, to Time's oppreſſion left,
Or to Diſeaſe's weight, had play'd perhaps
A length of years, by ſpeedier fates laid ſtill,
Ne'er to go on again, or ſtir, have ſtopp'd.—
On you bleſs'd ſun, all as a bridegroom gay,
Whom to behold it is a pleaſant thing
For ev'ry eye; who gives the painted globe
This pomp of colour, and this beauteous bloom;
A multitude (th' eceſtatic tidings tell)
A multitude of eyes, at which the heart
Look'd laughing out upon the day, are clos'd.—
On his delicious light (tranſporting thought!)
They never more ſhall look!—Illume, illume
The glowing ſtreet! nor let one window rob
The gen'ral rapture of a ray it owes!
Religion joins the joy:——of thoſe fair works,
Which He, whoſe wondrous wiſdom all things made,
Made in his image; or defacement foul,
Or fatal rent (more lights, more lights emit!)
A myriad has receiv'd—This is th' event,
The fair event to poliſh'd boſoms dear.
In poliſh'd life that lights this pomp of joy.
For this the cannon's thunder thumps the ear;
For this their merry peal the ſteeples pour;
For this dun night her raven hue relignes,
And, in this galaxy of tapers prank'd,
Mimics meridian day!—hence the high joy,
That calls the city's ſwarms from out their cells,
Laughs in each eye, and dances in each heart,
Prolongs their vigils, and ſhakes off the dews,
That hov'ring ſleep from off her wings lets fall
On their light lids, that will not let lie on 'em

The poppy drops, the high excitement ſuch!
All to the feaſt, the feaſt of blood! repair.
The high, the low, old men and prattling babes,
Young men and maidens, all to grace the feaſt.
Light-footed trip,—the feaſt, the feaſt of blood!

But here comes one, that ſeems to out-rejoice
All the rejoicing tribe! wild is her eye,
And frantic is her air, and fanciful
Her fable ſuit, and round ſhe rapid rolls
Her beauteous eyes upon the ſpangled ſtreet,
And drinks with greedy gaze the ſparkling ſcene.
And, "See!" ſhe cries, "how they have grac'd the hour
That gave him to his grave! Hail, lovely lamps!
In honour of that hour, a grateful land
Hath hung aloft!—and ſure he well deſerves
The tributary ſplendour—for he fought
Their battles well—Oh, he was valour's ſelf!
Brave as a lion's was my Henry's heart!
Fierce was the look with which he fac'd the foe;
But on his Harriet when my hero bent it,
'Twas ſo benign!—and beautiful he was—
And he was young—too young in years to die.
'Twas but a little while his wing had thrown
Its guardian ſhadow o'er me—but 'tis gone;
Fall'n is my ſhield—Yet ſee now if I weep—
A Britiſh warrior's widow ſhould not weep;
Her hero ſleeps in honour's fragrant bed—
So they all tell me—and I've nobly learn'd
Their gallant leſſon—all my tears are gone—
Bright glory's beam has dry'd them every drop!
No, no, I ſcorn to weep—high is mine heart!
Hot are mine eyes! there's no weak water there!
'Tis true, I ſhould have joy'd—what mother would not?
To ſhow him that ſweet babe, o'er which he wept
When laſt he kiſs'd it—yes, he did—he wept!
My warrior wept!—as the weak woman's tears
From off this cheek, where now I none can feel,
He kiſs'd away, he wet it with his own.—
Oh! yes, it would—'twould have been ſweet to ſhow him,
How his dear lovely boy had grown, ſince he
Beheld it cradled, and to bid it call him
By the ſweet name that I had taught it utter

In softeſt tones, while he was thunder hearing,
And thunder hurling round him—for his hand
Would not be idle amid deeds of glory——
Yes—glory, glory, glory is the word—
See, how it glitters all along the ſtreet!"
And then ſhe laughs, and wildly leaps along,
With treſſes all untied.—Fair wretch, adieu!
In mercy Heav'n thy ſhatter'd peace repair!

On the INSTITUTION *of a* SUNDAY-SCHOOL, *at* CROMFORD,

BY SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Written by one educated in a ſimilar Seminary.

LEARNING, thou brighteſt excellence! great gift!
(The greateſt men enjoy, being well applied)
By thee we mount, and leave the dark obſcure,
And ſee the clouds of ignorance diſſolve.——

A grateful tribute let me offer up,
Though from my youthful, unſledg'd genius pour'd,
To him, through whoſe aſſiſtance I am taught
The uſe and knowledge of this heavenly art.

ARKWRIGHT! to thee, great patron, this I owe,
That I'm enabled thus to uſe my pen;
Weak though it is, I can it not withhold
From giving praiſe where 'tis ſo juſtly due.

Great benefactor! emulation's charm!
That opes the path the affluent muſt tread:
For none can ſee that generous turn of mind,
Intent on inſtitutions noble—wiſe—
To train the youth, and fit them for the world,
But muſt deſire to ſhare ſuch bleſt applauſe.

The richeſt diamond from Golconda's mines
Might oft unnotic'd in the rubbiſh lie,
If 'twas not for the artiſt.—But by him
Th' intrinſic value of the gem is prov'd;
Under his hand the duſky pebble ſhines,
And brightens into beams of gleamy fire.

Thou greater artiſt! whoſe directing hand
Calls forth and brightens reaſon's heavenly ray,
Calming rough tempers, (through inſtruction given
By able teachers, in thy Sunday-School,)
Whoſe boiſterous natures might alarm the world,
Which now are ſoften'd into love and peace.

Bleſt inſtitution! bleſt the liberal hand
Which bounteouſly ſupports that noble plan;
And ever prais'd that God whoſe gracious power
Has given, with riches, ſuch a noble ſoul,
Inſpir'd with notions for the nobleſt end,
As teaching thoughtleſs youth themſelves to know.

On the DEMISE *of the* CZARINA.

By DAVID LEWIS, of BELMONT, near KNARESBRO',

A RUSTIC BARD.

SURELY the Empreſs is not dead!
Folks take delight to lie.
What! ſhe—of all the Ruſſias head?
Would ſhe *ſubmit* to die?

The mighty empire which ſhe rul'd
With arbitrary ſway,
Would ſhe reſign? and thus be fool'd
To ſleep among the clay?

What! could not ſhe, by wealth and pow'r,
Bribe Death t' avert her doom?——
Nor wealth nor pow'r can rule the hour
That calls us to the tomb.

Thouſands of valiant men have died
Her empire to maintain!
To ſpread her pow'r, to ſwell her pride,
And is it all in vain?

Could they not find *one* loyal ſlave,
With ſentence on his head,
His Amazonian queen to ſave,
And periſh in her ſtead?

No :—each muſt die the death himſelf;
Each muſt ſubmit to fate;
For had Death been a venal elf,
He'd ſpar'd the life of Kate.

AN ODE TO THE MOON.

BY THE SAME.

HAIL, ſilver Moon! whoſe gentle light
Diſpels the horrors of the night,
And diſſipates the gloom;
It is by thy reflecting ray
The trav'ller marks the doubtful way,
And gains his wiſh'd-for home.

Ariſing—yonder eaſtern brow
O'er the well-cultur'd vale below
Projects a ſolemn ſhade:
Aſcending ſtill, with brighter beams,
Thou danceſt in the lucid ſtreams,
Or glimmer'ſt through the glade.

At eve I will thy courſe purſue,
While diamonds glitter in the dew,
Or ſparkle in the froſt,
And contemplate on all around,
In meditation moſt profound,
Until in wonder loſt.

Thou aid'ſt the ſailor, on the deep,
From rocks and ſhoals his courſe to keep,
In the nocturnal hour:
Where'er thou com'ſt, the tides ariſe;
The ſeas aſcend to meet the ſkies,
By thy attractive pow'r.

The darken'd nations bow'd the knee,
And ſacred honours paid to thee,
Unto thy Maker due;
But, in this more enlighten'd age,
We read thee as a heav'nly page
Expanded to the view.

To thee I will the tube direct,
And mark the wonderful effect
Of an attentive look;

With Herſchell, all thy lands explore,
Survey thy ſeas, and trace each ſhore,
And ſee thy mountains ſmoke.

Without the ſolid wall of proof,
Imagination climbs the roof,
And lunar turrets ſees;
Where ſcience, doubtleſs, has its birth,
Whence artiſts view this monſtrous earth,
Our Alps, or our Andes.

A FRAGMENT,

Addreſſed to a Lady, on the ſudden Loſs of Four Children, by the Small-Pox.

T. DIBDIN.

——SERENE the night,
While, from the firmament, the moon's full orb
Cheer'd Nature's face, and ſilver'd ev'ry brook—
Save when a little intervening cloud
Stole o'er its ſurface, and obſcur'd its light;
But, when the wand'ring vapour diſappear'd,
The ſilver planet ſhot new glories forth.
As if retirement added to her charms.
And thus the good man's fame (when envy's blaſt
Preſumes to dim its native radiant hue)
Awhile retires, till truth remove the veil,
And bid freſh luſtre from concealment ſpring.——
While thus I mus'd, a broken, plaintive voice
Rous'd me from thought, and drew my ſight to where,
Againſt a rock (whoſe bold projecting top
Shadow'd the plain) a weeping female lean'd:—
At times, ſhe rais'd her piteous eyes to heav'n,
As if complaining,—but as oft withdrawn,
They ſeem'd to ſink into the earth below;
And ſeek a refuge in the graves of thoſe,
Whoſe deaths untimely, ſoon I learn'd, ſhe mourn'd:
For ſometimes ſhe would heave a deep-fetch'd ſigh,
And ſadly murmur, "Where are my deareſt joys!
Where are ye now, my children—are ye gone!"
Then, ſcarcely conſcious of the mourniful taſk,
Unmindful what ſhe did, with vacant eye,

Upon the ſandy ſhelving of the rock,
She trac'd their lov'd initials——when at once,
As though a ray of heav'nly light had beam'd
Acroſs her ſoul, ſhe upward look'd, reſign'd,
And, as reflection taught her, thus ſhe ſpake:

"If Heav'n *has* call'd them to the *narrow houſe*,
It is the path to bliſs.—Then why, my ſoul,
Shouldſt thou repine, when thoſe ſo dearly lov'd
Are happy, far beyond thy ſtretch of thought:
Perhaps, e'en now, with pity they look down
On thy miſtaken grief—and, with a ſmile,
Anticipate the time when thou ſhalt join
The ſacred choir—who, with ecſtatic love,
Proclaims the praiſe of him, whoſe mercy far
Exceeds e'en all the ſins of this frail earth!"

Then, while the theme bade joy illume her eye,
She left the place, and me—who fix'd in thought
Remain'd, till ſudden, from a neighb'ring tow'r,
A bell juſt broke the awful ſilence round,
And toll'd the hour of reſt.————

ELEGY.—THE COMPLAINT.

"AH! why along the chill and dreary vale,
Is drooping Genius deſtin'd ſtill to roam,
And tell, in murmurs, to the ſighing gale,
That ſorrow in her heart has found a home?

That fortune, ſinking from the wretch diſtreſs'd,
On guilt and folly bids her influence ſhine—
As gold refought within it owner's breaſt,
The droſs and darkneſs of its native mine!

That worth but enters life to work and weep,
For whom no flow'rs but thoſe of fancy bloom;
To dive amid a wild and ſtormy deep,
In ſearch of gems, to glitter on his tomb.

Ye ſons of ſcience! quench the ſacred fire,
For me no more awake the vocal ſhell;
Let ſordid gain your ſtooping ſouls inſpire,
And bid the ſoaring dreams of hope farewell.

The molten idol of the world behold;
Its altar rais'd on Virtue's ruin'd ſhrine!

Go, join in worſhip to the Calf of Gold!
Be rich and happy—when no longer mine.

For what avails it, though that world preſent
The meed of glory, in an empty name?
A moment's breath, for years of labour ſpent,
A bubble floating on the blaſt of Fame:

Whoſe echoing trumpet, and whoſe laurel crown,
But form a trophy o'er a baſeleſs throne;
Where ſhines one hour the pageant of renown,
The next deep ſunk in poverty unknown:

No pleaſure meets his melancholy gaze;
But, to reflect, 'tis not for him to taſte;
The prey of miſery, the theme of praiſe,
He looks at heav'n—but treads a barren waſte;

Curs'd by the pity of pretended friends,
His morbid nerves deep thrill'd with mental pain;
Till o'er his clay the ſpendid tomb aſcends,
And pride beſtows what virtue begg'd in vain."

Thus broke the ſorrows of th' indignant muſe,
Tracing with devious ſteps the twilight grove;
And loſt amid the evil which purſues
Th' aſpiring children of her ardent love.

Rous'd by her grief, ſtrong fancy's eagle eye
Tranſpierc'd the darkly-cloſing veil of night,
And, lo! a viſionary fair* drew nigh.
Before a countleſs train, half ſunk from ſight

The drooping phantom ſeem'd the form of woe,
O'ff'ring at ſorrow's ſhrine the nightly tear;
Huſh'd were the winds, as tremulous and ſlow
Theſe mournful accents caught my liſt'ning ear:

"Congenial horrors, hail! yet wherefore reſt,
Ye venerable ſhades in nature's ſleep?
Ah! yield your quiet to my troubled breaſt,
Or feel, like that, the raging whirlwinds ſweep.

Alike we glory'd in the pride of May,
And fortune's ſmiles, and nature's ſeaſon o'er,
Alike our ſummer friends have fall'n away—
But fall'n with me to renovate no more.

* Charlotte Smith.

High as your green leaves wav'd in vernal skies,
With me the buds of genius wak'd to birth;
And rapture mark'd the blushing fruitage rife.
Court the warm sun, and scorn the distant earth!

But fickle was the hope, by sorrow crost'd,
And transient was the ray which nurs'd its bloom;
Anticipating time, a killing frost,
Has strew'd the spoil on expectation's tomb!

O Sensibility! thou child of Joy!
How lost thy nature, and how chang'd thy part!
No—never shall return that fond employ
Which once endear'd thee to this sanguine heart;

When 'twas but thine the trembling wish to frame,
To thrill the nerves, the virgin blush to move—
To waken friendship's pure unburning flame,
Or kindle rapture at the torch of love.

Now, leagu'd with poverty, thy hands prepare
A ling'ring poison for my cup of woe;
Or wide expand the portals of Despair,
And beck'ning point the gloomy void below!

Say, what your gifts, ye muses, now avail,
The poet's feeling, and the poet's fire?
But keener pangs they teach me to bewail,
But deeper lamentations they inspire.

Perhaps a scanty pittance they supply!
But bitter is the task, with throbbing head,
Our right withheld by prosp'rous villainy,
To earn, by mental toil, our daily bread:

In study to consume the cheerless day,
To add its gains to Fortune's scanty store;
And, weeping, picture to the young and gay,
Joys which this breaking heart can know no more:

For pale Disease has stol'n the scythe of Time,
And low my fav'rite flow'r is laid in dust.—
Pride of my days—to wither in her prime!
But Heav'n has seen my wrongs, and will be just.

Like the poor bird's my fate, which o'er the main,
In adverse winds, attempts some distant coast;
And plies his weary wings, but plies in vain,
Amid the boundless waste of waters lost;

No land in view, to ſome lone rock he ſteers,
There, ſhiv'ring, hears the ſtorm of night ariſe—
But ere the pallid beam of morn appears,
Plung'd in the wave, th' exhauſted ſuff'rer dies."

Ah, ceaſe thy ſtrain! thou injur'd mourner, ceaſe!
May brighter, happier proſpects yet be thine;
May yet thy woe-fraught boſom taſte of peace,
And fortune and deſert for once combine.

Severe the trials which thy virtue bore,
By turns aſſail'd by grief, diſeaſe, and pain;
But ſoon, each ſuff'ring paſt, each labour o'er,
May they—no, let their memory remain.

For here recurring oft, with penſive eye,
Thy pleaſures ſhall aſſume a fairer form;
As vernal flow'rs diſplay a brighter die,
While yet we ſhudder at the wintry ſtorm.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

CURLING AND POWDERING HER HAIR.

LOWTH.

NO longer ſeek the needleſs aid
Of ſtudious art, dear lovely maid!
Vainly, from ſide to ſide, forbear
To ſhift thy glaſs, and braid each ſtraggling hair.

As the gay flow'rs, which nature yields,
Spontaneous, on the vernal fields,
Delight the fancy more than thoſe
Which gardens trim arrange in equal rows;

As the pure rill, whoſe mazy train
The prattling pebbles check in vain,
Gives native pleaſure, while it leads
Its random waters, winding through the meads;

As birds, the groves and ſtreams among,
In artleſs ſtrains the vernal ſong
Warbling, their wood-notes wild repeat,
And ſoothe the ear, irregularly ſweet;

So ſimple dreſs and native grace
Will beſt become thy lovely face;

For naked Cupid ſtill ſuſpects,
In artful ornaments, conceal'd defects.

Ceaſe then, with idly cruel care,
To torture thus thy flowing hair;
O, ceaſe, with taſteleſs toil, to ſhed
A cloud of ſcented duſt around thy head!

Not Berenice's locks could boaſt
A grace like thine; among the hoſt
Of ſtars, though radiant now they riſe,
And add new luſtre to the ſpangled ſkies;

Nor Venus when her charms divine,
Improving in a form like thine,
She gave her treſſes unconfin'd
To play about her neck, and wanton in the wind.

MARKOFF—*A SIBERIAN ECLOGUE.*

COTTLE.

AMID Siberian waſtes and trackleſs ways,
The Coſſack*, Markoff, paſs'd his happy days:
No rapturous hope or rankling care he knew,
His means were ſimple, and his wants were few.
When ſummer cloth'd the hill and deck'd the plain,
He wiſely thought of winter's cheerleſs reign;
And when the wintry ſnows the ſcene o'ercaſt,
Look'd on to ſummer, and endur'd the blaſt.
Thus life roll'd on, and thus he ſooth'd his breaſt,
Freedom his guide, and Cheerfulneſs his gueſt;
Till reſtleſs thought and vain deſires aroſe.
To break his calm and long-enjoy'd repoſe.

Beſide his hut the muſing Coſſack ſtood,
And liſten'd to the ſound of neighbouring wood,
Whoſe ſlow and ſolemn murmurs fill'd his ear
Through all the changeful ſeaſons of the year.
The dark Uralian hills before him roſe,
The wind of autumn now impetuous blows:
Dreary the view! the froſt o'erſpreads the ground,
And the loud brook with fetters now is bound.

* Though the Coſſacks reſide about the Nieper and the Don, bordering on the Black-Sea, yet tribes of them have ſpread over many Parts of Siberia.

He mark'd the clouds from arctic mountains roll'd,
He call'd to mind the tale of traveller bold;
He thought of diſtant ſcenes, of realms unknown,
Where through all ages tempeſts held their throne,
Sounding their ceaſeleſs wrath, whoſe awful reign
No mortal foot had ever dar'd profane.
The deſperate reſolve is made! He cried,
"These feet ſhall dare yon wilds, whate'er betide,
These eyes explore th' extent yon regions ſpread,
Where the young north wind dwells, the ſtorm is bred.
I, who in caves of ice have oft reclin'd,
And brac'd my ſinews in the fierceſt wind,
May ſmile at danger! dangers but invite,
And ſtorms and tempeſts were my firſt delight.
But if no bound appear, and as I go,
While rocks increaſe, and mountains hid in ſnow,
On all ſides round more gloomy waſtes prevail,
And, as I journey, bleaker winds aſſail!
Still ſhall I learn to brave the polar ſtorm,
And gaze on Nature in her rudeſt form."

Thro' the thick miſts no cheering ſun-beams ſhone;
His ſledge prepar'd, his winter coat put on,
Heedleſs he cried "Adieu!" and urg'd his deer;—
The mother and the children dropp'd the tear!

Now the bold Coſſack many a hill had paſs'd,
Though each appear'd more threatening than the laſt;
Whilſt all before, far as his eye could ſtrain,
Seem'd Ruin's ancient unexplor'd domain.

With heart too proud to temporize with fear,
The hardy Markoff paſs'd the mountains drear;
He croſs'd each long continuous waſte of plain,
He reach'd each diſtant ſummit, but in vain;
Beyond him ſtill, bounding his utmoſt ſight,
Hills riſe o'er hills, clad in eternal white.
And now he came where not a guide was nigh,
Save (mid the valley bare, or crag on high,
From certain death the wanderer's ſtep to warn,)
Some ſolitary pine*, by tempeſts ſhorn.

* The chief foreſts in Siberia conſiſt of the Norway and ſilver firs. It is underſtood by the northern travellers, that men may venture wherever foreſts are, without much danger from the cold; but in the higher latitude, foreſts wholly diſappear, and ſingle trees only are found, of ſtunted growth. Here the cold is often too intenſe for animal life: whilſt in the moſt

He ſtood, and mark'd the deſolation wide;
His "mute companions" trembled by his ſide!
And whilſt he ſtrives the chilling blaſt to bear,
And hears the whirlwind thundering through the air,
Fear ſhakes his frame. he dreads his coming fate,
He knows his error, but, alas! too late!
With reſolution warring with diſmay.
Back he returns to trace his devious way;
But now the ſcene ſeems wilder than before,
The ſmoke-froſts riſe, the cracking ice-burgs† roar!
Weary, the patient deer their path purſue,
Where never man abode, or herbage grew.
The proſpect round appear'd one yawning grave,
And, 'mid each pauſe the fitful tempeſt gave,
No howl from ſtarving wolf invades his ear,
To ſoothe him with the thought that—life is near.

Now thicker darkneſs gather'd o'er his head;
Now anguiſh roſe, till hope itſelf was fled;
Deſpair's impenetrable miſts ariſe!
Frozen in death, each beaſt beſide him lies.
From ſuccour far, chain'd to the icy ground,
The wilder'd Coſſack ſorrowing looks around;
Longs, on the clouds that ſouthward take their flight,
To ſeek again his dwelling of delight;
"Ah, vain deſire!" he cries, "no more mine eye
Shall mark that calm abode and tranquil ſky;
The wrathful elements around me rave;
No friend to comfort me, no power to ſave!
Why did I ſeek 'mid wilds like theſe to ſtray?
And why diſdain the perils of the way?
My children now ſhall mourn, no father near!
My wife ſhall drop the unavailing tear!

*northerly regions, vegetation never appears. The only trees that grow in Spitzbergen, and ſome parts bordering on the Icy-Sea, are the dwarf willows, from two to four inches only in height.

† In the moſt northern parts, the hills are always covered with ſnow, and the valleys filled with ice, which are called Ice-burgs. When the atmoſphere becomes warmer or colder, in any conſiderable degree, than at the point when the congelation took place, the ice either expands or contracts, which occaſions it to crack, with a noiſe which ſome travellers have compared to the roaring of a cannon. Through theſe fiſſures in the ice, a white ſmoke is often obſerved to ariſe, which is called Smoke-froſt, of great opacity, and ſo intenſely cold as to peel the ſkin of any perſon who comes in contact with it.

Cold chills of death creep through my fhivering form!
Markoff, thy hour is come! Thou pitilefs ftorm,
Spare me one moment! Keep thy wrath above!
'Tis hard to die far from the friends we love:"
Once more he thought upon his home, and figh'd!
Once more he caft a look on every fide!

What forms are thofe which through the plain below
Speed undiverted, fcatt'ring wide the fnow?
It is a band of fable-hunters* bold;
Rife, Markoff, rife; fhout ere thy heart be cold!
He calls; they heed him not; more loud he calls;
They hear a voice; the found each breaft appals!
They paufe; they look around; they fee his face;
They haften the lonely wand'rer to embrace;
Safe in their fledge he feeks his native vale,
And warms each venturous traveller by his tale.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BIDLAKE.

BRIGHT eye of penfive eve! refplendent orb
That o'er the miſty mountains funeſt clear,
Like a rich gem
Upon an Ethop's brow;

Thy lamp ſerene my now benighted ſteps
Directs, to that bleſs'd ſpot where dwells my fair,
Twin rivals who can boaſt
More pure, more bright than thee.

* The hunting of the fables is attended with great danger, as the animal is found only in the moſt northern latitudes, and the inſtances which have occurred of individuals, and even companies, being frozen to death, are inſufficient to intimidate others from following the ſame hazardous occupation. The hunters ſet forward, in ſummer, in bands of from five to forty, dragging their boats up the great rivers as far as poſſible; when they wait for the ſetting-in of the froſt, before they can uſe their ſledges, and penetrate farther north, in queſt of the fables. Their only guides on theſe occaſions are the ſingle trees, alluded to in a former part of the poem. The chief danger ariſes in not returning from theſe inhoſpitable regions before the extremity of winter, as the cold is then inſupportable; and which avarice often prevents them from doing; when their bodies are ſometimes diſcovered by the hunters of the following autumn.

For not thy lovely ſight, that kindly cheers
The ſullen frown of unpropitious night,
Is half ſo ſweet as truth,
That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves, that riſe
From out their noiſy bow'rs of velvet buds,
Where they had ſlept the day,
To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel ſuch delight as does this breaſt, when thou,
With radiant luſtre ſhow'ſt the happy hour,
That leads from ſcenes of care,
To ſtill domeſtic bliſs.

On the DEATH of SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

"Howl, O ye Fir-trees! for the Cedar is fallen."

MUSING and penſive, on fair Derwent's banks,
In rumination deep, lonely I ſtray'd,
And took, in thought, a retroſpective view
Of CROMFORD. But of late the falling huts—
The tangling briers and thorns—th' uncultur'd glebe—
The barren rocks—the Derwent's diſmal roar,
In wildly tumbling through its craggy courſe—
The dreary proſpect of ſurrounding hills,
Clad in dun heath, reflecting awful gloom,—
Such was, O CROMFORD! thy forlorn aſpect.

Now ſee her bright caſcades—her noble ſhow
Of ſtately buildings, grand—her lofty turrets,
Her cleanly ſtreets, with buſineſs daily throng'd,
And cheerful, laughing crowds—her ſloping hills,
Adorn'd with ſpreading trees—and barren rocks,
Of late ſo bleak, now cloth'd in grateful green.

O ARKWRIGHT! noble Genius! (now, alas!
Moſt deeply mourn'd by all,) to thee we owe
This pleaſing change, this wonderful reverſe.
Peace to thy ſoul, thou ableſt, greateſt man!
That Britain e'er produc'd; reſt, reſt in peace,
And may thy name for ever be rever'd!

Thus wrapp'd in thought, my eyes bedew'd with tears,
Reflecting on all ſublunary joys,

When, lo! the ſable hearſe, with nodding plumes,
Met my rais'd eye. In ſlow proceſſion rode
The ſolemn mutes!——
The mourning train in gloomy ſilence mov'd!
And, lo! his gallant ſteed led ſlowly on,
Who oft had borne him proudly through the air,
With ſtrong erected creſt and fiery eye,
Whoſe beating hoofs diſdainful ſmote the ground;
And pranc'd and foam'd, and champ'd the curbing bit,
Now ſlowly walk'd, and hung his drooping head,
And ſeem'd inſtinctively to mourn his loſs.
Thouſands of griev'd ſpectators clos'd the ſcene,
With miſty eyes attendant on the hearſe;
While on the neighb'ring hills th' aſtoniſh'd crowd
In gazing ſilence ſtood with looks aghaſt.

From Matlock Rock the ſad and ſolemn bells
Thro' the thick gloom ſent forth their mournful ſounds,
Striking with awful fear the feeling ſoul,
Lifting the mind contemplative on high.
Within the ſacred ground, with ſolemn rites,
The much lamented body then was laid;
When each dejected heart took its ſad leave,
And back return'd in ruminating grief.

At home arriv'd, and laid down for repoſe,
The ſlow proceſſion ſtill was in my view;
The deep idea ſtill my ſoul poſſeſs'd;
And ſtill I mourn'd our country's heavy loſs.
'Ah me!' I cry'd, 'where ſhall his like be found?
'When ſhall we look upon his like again?'
When, lo! methought a roſy-colour'd form,
Angelic ſhape, approach'd, adorn'd with ſmiles,
And cheerfully addreſs'd my troubled ſoul.
"Mourn not (ſays he) at the decrees of Heav'n:
Great Arkwright's ſoul is mounted up on high,
By its commaud———
He glorioufly has reach'd the ſtated goal
To him appointed——His mechanic pow'rs
Are ſpread abroad throughout the wond'ring world,
And myriads ſhare the bleſſings he procur'd.
His taſk is done. And now look up, and praiſe
That gracious Pow'r for his unbounded love.
—As the bright Phœnix riſes from the tomb
Of his departed fire, in glorious plumes;
So ſhall his Soy, clad in that heav'nly robe,

Bleſt charity, ſupport great ARKWRIGHT's name,
Diffuſing bleſſings 'mongſt the thankful poor;
Whilſt the endearing partner of his bed
Shall look and ſmile, with ſympathizing ſoul,
On his benevolence—and, thankful, praiſe
That gracious God who pour'd thoſe bleſſings down,
And thus enabled them to bleſs mankind."

On the DECAY *of* HUMANKIND.

MISS SEWARD.

BEHOLD that tree in autumn's dim decay,
Stript by the frequent chill, and eddying wind;
Where yet ſome yellow, lonely leaves we find
Ling'ring and trembling on the naked ſpray,
Twenty, perchance, for millions whirl'd away!
Emblem, alas! too juſt, of Humankind!
Vain man expects longevity, deſign'd
For few indeed; and their protracted day
What is it worth that wiſdom does not ſcorn?
The blaſts of ſickneſs, care, and grief appal,
That laid the friends in duſt, whoſe natal morn
Roſe near their own;—and ſolemn is the call;—
Yet like thoſe weak, deſerted leaves forlorn,
Shiv'ring they cling to life, and fear to fall!

THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

BELOE.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Juſt at the hour when dreams are true,
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling beneath her mantle blue.

"Fie, fie," ſhe cry'd, "why ſleep ſo long,
When ſhe, the nymph you dearly love,
Now roves the vernal flow'rs among,
And waits for you in yonder grove?

"Hark! you may hear her cherub voice,
The voice of Health is ſweet and clear:
Yes, you may hear the birds rejoice
In ſymphony, her arbour near."

I roſe, and haſten'd to the grove.
With eager ſteps and anxious mind;
I roſe, the elfin's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.

My fairy took me by the hand,
And cheerfully we ſtepp'd along;
She ſtopp'd but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the ruffet wood-lark's ſong.

We reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
My fairy was no longer near;
But of her voice I knew the ſound,
And thus ſhe whiſper'd in my ear:

"The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
Within theſe precincts loves to dwell;
Her breath now fills the balmy wind;
This path will lead you to her cell."

I bended to the primroſe low,
And aſk'd if Health might there reſide:
"She left me," ſaid the flow'r, "but now,
For yonder vi'let's purple pride."

I queſtion'd next the vi'let's queen,
Where buxom Health was to be found:
She told me, that ſhe late was ſeen
With cowſlips toying on the ground.

Then thrice I kiſs'd the cowſlips pale,
And in their dew-drops bath'd my face;
I told them all my tender tale,
And begg'd their aid coy Health to trace.

"From us," exclaim'd a lowly flow'r,
"The nymph has many a day been gone,
But now ſhe reſts within the bow'r,
Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone."

Quick to that bow'r I ran, I flew,
And yet no nymph I there could find;
But freſh the breeze of morning blew,
And ſpring was gay, and Flora kind.

If I return'd ſedate and ſlow,
What if the nymph I could not ſee?
The bluſh that paſs'd along my brow
Was proof of her divinity.

And ſtill her votary to prove,
And ſtill her dulcet ſmiles to ſhare,
I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove;
With untir'd ſteps and fondeſt care.

O ſprite belov'd! vouchſafe to give
A boon, a precious boon to me;
Within thy influence let me live,
And ſometimes, too, thy beauties ſee.

So ſhall the muſe in nobler verſe,
And ſtrength renew'd, exulting ſing;
Thy praiſe, thy charms, thy pow'r rehearſe,
And ſweep, with bolder hand, the ſtring.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

ANDERSON.

IN ſearch of true happineſs vainly we wander,
And each gew-gaw of pleaſure with ardour purſue,
Till, by Fancy deluded, pert Folly turns pander,
And we ne'er taſte the joys that were firſt held to view.
With envy we gaze, as we onward keep preſſing,
At the trappings of State, or the manſions of Pride;
But that mortal on earth who enjoys life's pure bleſſing,
Makes Content his companion, and Virtue his guide.

How various the ways mankind take to gain greatneſs!
With the miſer 'tis greatneſs in riches to roll;
The beau thinks it lies in what fools call gay neatneſs;
The drunkard ſtill fancies it hid in the bowl:
Led on by falſe Hope, they right forward keep driving,
Nor think how near Sorrow to Pleaſure's ally'd;
For in this world of folly, but few are ſeen ſtriving
To harbour Content, or make Virtue their guide.

As inſects from darkneſs round light vainly flutter,
So mortals court pleaſure, and fall by the cheat;
And when Age bids Reflection the plain truth to utter,
'Tis then, only then, we behold the deceit.
But did man (helpleſs reptile!) ne'er aim at ambition,
But ſeek laſting pleaſures, and pity vain Pride,
Contentment would then act the part of phyſician,
And Virtue through life be his heart-cheering guide.

To an INFANT *at the* BREAST.

RICKMAN.

DEAR lovely babe! equal, by birth, to all.
While thus thou drain'ſt my breaſt, my blood runs chill:
I aſk if thou ſome future day muſt fall,
And deſpots ſend thee to be kill'd—or kill.

For thouſands daily drop, who each (like thee)
Once claim'd a mother's ever-anxious love,
Hung on her boſom, ſported on her knee,
And valued were—ten thouſand kings above.

Tormenting thought! oh! ere thou grow'ſt mature,
May all wars ceaſe—or tyrants (if there be)
Fight their own battles—and each man, ſecure
By equal rights and equal laws, be free.

So may no mother's care be thrown away,
Nor one hurl millions from the face of day!

TO HER WHO WILL BEST REMEMBER IT.

WHEN ſtrong affliction deeply wounds the breaſt,
When ſorrow ſits upon the moiſten'd eye;
When the heart ſinks with pond'rous grief oppreſt,
And the ſad boſom heaves with many a ſigh;

Loſt to all life, averſe to ev'ry joy,
Diſdaining comfort, ſcorning all repoſe,
The penſive ſoul can brook but one employ—
Brooding in gloomy ſilence o'er its woes.

Come then, thou partner of my cheerleſs hour,
Come, faithful muſe, and ſeek the lonely grove;
Retire with me to yon ſequeſter'd bow'r,
And mark the ſtory of my luckleſs love.

For thou, the trueſt, tend'reſt, beſt of friends,
The fond companion of my earlieſt youth,
Wilt ſhare each anguiſh that my boſom rends,
Untir'd wilt liſten, and unſeen wilt ſooth.

Oft haſt thou tried, and oft with kind ſucceſs,
To ſmooth the ſorrows of my aching brow;

But, ah! I never felt ſevere diſtreſs,
Or prov'd th' extreme of miſery till now.

Full well thou know'ſt, in life's unripen'd morn,
With thoughtleſs eaſe I paſs'd the frolick day;
Pluck'd ev'ry roſe, and where I found a thorn,
Threw, careleſs threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Reſolv'd the roving, reſtleſs mind to cure,
And guide the future diff'rent from the paſt,
I ſought for ſweets that might through life endure,
And fondly fancied they were found at laſt.

I ſaw the loveliеſt roſe that grac'd the land,
With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around;
Too bold, perhaps, I ſtretch'd the forward hand,
Yet miſs'd the flow'r, and inly felt a wound.

Felt! did I ſay! deep rankling in my heart,
No time can mitigate my ſuff'ring there;
Hope lends no friendly balſam for the ſmart,
And all my black'ning proſpects frown deſpair.

And yet, lov'd maid! if partial to my muſe,
Her artleſs numbers thou wilt deign to hear;
If, ſoftly ſighing, thou wilt not refuſe
To ſhed with her one ſympathizing tear;

That ſingle tear that dews Eliza's cheek,
Shall for a moment waſh my griefs away;
That ſigh, tho' half ſuppreſs'd, ſhall more than ſpeak,
And gild the ev'ning of each mournful day.

Then ſhall I think 'twas not Eliza's heart,
'Twas not her gentle breaſt refus'd to glow;
'Twas not Eliza's ſelf who bade us part,
The world, th' unfeeling world, pronounc'd it ſo.

Th' unfeeling world, that thinks, where riches roll,
Where titles blazon, joys can never ceaſe;
That waves each ſoft emotion of the ſoul,
And builds on public clamour private peace.

And yet, Eliza, thou mayſt live to prove,
And thy fond heart may own it with a ſigh,
That the endearing ſweets of mutual love,
No wealth, no ſtate, no ſplendour can ſupply.

Form'd as thou art, with ev'ry outward grace,
With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,

Think, if thy tenderneſs thou ſhouldſt miſplace,
Pride, pomp, and grandeur may be dearly bought.
Though honour's nobleſt circle thou'lt adorn,
And dignify, in ev'ry ſphere, the wife;
Eliza, or I much miſtake, was born
To ſhine amidſt the ſoften'd joys of life.
For me, whom poignant woes muſt ſtill depreſs,
Each future hour to ſorrow I reſign;
Death only can alleviate my diſtreſs,
And the laſt parting moment ſhall be thine.

A JEU D' ESPRIT.

MISS DAYE.

THOUGH faintly ſhines this winter's ſun,
And ſhort his viſits be,
He warms my heart, for oft I hope
He ſhines on you and me.
The moon too, beauteous queen of night!
Enraptur'd ſtill I ſee;
For ſure I think her rays ſerene
Are ſeen by you and me.
And gayly burns our rural fire,
And happy ſhould I be;
But cold's my heart, there wants a charm,
It warms not you and me.
And fiercely blows this cold north wind,
For ruffian blaſts has he;
But bitt'rer far that zephyr's breeze
Which parted you and me.

ON RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS.

COLLIER.

YE ſoft'ring gales! which through the temper'd air
Around me ſport on aromatic wing,
What joy to hear your wanton flight declare
Stern winter yielding to the birth of ſpring!
Hail, glorious ſun! conceal'd in clouds no more,
Whoſe opening rays their genial vigour dart,

I feel thy warmth my ſhatter'd pow'rs reſtore,
And aid the pulſes of my lab'ring heart.

Nor owe I leſs to Thee, whoſe milder beams,
From ſtorms ſecure, now cheer the gloom of night,
While thought in rapture o'er my fancy ſtreams,
Inſpir'd by ſilence, and thy virgin light.

The force of Nature in her riſing charms,
By all with grateful ardour is confeſs'd;
But much their hearts the ſoft enchantment warms,
Whom pain and pale diſeaſe have long oppreſs'd.

With rapture them each ſpreading branch inſpires,
Whoſe redd'ning buds the promis'd leaves reveal;
Their thoughts each ſhrub and gaudy flow'ret fires,
And in their life returning life they feel.

To them the lark, while pois'd in air ſhe floats,
Their preſent bliſs records in wildeſt ſtrains;
To them the nightingale, in plaintive notes,
Tells the ſad ſtory of her former pains.

With eager ſteps, at dawn of riſing day,
They meet the ſun on ſome aſpiring hill;
Or watch at eve the moon's ſerener ray,
Confus'dly trembling on ſome ſecret rill.

Such are the joys which, ſickneſs paſt, we know,
Joys health perpetual knows not how to taſte:
O fickle ſtate of happineſs below!
When in poſſeſſion all our bliſs we waſte.

O tell, ye wretches! at whoſe bed, like mine,
Sickneſs hath fix'd her melancholy ſtand,
Tell the diſtreſs it is in pain to pine,
Nor feel the preſſure of Sleep's downy hand;

To count the hours which limp on leaden feet,
Or in wild phrenzy their ſwift flight to loſe;
Or glow in flames of life-exhauſting heat,
Or melt in torrents of faint, chilly dews;

Or, when at laſt the dire diſtemper flies,
And, wearied out, we quit the loathſome bed,
With nerves unbrac'd, and languid looks to riſe,
Doubtful among the living or the dead;

To feel the pow'rs of memory impair'd,
Our ſenſes torpid, our attention weak;

To dread their ſight who moſt our love have ſhar'd,
More childiſh grown than ere we learn'd to ſpeak.

Yet, when is man ſo wretched, or ſo bleſt,
That no miſchance can wound, or comfort cheer?
'Midſt all the languors of my panting breaſt,
Some gentle ſounds approach my trembling ear:

'Tis Mira's voice—a voice whoſe ſoothing pow'r
Might ſtill the ravings of a frantic mind,
Or huſh the ſorrows of the mournful hour,
Which ſeeks that comfort it deſpairs to find.

Let Grandeur act the flatter'd patron's part,
Protection give to raiſe itſelf a name,
Great in the treaſure of a feeling heart,
Friend to the wretched is thy nobler fame.

O gentleſt fair one! my true thanks receive,
Still in this heart thy kindeſt aid ſhall live;
And if, as mortal, thou art doom'd to grieve,
May ſome fond friend thy own ſoft comfort give!

AN APOLOGUE.

JERNINGHAM.

WOO'D by the ſummer gale an Olive ſtood
Beſide the margin of a ſilv'ry flood,
Beneath its playful gently-wav'ring ſhade
A Syrian Roſe her eaſtern bloom diſplay'd.
The flow'r complain'd, that, ſtretching o'er her head,
The dark'ning Olive a broad umbrage ſpread;
Or, if admitted to a partial view,
Her bluſhing leaves imbib'd a yellow hue.

Not unattentive to the mournful ſtrain,
The maſter heard his Syrian Roſe complain:
The ready axe ſoon urg'd the fatal wound,
And bow'd the ſtately Olive to the ground!
The Roſe exulting, now with full diſplay
Gave all her beauty to the gariſh day;
But ſoon her triumph ceas'd; the mid-day beam
Pour'd on her tender frame a ſcorching ſtream:
The Roſe now ſick'ning, drooping, languid, pale,
Call'd the ſoft ſhow'r, and call'd the cooling gale;

Nor ſoft'ning ſhow'r, nor gale with cooling breath
Approach'd to ſave her from untimely death.

The humbled Olive ſaw the Roſe diſtreſs'd,
And thus, with dying voice, the flow'r addreſs'd:
Ah! were it not that low-born envy ſtoic,
With all its rancour, on thy yielding ſoul,
I might, attir'd in youth's unfading green
Have ſtill embelliſh'd the ſurrounding ſcene;
And thou, detaining ſtill th' admiring eye,
Have breath'd thy little incenſe to the ſky.

AN ODE TO HIS BARN.

PINDAR.

BY Lacedæmon men attack'd,
When Thebes in days of yore was ſack'd.
And naught the fury of the troops could hinder;
What's true, yet marv'lous to rehearſe,
So well the common ſoldiers reliſh'd verſe,
They ſcorn'd to burn the dwelling-houſe of Pindar.

With awe did Alexander view
The houſe of my great couſin too,
And gazing on the building, thus he ſigh'd—
"General Parmenio, mark that houſe before ye!
That lodging tells a melancholy ſtory:
There Pindar liv'd (great Bard!) and there he died.

"The king of Syracuſe, all nations know it,
War celebrated by this lofty poet,
And made immortal by his ſtrains:
Ah! could I find, like him, a bard to ſing me;
Would any man like him a poet bring me;
I'd give him a good penſion for his pains.

"But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongſt the ſons of men,
This world will never ſee his like again;
The greateſt bard that ever breath'd is dead!
Gen'ral Parmenio, what think you?"
"Indeed 'tis true, my liege, 'tis very true,"
Parmenio cry'd, and, ſighing, ſhook his head.

Then from his pocket took a knife ſo nice,
With which he chipp'd his cheeſe and onions,

And from a rafter cut a handſome ſlice,
To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Juſt like the toothpicks which we ſee
At Stratford, made from Shakeſpear's mulb'ry tree.

What pity that the ſquire and knight
Knew not to prophecy as well as fight;
Then had they known the future men of metre:
Then had the gen'ral and the monarch ſpy'd,
In fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
That very Pindar's couſin Peter!

Daughter of thatch, and ſtone, and mud,
When I, no longer fleſh and blood,
Shall join the lyric bards ſome half a dozen;
Meed of high worth, and, 'midſt th' Elyſian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my ſtrains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old Couſin;

On thee ſhall riſing generations ſtare,
That come to Kingſbridge, and to Dodbrook fair,
For ſuch thy hiſtory and mine ſhall learn;
Like Alexander ſhall they ev'ry one
Heave a deep ſigh, and ſay, Since Peter's gone,
With rev'rence let us look upon his Barn.

THE MORALIST.

MRS. ROBINSON.

HARK! the hollow moaning wind
Sweeps along the midnight air,
Sullen as the guilty mind;
Hidden ſource of dark deſpair.

See the death-wing'd lightning fly!
Deſolation marks its way!
Fatal as the vengeful eye,
Fixing on its deſtin'd prey.

Dreadful thunders, threat'ning, roll,
Viewleſs 'midſt the turbid clouds!
So the fierce relentleſs ſoul
Hate's empoiſon'd arrow ſhrouds.

See, the billowy ocean's breaſt,
Sway'd by ev'ry warring wind,

Rifes, foams, and finks to reft,
Fickle as the human mind.

Sweetly blooms the rofe of May,
Glitt'ring with the tears of morn;
So infidious fmiles betray,
While they hide the treach'rous thorn.

Mark gay fummer's glowing prime,
Shadow'd by the twilight gloom;
So the ruthlefs wing of time
Bends the faireft to the tomb.

Moralift! where'er you move,
O'er vaft nature's varying plan,
Ev'ry changing fcene fhall prove
A fad epitome of man.

DESCRIPTION OF LAMBS AT PLAY.

FROM BLOOMFIELD'S "FARMER'S BOY."

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and feen
Spring's morning fmiles and foul-enliv'ning green,
Say, did you give the thrilling tranfport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or gaz'd in merry clufters by your fide?
Ye who can fmile to wifdom no difgrace)
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If fpotlefs innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praife, or gives reflection birth;
In fhades like thefe purfue your fav'rite joy,
'Midft nature's revels, fports that never cloy.

A few begin a fhort but vig'rous race,
And indolence abafh'd foon ilies the place;
Thus challeng'd forth, fee thither, one by one,
From ev'ry fide aflembling playmates run;
A thoufand wily antics mark their ftay,
A ftarting crowd, impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove, from fearful prifon freed,
Each feems to fay, "Come, let us try our fpeed;"
Away they fcour, impetuous, ardent, ftrong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;

Adown the ſlope, then up the hillock climb,
Where ev'ry mole-hill is a bed of thyme;
There panting ſtop, yet ſcarcely can refrain;
A bud, a leaf, will ſet them off again:
Or if a gale with ſtrength unuſual blow,
Scatt'ring the wild-brier roſes into ſnow,
Their little limbs increaſing efforts try,
Like the torn flow'rs the fair aſſemblage fly.

Ah, fallen roſe! ſad emblem of their doom:
Frail as thyſelf, they periſh while they bloom!
Though unoffending innocence may plead,
Though frantic ewes may mourn the ſavage deed,
Their ſhepherd comes, a meſſenger of blood,
And drives them bleating from their ſports and food
Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,
For, lo! the murd'ring BUTCHER, with his cart,
Demands the firſtlings of his flock to die,
And makes a ſport of life and liberty!
His gay companions *Giles* beholds no more;
Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
Nor can Compaſſion, with her ſofteſt notes,
Withhold the knife that plunges through their throats.

ON THE DEATH OF HOWARD.

AIKIN.

HOWARD, thy taſk is done! thy Maſter calls.
And ſummons thee from Cherſon's diſtant walls.
"Come, well-approv'd! my faithful ſervant, come!
No more a wand'rer, ſeek thy deſtin'd home.
Long have I mark'd thee with o'er-ruling eye,
And ſent admiring angels from on high,
To walk the paths of danger by thy ſide,
From death to ſhield thee, and thro' ſnares to guide.
My miniſter of good, I've ſped thy way,
And ſhot through dungeon-glooms a leading ray.
To ſoothe, by thee, with kind unhop'd relief,
My creatures loſt—and whelm'd in guilt and grief;
I've led thee, ardent, on through wond'ring climes,
To combat human woes and human crimes.
But 'tis enough—thy great commiſſion's o'er,
I prove thy faith, thy zeal, thy love, no more:

Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,
Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends;
What boots it where the high reward is given,
Or whence the ſoul triumphant ſprings to heaven?"

The NIGHTINGALE *and the* GLOW-WORM.

COWPER.

A Nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his ſong,
Nor yet at eve his note ſuſpended,
But when the eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He ſpy'd far off, upon the ground,
A ſomething ſhining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his ſpark:
So ſtooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought t' have put him in his crop;
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus right eloquent:

"Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minſtrelſy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to ſpoil your ſong;
For 'twas the ſelf-ſame Pow'r divine
Taught you to ſing and me to ſhine;
That you with muſic, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The ſongſter heard his ſhort oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my ſtory tells,
And found a ſupper ſomewhere elſe.

Hence jarring ſectaries may learn
Their real int'reſts to diſcern;
That brother ſhould not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other:
But ſing and ſhine by ſweet conſent,
Till life's poor tranſient night is ſpent;
Reſpecting in each other's caſe,
Their gifts from nature, pow'r, and place.

Thofe Chriſtians beſt deſerve the name,
Who ſtudiouſly make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

On the BIRTH *of a* POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

Born in peculiar Circumſtances of Family Diſtreſs.

BURNS.

SWEET Flow'ret! pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' ſtane wad thou na move,
Sae helpleſs, ſweet, and fair?

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the ſhelt'ring tree
Should ſhield thee frae the ſtorm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blaſt to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving ſhow'r,
The bitter froſt and ſnaw;

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various ſtounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late ſhe flouriſh'd, rooted faſt,
Fair on the ſummer morn;
Now feebly bends ſhe in the blaſt,
Unſhelter'd and forlorn.

Bleſs'd be thy bloom, thou lovely gem!
Unſcath'd by ruffian hand,
And from thee many a parent ſtem
Ariſe to deck our land!

ELEGY *written in* WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NO more I wander the muſe-haunted grove,
Where deeds of glory ſwell the epic ſtrain,
Or where the raptures of requited love
Wake the ſweet numbers of th' impaſſion'd ſwain.

For, ah! how tranſient love's endearing joy,
That richeſt boon of fav'ring Heav'n to man!
And what ambition, but an infant's toy,
To minds that ponder life's contracted ſpan?

Then come, Reflection, nymph of ſober mien,
Who rov'd beneath the yew-tree's ſhade with Gray;
Teach me to meditate the ſolemn ſcene,
As penſive "through the long-drawn aiſles" I ſtray.

Here oft has Britain's royal pageant paſs'd,
And titled Pride her gaudy charms diſplay'd;
Here would the crowd with pagan ardour haſte
T' adore the idol that their folly made.

Yet, a few ſeaſons fled, the train return'd,
With hearts untouch'd to mimic ſorrow's gloom;
With woe's grimace the pompous herald mourn'd,
And laviſh'd ſtat'ry o'er the ſenſeleſs tomb.

Here jarring ſtateſmen meet, once haughty foes,
Who ſpurn'd indignant at a rival's pow'r;
There beauty withers like the bluſhing roſe,
The fragrant pride of ſummer's tranſient hour.

The votive ſong to Delia's vernal bloom
Vibrates no raptures on her deafen'd ear;
E'en proud Ambition ſtoops beneath a tomb,
And Pleaſure's ſyren voice is ſilent there.

Dumb, too, the minſtrel's harp, whoſe magic lays
Arous'd the valiant breaſt to deeds of fame;
Yet time ſhall ſpare the virtuous poet's praiſe,
And age to age repeat his honour'd name.

Yet here, till Wiſdom fly the Britiſh coaſt,
Oft-times the muſing moraliſt ſhall come,
Heedleſs of Grandeur's monumental boaſt,
To ſeek, good Addiſon, thy humbler tomb.

And long thy precepts, with reſiſtleſs pow'r
Shall lure the wand'rer to the ſhrine of Truth;
Chaſe puerile Folly from life's ev'ning hour,
And whiſper caution to impetuous Youth.

Nor view'd with careleſs eye the recent grave
Of Johnſon, moral mentor of our age,
Though mark'd by Superſtition, for her ſlave,
Though Bigotry deform th' hiſtoric page.

Lo! where the ſage, by liſt'ning crowds rever'd,
Whoſe well-earn'd honours grateful ſcience paid,
And chiefs whoſe proweſs ſteel-clad legions fear'd,
Repoſe alike in death's oblivious ſhade.

No victor's ſhout, no ſoothing voice of fame,
Shall pierce the gloomy caverns of the ground;
But darkneſs there her ſilent empire claim,
Till nature hear the trump celeſtial ſound.

And is it thus the various ranks of men,
The mean, the wiſe, the tyrant, and the ſlave,
Whate'er through devious life their path had been,
All meet at laſt aſſociates in the grave?

Then why ſhould Pen'ry mourn her lowly birth,
Or titled Pride aſſume the brow of ſcorn?
From life's laſt ſcene, ſince all but moral worth
Flies like night viſions at the ſong of morn.

Hence let Ambition's vot'ries fondly dream
Of wealth's heap'd treaſures and the dome of ſtate;
At honour's ſhrine indulge the airy ſcheme,
Or crowd obſequious round Preferment's gate.

Be rather mine to bend in Virtue's fane,
Her cares, her duties, and her joys to know;
The ſigh of Want to hear, the ſhriek of Pain,
And with Compaſſion's gen'rous warmth to glow:

Be mine, Religion, of thy hope poſſeſs'd,
Tranquil to finiſh life's eventful hour;
My mem'ry dear to ſome congenial breaſt,
My ſord by Friendſhip ſtrew'd with many a flow'r.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM GISBORNE'S "WALKS IN A FOREST."

MARK on yon road, whoſe unobſtructed courſe
With long white line th' unburied furze divides,
Yon ſolitary horſeman urge his way.
He not unmindful of the brooding ſtorm,
Ere yet, by ſtrong neceſſity compell'd
Of preſſing occupation, he exchang'd
The blazing hearth, and firm compacted roof,
For naked foreſts and uncertain ſkies,

With wife precaution, arm'd himſelf to meet
The winter's utmoſt rage. In ſilken folds
Thrice round his neck the handkerchief he twin'd.
His legs he cas'd in boots of mighty ſize,
And ſtrength experienc'd oft; warm'd thro' and thro'
In chimney corner; and with gloſſy face
Prepar'd deſcending torrents to repel,
As roll the round drops from the ſilv'ry leaf
Of rain-beſprinkled colewort, or the plumes
Of ſeagull ſporting in the broken wave.
Then o'er his limbs the ſtout great-coat he drew,
With collar rais'd aloft, and threefold cape
Sweep below ſweep in wide concentric curves
Low down his back dependent; on his breaſt
The folds he croſs'd, and in its deſtin'd hole
Each ſtraining button fix'd; erect he ſtood,
Like huge portmanteau on its end uprear'd.
Fearleſs he ſally'd forth; nor yet diſdain'd
The heart'ning draught from tankard capp'd with foam,
By hoſt officious to the horſeblock borne
With ſteady hand, and eloquently prais'd;
While ling'ring on the ſtep his eye he turn'd
To ev'ry wind, and mark'd th' embattled clouds
Ranging their ſquadrons in the fullen eaſt.
How fares he now? Caught on the middle waſte,
Where no deep wood its hoſpitable gloom
Extends; no friendly thicket bids him cow'r
Beneath its tangled roof; no lonely tree
Prompts him to ſeek its leeward ſide and cleave,
Erect, and into narroweſt ſpace compreſs'd,
To the bare trunk, if haply it may ward
The driving tempeſt; with bewilder'd haſte
Onward he comes. "Hither direct thy ſpeed;
This ſhelt'ring grove—" He hears not! Mark his head
Oblique preſented to the ſtorm; his hand,
Envelop'd deep beneath th' inverted cuff,
Strives to confine, with many a fruitleſs graſp,
His ever-flapping hat; the cold drench'd glove
Clings round th' impriſon'd fingers. O'er his knees
His coat's broad ſkirt, ſcanty now prov'd too late,
He pulls and pulls impatient, mutt'ring wrath
At pilf'ring tailors. Baffled and perplex'd,
With joints benumb'd and aching, ſcarce he holds,
The rein, ſcarce guides the ſteed, with breathleſs toil
O'erpowr'd, and ſhrinking ſideways from the blaſt.
Behold that ſteed, with icy mane, and head

Depref.'d, and quiv'ring ears now forward bent,
Now backward fwiftly thrown. and off'ring ftill
Their convex penthoufe to the fhifting gale;
Behold that fteed on indurated balls
Of fnow uprais'd, like fchoolboy rear'd on ftilts,
Labour unbalanc'd; the fallacious prop,
Now this, now that, breaks fhort: with fudden jirk
He finks. half falling; and recov'ring quick,
On legs of length unequal reels along.
Scarce on his feat can clinging knees fuftain
The trembling rider: while the fnow upheaves
In drifts athwart his courfe projected broad;
Or o'er th' uncover'd gravel rattling fweeps,
Caught up in fudden eddies, and aloft,
Like fmoke, in fuffocating volumes whirl'd.
The road he quits unwary, wand'ring wide
O'er the bleak wafte, 'mid bufhwood wrapp'd in fnow,
Down rough declivities and fractur'd banks,
Through miry plafhes, cavities unfeen,
And bogs of treach'rous furface; till afar
From all that meets his recollection borne,
Difmay'd by hazards fcarce efcap'd, and dread
Of heavier perils imminent, he ftands
Difmounted and aghaft. Now ev'ning draws
Her gath'ring fhades around; the tempeft fierce
Drives fiercer. Chill'd within him finks his heart,
Panting with quick vibrations. The wild blaft
Appal'd he hears, thinks on his wife and babes,
And doubts if ever he fhall fee them more.
But comfort is at hand; the fkies have fpent,
In that laft guft, their fury. From the weft
The fetting fun with horizontal gleam
Cleaves the denfe clouds; and through the golden breach
Strikes the fcath'd oak, whofe branches, peel'd and bare,
'Gainft the retiring darknefs of the ftorm
With fiery radiance glow. The trav'ller views
The well-known landmark, lifts to heav'n his eyes
Swimming with gratitude, the friendly track
Regains, and fpeeds exulting on his way.

O ye, whom, ftruggling on life's craggy road
With obftacles and dangers, fecret foes
Supplant, falfe friends betray, difaftrous rage
Of elements, of war, of civil broils,
Brings down to poverty's cold floor, while grief
Preys on the heart, and dims the finking eye;

Faint not! There is who rules the ſtorm, whoſe hand
Feeds the young ravens, nor permits blind chance,
To cloſe one ſparrow's flagging wing in death.
Truſt in the Rock of Ages. Now, ev'n now
He ſpeaks, and all is calm. Or if, to prove
Your inmoſt ſoul, the hurricane ſtill ſpread
Its licens'd ravages, He whiſpers hope,
Earneſt of comfort; and, through blackeſt night,
Bids keen-eyed Faith on heaven's pure ſunſhine gaze,
And learn the glories of her future home.

TO THE RIVER ITCHIN.

BOWLES.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin and thy ſilver breaſt,
On which the ſelf-ſame tints ſtill ſeem to reſt,
Why feels my heart the ſhiv'ring ſenſe of pain?
Is it that many a ſummer's day has paſs'd
Since, in life's morn, I carol'd on thy ſide.
Is it—that oft, ſince then, my heart has ſigh'd,
As youth, and hope's deluſive dreams flew faſt?
Is it—that thoſe, who circled on thy ſhore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cauſe, upon thy banks I bend
Sorrowing, yet feel ſuch ſolace at my heart,
As at the meeting of ſome long-loſt friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

CASIMER, BOOK II.

HEALD.

IN the high-tow'ring poplar thus ſwinging,
My lyre! hang, ſuſpended at eaſe:
Thy ſtrings at wild intervals ringing,
When ſwept by the breath of the breeze.

The blue vault its full beauty diſplaying,
Not a cloud the pure ether o'erſhades,
And in ſighs his ſoft wiſhes betraying,
The green foliage fond Zephyr pervades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
As whiſpers the ſlow-riſing wind;
While here, ſtretch'd on the banks of the river,
I repoſe, in light ſlumbers reclin'd.

Ha! along yon horizon dark-ſcowling,
What tempeſt-fed ſhadows appear!
Clouds! clouds riſe! inceſſantly rolling;
Hark! the ſhow'r whiſtles loud on mine ear.

O my harp! my companion, my treaſure,
Let us riſe, let us haſten away:
'Tis thus flies the phantom of pleaſure,
With quick ſtep ever haſting away.

PEACE AND SHEPHERD.

LOW in a deep ſequeſter'd vale,
Whence Alpine heights aſcend,
A beauteous nymph, in pilgrim garb,
Is ſeen her ſteps to bend.

Her olive garland drops with gore;
Her ſcatter'd treſſes torn,
Her bleeding breaſt, her bruiſed feet
Beſpeak a maid forlorn.

"From bow'r, and hall, and palace driv'n,
To theſe lone wilds I flee,
My name is *Peace*, I love the cot;
O ſhepherd, ſhelter me!"

"O beauteous pilgrim, why doſt thou
From bow'r and palace flee?
So ſoft thy voice, ſo ſweet thy look,
Sure all would ſhelter thee?"

"Like Noah's dove, no reſt I find;
The din of battle roars
Where once my ſteps I lov'd to print
Along the myrtle ſhores.

"For ever in my frighted ears
The ſavage war-whoop ſounds;
And, like a panting hare, I fly
Before the op'ning hounds."

" Pilgrim, thoſe ſpiry groves among,
The manſions thou mayſt ſee,
Where cloiſter'd ſaints chaunt holy hymns,
Sure ſuch would ſhelter thee!"

" Thoſe roofs with trophy'd banners ſtream,
There martial hymns reſound;
And, ſhepherd, oft from croſier'd hands
This breaſt has felt a wound."

" Ah, gentle pilgrim! glad would I
Thoſe tones for ever hear!
With thee to ſhare my ſcanty lot,
That lot to me were dear.

" But, lo, along the vine-clad ſteep
The gleam of armour ſhines;
His ſcatter'd flocks, his ſtraw-roof'd hut
The helpleſs ſwain reſigns.

" And now the ſmould'ring flames aſpire;
Their lurid light I ſee;
I hear the human wolves approach;
I cannot ſhelter thee."

INSCRIPTION

For a TABLET on the BANKS of a STREAM.

SOUTHEY.

STRANGER! awhile upon this moſſy bank
Recline thee. If the ſun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool ſound
Of running waters ſoothe thee. Mark how clear
It ſparkles o'er the ſhallows, and behold
Where o'er its ſurface wheels, with reſtleſs ſpeed,
You gloſſy inſect: on the ſand below,
How the ſwift ſhadow flies. The ſtream is pure
In ſolitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its courſe, and drinks the vital wave:
But paſſing on amid the haunts of men,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'ſt thou for happineſs,
Go, ſtranger, ſojourn in the woodland cot
Of Innocence, and thou ſhalt find her there.

THE SLAVES—AN ELEGY.

DELLA CRUSCA.

IF late I paus'd upon the twilight plain
Of FONTENOY, to weep the FREE-BORN BRAVE;
Sure Fancy now may croſs the weſtern main,
And melt in ſadder pity for the Slave.

Lo! where to yon PLANTATION, drooping, goes
The SABLE HERD of human kind, while near
Stalks a *pale* DESPOT, and around him throws
The ſcourge that wakes—that puniſhes the tear.

O'er the far beach the mournful murmur ſtrays,
And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,
As faint they labour in the ſolar blaze,
To feed the luxury of BRITISH PRIDE!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale
Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue;
And can that ſex's ſoftneſs naught avail—
Muſt naked WOMAN ſhriek amid the throng?

O ceaſe to think, my ſoul! what thouſands die
By Suicide, and Toil's extreme deſpair;
Thouſands, who never rais'd to heav'n the eye,
Thouſands, who fear'd no puniſhment, but there.

Are drops of blood the HORRIBLE MANURE
That fills with luſcious juice the TEEMING CANE?
And muſt our fellow-creatures thus endure,
For traffic vile, th' indignity of pain?

Yes. their keen ſorrows are the ſweets we blend
With the green bev'rage of our morning meal,
The while to love *meek Mercy* WE pretend,
Or for *fictitious ills* affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguiſh mantles in the bowl,
Their ſighs excite the Briton's drunken joy;
Thoſe ignorant ſuff'rers know not of a SOUL,
That we *enlighten'd* may its hopes deſtroy.

And there are MEN who, leaning on the laws,
What they have purchas'd claim a right to hold—
Curs'd be the tenure! curs'd its cruel cauſe——
FREEDOM's a dearer property than *gold!*

And there are *men* with ſhameleſs front have ſaid,
That Nature form'd the NEGROES *for diſgrace;*
That on their limbs ſubjection is diſplay'd——
The doom of ſlav'ry ſtamp'd upon their face.

Send your ſtern gaze from Lapland to the Line,
And ev'ry region's natives fairly ſcan;
Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,
And own the VAST VARIETY OF MAN!

Then why ſuppoſe *yourſelves* the choſen few,
To deal Oppreſſion's poiſon'd arrows round,
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,
Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound?

'Tis SORDID INT'REST guides you; bent on gain,
In profit only can ye reaſon find;
And pleaſure too:—but urge no more in vain
The ſelfiſh ſubject to the ſocial mind.

Ah! how can *he*, whoſe daily lot is grief,
Whoſe mind is vilified beneath the rod,
Suppoſe his MAKER has for him relief,
Can he believe the tongue that ſpeaks of GOD?

For when he ſees the female of his heart,
And his lov'd daughters, torn by luſt away,
His ſons, the poor inheritors of ſmart,——
——HAD HE RELIGION, THINK YOU HE COULD PRAY?

Alas! he ſteals him from the loathſome ſhed,
What time moiſt Midnight blows her venom'd breath,
And, muſing how he long has toil'd and bled,
DRINKS THE DIRE BALSAM OF CONSOLING DEATH!

Haſte, haſte, ye winds! on ſwifteſt pinions fly,
Ere from this world of miſery he go;
Tell him his wrongs bedew a NATION'S EYE,
Tell him BRITANNIA *bluſhes for his woe!*

Say, that, in future, NEGROES SHALL BE BLESS'D,
Rank'd e'en as men, and men's juſt rights enjoy;
Be neither ſold, nor purchas'd, nor oppreſs'd,
No griefs ſhall wither, and no ſtripes deſtroy!

Say, that fair Freedom bends her holy flight,
To cheer the infant and conſole the ſire;
So ſhall *he*, wond'ring, prove at laſt delight,
And in a throb of eſtaſy expire.

Then ſhall proud ALBION's CROWN, where laurels twine,
Torn from the boſom of the raging ſea,
Boaſt, 'midſt the glorious leaves, a gem divine,
The radiant gem of PURE HUMANITY!

On the DEATH *of* GOLDSMITH.

WOTY.

ADIEU, ſweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Thoſe form'd to charm e'en vicious minds, and theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe:
Yes, theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day,
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the muſe's train,
Go tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
But, if no poet thou, reverſe the plan;
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

TO WINTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RAMLER.

STORMS ride the air, and veil the ſky in clouds,
And chaſe the thund'ring ſtorms athwart the land;
Bare ſtand the woods; the ſocial linden's leaves
Far o'er the valleys whirl.

The vine—a wither'd ſtalk: but why bewail
The godlike vine? Friends come and quaff its blood.
Let Autumn with his emptied horn retire;
Bid fur-crown'd Winter hail!

He decks the flood with adamantine ſhield,
Which laughs to ſcorn the ſhafts of day. Amaz'd,
The tenants of the wood new bloſſoms view:
Strange lilies ſtrew the ground.

No more in tott'ring gondolas the brides
Tremble: on gliding cars they boldly scud;
Hid in her fur-clad neck, the fav'rite's hand
Asks an unneeded warmth.

No more, like fishes, plunge the bathing boys:
On steel-wing'd shoes they skim the harden'd wave:
The spouse of Venus in the glitt'ring blade
The lightning's swiftness hid.

O Winter! call thy coldest east wind: drive
The ling'ring warriors from Bohemia back;
With them my Kleist; for him Lycoris stays,
And his friend's tawny wine.

ELEGY *written in a* WOOD.

BIDLAKE.

YE soothing wilds! ye dark embow'ring shades!
Where stillness lone and strange enchantment dwell!
Where no rude sound the pensive ear invades!
No ruder steps the trains of thought dispel!

Soft through your trembling leaves I trace the breeze,
As in the shade the noon-tide zephyrs play:
Where op'ning vistas through the distant trees,
The golden glades illumin'd rich display.

Ah! why can you no more my thoughts employ?
Ah! why not lend as once a soft'ning pow'r?
Where is the calm delight, the feeling joy,
Which oft inspir'd the long-remember'd hour?

Why should no more the woodland warbler cheer?
The breath of fragrant herbs, the bleating flocks?
Why should not I with wonted pleasure hear,
The surge incessant beat the tree-crown'd rocks?

'Tis that the dreams of youth are now no more,
And manhood's sober season quenches joy;
The purer rays of truth around me pour,
Which fancy's fair illusive scenes destroy.

'Tis that the mind, with gloomy cares o'ercast,
Nips all the buds of hope and orient joys;

For all the future fears, pants for the paſt,
And, feeding on its woes, itſelf deſtroys.

So when yon beechen groves extend their ſhade,
And long-ſhed honours thickly ſtrew the ground,
Beneath th' unfriendly gloom the tendrils fade,
Nor vegetable life dares ſmile around.

For every mental ray experience ſheds,
With many a ſigh, the feeling heart muſt pay;
Time ſhows the ſtorm, that threatens o'er our heads,
And Mem'ry tells how pleaſure fleets away.

THE HUE AND CRY.

HURDIS.

O Yez! my good people draw near,
My ſtory ſurpaſſes belief,
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And aſſiſt me to catch a ſtray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damſel to meet,
Adorn'd like an angel of light,
In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
No ſnow on the mountain ſo white?

Silver flowers beſpangled her ſhoe,
Amber locks on her ſhoulders were ſpread,
Her waiſt had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her ſteps an impreſſion ſcarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadow ſo ſoon;
Her ſmile is like Autumn's clear eve,
And her look as ſerene as his moon!

She ſeems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitleſs and meek as the dove;
But there lives not a thief of ſuch fame,
She has pilfer'd below and above!

Her cheek has the bluſhes of day,
Her neck has undone the ſwan's wing,
Her breath has the odours of May,
And her eye has the dews of the ſpring.

She has robb'd of its crimſon the roſe,
She has dar'd the carnation to ſtrip,

The bee who has plunder'd them knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has ſtol'n for her forehead ſo even
All beauty by ſea and by land,
She has all the fine azure of heaven
In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, ſhe has ranſack'd above,
She has beggar'd both nature and art,
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me ſhe has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honeſt friends! bring her home,
And ſet her down ſafe at my door:
Let her once my companion become,
And I ſwear ſhe ſhall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward
Whoſe value can never be told,
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than a houſe full of gold.

A reward ſuch as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miſs,
O yes, I will give you for once
From the charmer you bring me—a kiſs.

A MORAL PICTURE.

ARLEY.

ALL hail to thee, thou peaceful lone retreat!
Welcome th's rude uncultivated ſpot!
Where hoſpitality has fix'd her ſeat,
In humble Poverty's ſequeſter'd cot.

Thoſe barren hills that bound yon dreary rocks,
That ſolitary ſtream meandring flow;
This little paſture, and theſe ſcanty flocks,
Have charms which Opulence may never know.

By ſervile tribes and Fortune's minions ſcorn'd,
Remote from crowds on ſchemes of grandeur bent,
Here ſimple Nature, ſweetly unadorn'd,
Dwells with her handmaids, Virtue and Content.

Within this lowly hut, whoſe tott'ring roof
Seems juſt departing from its time-worn thatch,

A gen'rous pair, Compaſſion's nobleſt proof,
For ev'ry trav'ller lift the friendly latch.

Though ſmall their income, ample is their mind,
With few poſſeſſions they've abundant wealth:
In Nature's bounteous lap they daily find
Life's choiceſt bleſſings, Innocence and Health.

Together once they trod its early ſtage,
Together now they journey down the vale;
Paſt ſcenes of youth endear approaching age,
And waft them onward with a gentle gale.

One beauteous maid, dear pledge of nuptial love,
With artleſs prattle ev'ry care beguiles;
She, while her parents cheriſh and improve,
Cheers all their thoughtful hours with infant ſmiles.

For her alone they wear a ſhort-liv'd gloom,
Her future weal ſtill anxious to ſecure;
Content, when ſummon'd to their final doom,
To leave her honeſt, though they leave her poor.

"O ſacred wedlock! flame for ever bright!
Perpetual ſource of untumultuous joy!
Pure ſilent ſtream! that flows with new delight,
Bliſs ſtill increaſing, ſweets that never cloy;

"'Midſt buſtling throngs thy ſoft endearments charm,
Reſtrain the huſband, and protect the wife;
But chief thy chaſte connubial raptures warm
The peaceful current of unruffled life."

There the mild tranſports of the ſocial hour
Forbid each all-completed wiſh to roam;
Beſt pleas'd to ſeek Retirement's halcyon bow'r,
And rear their rip'ning progeny at home.

Approach this rural ſcene, ye little great,
Ye ever-roving, ever-thoughtleſs crew!
Suſpend awhile magnificence and ſtate,
To learn contentment from the happy few.

Come too, ye cruel, unrelenting fair!
Who from your children baniſh Nature's friend,
Here view the pattern of maternal care,
And, while you contemplate that pattern, mend.

Come, wearied Indigence, forget thy woes,
This faithful cottage harbours no diſguiſe;
Here, undiſturb'd, enjoy a calm repoſe,
And taſte that comfort which the world denies.

TO A BOY,

Having deſtroyed a Neſt of young Birds.

OH, cruel!—could thine infant boſom find
No pleaſure, but in others' miſery?
Come.—let me tear thee from thy parent's arms,
As thou haſt torn theſe half-fledg'd innocents;
And daſh thee naked on the cold bare ſtones,
All in thy tender mother's aching ſight:—
But thou art young, and know'ſt not yet the cares,
The pangs, the feelings of an anxious parent.
Elſe would thy heart, by ſad experience taught,
Weep o'er the little ruin'd family,
And curſe the froſt that nipp'd their wither'd bliſs.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

YOUNG.

RETIRE;—the world ſhut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to Reaſon—let her reign alone;—
Then, in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire.

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude,
Something eternal; had there e'er been naught,
Naught ſtill had been: Eternal there muſt be.—
But what eternal?—Why not human race,
And Adam's anceſtors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail.
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true, new difficulties riſe;
I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
Whence earth and theſe bright orbs?—eternal too?—
Grant matter was eternal, ſtill theſe orbs
Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes:
Deſign implies intelligence and art:
That can't be from themſelves—or man;—that art

Man can ſcarce comprehend, could man beſtow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
Who motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Aſſerting its indiſputable right
To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt.
Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious forms,
And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
Which, but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?—
If art to form, and counſel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human ſkill,
Reſides not in each block.—a Godhead reigns;—
And if a God there is, that God how great!

APOSTROPHE TO AN OLD TREE.

MRS. SMITH.

WHERE thy broad branches brave the bitter north
Like rugged, indigent, unheeded worth,
Lo! vegetation's guardian bands emboſs
Each giant limb with fronds of ſtudded moſs,
That clothes the bark in many a fringed fold
Begemm'd with ſcarlet ſhields and cups of gold,
Which to the wildeſt winds their webs oppoſe,
And mock the arrowy ſleet, or welt'ring ſnows.
—But to the warmer weſt the Woodbine fair,
With taſſels that perfum'd the ſummer air,
The mantling Clematis, whoſe feath'ry bow'rs
Wav'd in feſtoons with Nightſhade's purple flow'rs,
The ſilver weed, whoſe corded fillets wove
Round thy pale rind, ev'n as deceitful love
Of mercenary beauty would engage
The dotard fondneſs of decrepid age;
All theſe, that during ſummer's halcyon days
With their green canopies conceal'd thy ſprays,
Are gone for ever; or, diſfigur'd, trail
Their ſallow relicks in th' autumnal gale;

Or o'er thy roots in faded fragments toft,
But tell of happier hours and fweetneſs loſt.
—Thus in fate's trying hour, when furious ſtorms
Strip ſocial life of pleaſure's fragile forms,
And awful Juſtice, as his rightful prey,
Tears Lux'ry's ſilk and jewell'd robe away;
While reads Adverſity her leſſon ſtern,
And Fortune's minions tremble as they learn;
The crowds around her gilded car that hung,
Bent the lithe knee, and troul'd the honey tongue,
Deſponding fall, or fly in pale deſpair;
And Scorn alone remembers that they were.
Not ſo Integrity; unchang'd he lives
In the rude armour conſcious honour gives,
And dares with hardy front the troubled ſky,
In Honeſty's uninjur'd panoply.
Ne'er on Proſperity's enfeebling bed,
Or roſy pillows, he repos'd his head,
But, giv'n to uſeful arts, his ardent mind
Has fought the gen'ral welfare of mankind;
To mitigate their ills his greateſt bliſs,
While ſtudying them has made them what he is;
He, when the human tempeſt rages worſt,
And the earth ſhudders as the thunders burſt,
Firm as thy northern branch is rooted faſt,
And if he can't avert, endures the blaſt.

AN ELEGY

Deſcribing the Sorrow of an ingenuous Mind, on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcaſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care;
Bleſs'd in thy ſong, and bleſs'd in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not Damon's friendſhip can my love reſtore;

Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For O! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren flatt'ry ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah, vices, gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain.
Nor dropp'd the chaſe till Jeſſy was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove,
I bade my words their wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feeds not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding Jeſſy lay.

"Henry," ſhe ſaid, "by thy dear form ſubdued,
See the ſad relics of a nymph undone:
I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd;
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

"Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?

Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

"Alas! no more the joyous morn appears,
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame!
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears.
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

"The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lambs increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

"If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
Where blooms the jes'mine that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, Jeſſy, we are pure.

"Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
Say, could you with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale,
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

"Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

"Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Left my ſad fate ſhould nouriſh pangs for you.

"Raiſe me from earth! the pains of want remove,
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore;
There, only baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtues ſhall relapſe no more.

"Be but my friend! I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair:
Nor could it heal my peace, or chaſe my ſhame,
That pity gave what love refus'd to ſhare.

"Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jeſſy to the vulgar crew;
Not ſo the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

"Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;

Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And Pity welcome to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke——nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with ev'ry paſſion heave;
I left her, torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
O, hard my boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be;—the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My Jeſſy floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And——ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From Jeſſy floating on her wat'ry bier!

TRANSLATION

Of a Paſſage in Heſiod's Works and Days, Verſe 223.

G. WAKEFIELD.

WHERE unbrib'd Juſtice lifts her even ſcale,
Where native rights and equal laws prevail,
All-bounteous Fortune crowns the bliſsful place,
And joy and comfort ſmile on ev'ry face:
Prolific Peace ſwarms forth her myriad trains;
With life and motion glow the peopled plains:
The fiends of war great Jove's protecting hand
Forbids to roll their tempeſt o'er the land.
No ſhrieks of woe aſſail the ſtartling ear;
No breath of famine blaſts the blooming year:
O'er the gay ſcene no cloud of ſorrow lours;
Convivial Joy leads on their circling hours:
Each undulating vale rich harveſts fill,
Flow'rs deck the mead, trees crown the waving hill.
Oaks from their boughs a ſhow'r of acorns throw;
Bees hoard their nectar in the trunk below.
Broad flocks, that ſpread and whiten o'er the field,
Their fleecy tribute to the ſhepherd yield.

No raviſh'd matrons there, no ſpurious race;
Each ſire reflected in his infant's face.
Bleſs'd in th' abundance of their native ſtores,
No luſt of plunder lures to diſtant ſhores.

For lawleſs ſtates, who ſpurn each rule of right,
Their glory war, and robbery their delight,
All-righteous Jove, whoſe glance nor darkneſs hides,
Nor time, nor place, a vengeance due provides.
Whole nations oft their rulers' ſin atone,
And ſuff'ring millions rue the crimes of one.
Chill Penury the ſpoils with Sickneſs ſhares;
And Peſtilence but gleans what Famine ſpares.
Each orphan parent mourns their children dead;
The race redeem'd by no prolific bed.
By vengeful Jove their armies pin'd and ſlain
In tainted camps or on th' enſanguin'd plain:
Towns to one grave ſee yawning earthquakes ſweep,
And navies plunging in the foamy deep!

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

CAMPBELL.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied, when the battle was o'er;
O whither, ſhe cried, haſt thou wander'd, my lover?
Or here doſt thou welter and bleed on the ſhore?

What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that ſigh'd!
All mournful ſhe haſten'd, nor wander'd ſhe far,
When, bleeding, and low on the heath ſhe deſeried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded huſſar.

From his boſom, that heav'd, the laſt torrent was ſtreaming,
And pale was his viſage, deep mark'd with a ſcar;
And dead was that eye, once expreſſively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.

How ſmit was poor Adelaide's heart at the ſight!
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war!
Haſt thou come, my fond love! this laſt ſorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded huſſar?

Thou ſhalt live, ſhe reply'd, Heav'n's mercy relieving.
Each anguiſhing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn;
Ah, no! the laſt pang in my boſom is heaving;
No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return.

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!—
His faltering tongue ſcarce could murmur adieu,
When he ſunk in her arms—the poor wounded huſſar!

On TWO BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN *at* PLAY.

SWEET innocents! who the unheeded hour
Of infancy beguile with thoughtleſs play,
Ne'er may the clouds of black misfortune lour
On the fair proſpects of your life's bright day!
As to the beam of morn the bluſhing roſe
Spreads her moiſt leaves, your tender minds unveil
Their budding charms, nor heed the train of woes,
Whoſe lurking thorns beſet this tearful vale;
Now ſpirits gay, and innocent deſires,
Light in your little breaſts their harmleſs fires;
The ſad reverſe, ah, never may ye prove!
Never may wounded ſenſibility
Heave your ſoft boſoms with one deep-drawn ſigh,
For friendſhip broken, or for hopeleſs love!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough, in Spring.

BURNS.

WEE, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flow'r!
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem;
To ſpare thee now is paſt my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor ſweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' ſpeckled breaſt,

When upward ſpringing, blithe, to greet
The purpling eaſt.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High ſhelt'ring woods and wa's maun ſhield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie *ſtibble-field*,
Unſeen, alane.

There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnawy boſom ſunward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural ſhade!
By love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low i' the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Such fate to *ſuff'ring worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry ſtay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, ſink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the Daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date;

Stern Ruin's *plough-ſhare* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

ON READING THE FOREGOING.

MISS WILLIAMS.

WHILE ſoon "the garden's flaunting flow'rs" decay,
And ſcatter'd on the earth neglected lie,
The "Mountain-Daiſy," cheriſh'd by the ray
A poet drew from heav'n, ſhall never die.

Ah! like that lonely flow'r the poet roſe,
'Mid penury's bare foil and bitter gale;
He felt each ſtorm that on the mountain blows,
Nor ever knew the ſhelter of the vale.

By Genius, in her native vigour, nurſt,
On nature, with impaſſion'd look, he gaz'd;
Then through the cloud of adverſe fortune burſt,
Indignant, and in light unborrow'd blaz'd.

Scotia! from rude affliction ſhield thy bard,
His heav'n-taught numbers Fame herſelf will guard.

THE EMIGRANT.

ERSKINE.

FAST by the margin of a moſſy rill,
That wander'd gurgling down a heath-clad hill
An antient ſhepherd ſtood, oppreſs'd with woe,
And eyed the ocean's flood that foam'd below;
Where, gently rocking on the riſing tide,
A ſhip's unwonted form was ſeen to ride.
Unwonted, well I ween; for ne'er before
Had touch'd one keel the folitary ſhore.
Nor had the ſwain's rude footſteps ever ſtray'd
Beyond the ſhelter of his native ſhade.
His few remaining hairs were ſilver gray,
And his rough face had ſeen a better day.

Around him, bleating, ſtray'd a ſcanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighb'ring rock.
One faithful dog his ſorrows ſeem'd to ſhare,
And ſtrove with many tricks to eaſe his care.
While o'er his furrow'd cheeks the ſalt drops ran,
He tun'd his ruſtic reed, and thus began:

"Farewell, farewell, dear Caledonia's ſtrand!
Rough though thou be, yet ſtill my native land;
Exil'd from thee I ſeek a foreign ſhore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more;
By hard oppreſſion driv'n, my helpleſs age,
That ſhould ere now have left life's buſtling ſtage,
Is forc'd the ocean's boiſt'rous breaſt to brave,
In a far foreign land to ſeek a grave.

"And muſt I leave thee, then, my little cot!
Mine and my father's poor, but happy lot,
Where I have paſs'd in innocence away
Year after year, till age has turn'd me gray?

"Thou dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife!
'Twas here you rear'd, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely ſons:—three for their country died!
Two ſtill remain, ſad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour, but their ſcars;
They live to ſee their ſire deny'd a grave
In lands his much-lov'd children died to ſave:
Yet ſtill in peace and ſafety did we live,
In peace and ſafety more than wealth can give.
My two remaining boys, with ſturdy hands,
Rear'd the ſcant produce of our niggard lands:
Scant as it was, no more our hearts deſir'd,
No more from us our gen'rous lord requir'd.

"But, ah, ſad change! thoſe bleſſed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and ſafety charm no more.
Another lord now rules thoſe wide domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains;
Far, far, from hence he revels life away
In guilty pleaſures, our poor means muſt pay,
The moſſy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Muſt now be tortur'd by the tearing plough,
And, ſpite of nature, crops be taught to riſe,
Which to theſe northern climes wife Heav'n denies.
In vain, with ſweating brow and weary hands,
We ſtrive to earn the gold our lord demands,

While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,
Await our failure as its certain doom.

" To ſhun theſe ills that threat my hoary head,
I ſeek in foreign lands precarious bread;
Forc'd, though my helpleſs age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of baniſh'd felons to endure;
And all becauſe theſe hands have vainly tried
To force from art what nature has denied;
Becauſe my little all will not ſuffice
To pay th' infatiate claims of avarice.

" In vain, of richer climates I am told.
Whoſe hills are rich in gems, whoſe ſtreams are gold;
I am contented here, I ne'er have ſeen
A vale more fertile, nor a hill more green;
Nor would I leave this ſweet though humble cot,
To ſhare the richeſt monarch's envied lot.
O, would to Heav'n th' alternative were mine,
Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
Soon would I chooſe: but ere to-morrow's ſun
Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
I ſhall be robb'd, by what they Juſtice call,
By legal ruffians, of my little all:
Driv'n out to hunger, nakedneſs, and grief,
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
Then come, oh! ſad alternative to chooſe,
Come, baniſhment, I will no more refuſe;
Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
Can add of horror to my tortur'd mind.

" On whatſoever coaſt I may be thrown,
No lord can uſe me harder than my own;
E'en they who tear the limbs and drink the gore
Of helpleſs ſtrangers, what can they do more?

" For thee, infatiate chief! whoſe ruthleſs hand
For ever drives me from my native land;
For thee I leave no greater curſe behind,
Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind!
Or, what were harder to a ſoul like thine,
To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

" For you, my friends, and neighbours of the vale,
Who kindly now with tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whoſe breaſt paternal glows,
With tend'reſt feelings for his people's woes;

Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To eaſe your ſorrows, ſtretch the helping hand;
Elſe ſoon, too ſoon, your hapleſs fate ſhall be,
Like me to ſuffer, to depart like me.

" On your dear native land, from whence I part,
Reſt the beſt bleſſings of a broken heart.
If, in ſome future hour, the foe ſhould land
His hoſtile legions on Britannia's ſtrand,
May ſhe not then th' alarum ſound in vain,
Nor miſs her baniſh'd thouſands on the plain.

" Feed on, my ſheep: for though depriv'd of me,
My cruel foes ſhall your protectors be;
For their own ſakes, ſhall pen your ſtraggling flocks,
And ſave your lambkins from the rav'ning fox.

" Feed on, my goats; another now ſhall drain
Your ſtreams that heal diſeaſe, and ſoften pain:
No ſtreams, alas! can ever, ever flow
To heal your maſter's heart, or ſoothe his woe.

" Feed on, my flocks; ye harmleſs people, feed,
The worſt that ye can ſuffer is to bleed.
O, that the murd'rer's ſteel were all my fear!
How fondly would I ſtay to periſh here—
But hark! my ſons loud call me from the vale,
And, lo! the veſſel ſpreads her ſwelling ſail.
Farewell! farewell!"—Awhile his hands he rung,
And o'er his crook in ſpeechleſs ſorrow hung;
Then, caſting many a ling'ring look behind,
Down the ſteep mountain's brow began to wind.

TRANSLATION OF

STANZAS AGAINST AMBITION.

FROM ROUSSEAU.

DOWN the bright weſt the ſtar of day
Has ſunk its glories from the view;
And, hidden ſcarce its glowing ray,
Begins its wonted courſe anew.

How ſwiftly flew the vaniſh'd year!
E'en ſo ſhall this, its ſweet ſupply;

E'en fo be known, to human care
Irrevocably loſt, to die.

Thus paſſes all, by Time control'd,
To an irremediable doom;
One tranſient moment, ſcarcely told,
Finds, by another's birth, a tomb.

The richeſt year when teems the plain,
In ſolar pride the brighteſt day,
Retires ne'er to return again,
Is only ſhown to paſs away.

So, fix'd an equal law to ſhare,
The fate of tranſitory man;
Juſt enter'd on life's ſhort career,
His journey to the grave began.

Then, in a ſcene ſo ſoon to cloſe,
Why fill with boundleſs cares the breaſt?
Why loſe theſe fleeting hours for thoſe,
As ſwift to vaniſh when poſſeſs'd?

Since that dread moment is unknown,
When Death his mortal prey ſecures,
Live while this moment is your own;
Delay not till the next is yours.

Alas! how pitiable his woes,
Who, by corroding toil oppreſs'd,
Panting for wealth, his eaſe foregoes,
And is unhappy—to be bleſs'd!

Wing'd by ſeductive Fancy, flies
Each brighter hour of health and youth;
The preſent bliſs untaſted dies,
He woos a doubtful ſhade for truth.

Ye madmen! who to mental ſtrife
And idle views your moments give;
No time allow'd to think on life,
Ye die ere ye have learn'd to live!

The preſent hour is Wiſdom's care,
From your deceitful error free;
'Tis *now*, the point in which we are,
Not that in which *we are to be*.

Let not the good we can embrace
Unprofitably mock the view;

Nor let the ardour of the chaſe
Deſtroy the pleaſure we purſue.

The moment paſt is ours no more,
The future we may ne'er attain;
The preſent is the only ſtore
We have to cheriſh or diſdain.

AN ELEGY,

Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall.

MOORE.

AMIDST theſe venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur, muſing ſad I ſtray;
Around a melancholy ſilence reigns
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio born of noble race,
Aloft his manſion roſe, (around were ſeen
Extenſive gardens deck'd with ev'ry grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves, through all the ſeaſons green.)

Ah! where is now its boaſted beauty fled?
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the ſky,
And broken columns in confuſion ſpread,
A rude miſhapen heap of ruins lie.

Of ſplendid rooms no traces here are found;
How are theſe tott'ring walls by time defac'd,
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapeſtry, with paintings grac'd!

In ancient times perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl;
Her dainties Lux'ry pour'd, and Beauty ſpread
Her artful ſnares to captivate the ſoul.

Or here, attended by a choſen train
Of innocent delights, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffuſing bleſſings o'er the diſtant plain,
Health, joy, and happineſs by thouſands felt.

Around now ſolitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way;

No more with cheerful hopes the needy ſwains
At the once-bounteous gate their viſits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which ev'ry clime was ranſack'd to ſupply?
O'er the drear ſpot ſee deſolation ſpread,
And the diſmantled walls in ruin lie.

Dead are the trees that once, with niceſt care
Arrang'd, from op'ning bloſſoms ſhed perfume;
And thick with fruitage ſtood, the pendant pear,
The ruddy-colour'd peach, and gloſſy plum.

Extinct is the gay family of flow'rs:
In vain I ſeek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converſe paſs'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-ſtar's heat.

Along the terraſs-walks are ſtraggling ſeen
The prickly bramble and the noiſome weed,
Beneath whoſe covert crawls the toad obſcene,
And ſnakes and adders unmoleſted breed.

The groves where Pleaſure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren a'ſpect wears;
And where the ſprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waſte appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where ofiers ſpread, a pond capacious ſtood;
From far by art the ſtream was taught to flow,
Whoſe liquid ſtores ſupply'd th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the ſilent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the ſcaly fry—
But periſh'd now are all the num'rous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye great! behold th' uncertain ſtate
Of earthly grandeur——beauty, ſtrength, and pow'r
Alike are ſubject to the ſtroke of fate,
And flourith but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no diſſolution fears,
Still permanent though ages roll away:
Who builds on her immortal baſis, rears
A ſuperſtructure time can ne'er decay.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

'TIS not that look of anguiſh bath'd in tears,
O Poverty! thy haggard image wears—
'Tis not thoſe famiſh'd limbs, naked and bare
To the bleak tempeſt's rain, or the keen air
Of winter's piercing winds; nor that ſad eye
Imploring the ſmall boon of charity—
'Tis not that voice, whoſe agonizing tale
Might turn the purple cheek of Grandeur pale;
Nor all that hoſt of woes thou bring'ſt with thee,
Inſult, contempt, diſdain, and contumely;
That bid me call the fate of thoſe forlorn,
Who 'neath thy rude oppreſſion ſigh and mourn:
But chief, relentleſs pow'r! thy hard control,
Which to the earth bends low th' aſpiring ſoul;
Thine iron graſp, thy fetters drear, which bind
Each gen'rous effort of the ſtruggling mind;
Alas! that Genius, melancholy flow'r!
Scarce op'ning yet to even's nurt'ring ſhow'r,
Should, by thy pitileſs and cruel doom,
Wither ere Nature ſmiles upon her bloom!
That Innocence, touch'd by thy dead'ning wand,
Should pine, nor know one outſtretch'd guardian hand!
For this, O Poverty! for them, I ſigh,
The helpleſs victims of thy tyranny!
For this, I call the lot of thoſe ſevere,
Who wander 'mid thy haunts, and pine unheeded there.

THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS.

HURDIS.

THE young Tobias was his father's joy;
He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praiſe;
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
And ſent him early to a public ſchool.
Here as it ſeem'd (but he had none to blame)
Virtue forſook him, and habitual vice
Grew in her ſtead. He laugh'd at honeſty,
Became a ſceptic, and could raiſe a doubt
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done
To tell him of another world, for wits

Knew better; and the only good on earth
Was pleasure; not to follow *that* was sin.
" Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy;
And why," said he, " should my fond father prate
Of virtue and religion? They afford
No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
Of Nature. Nature be my deity!
Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
At the full board of plenty!" Thoughtless boy!
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
A man of honour; boastful, empty names,
That dignify the villain. Seldom seen,
And when at home, under a cautious mask
Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought
He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.
He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth
Of goodness and of learning shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night.
He call'd him home, with great applause dismiss'd
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—
Bless'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart,
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. " Away," he cries,
" Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can."
" I will," said Toby, as he bang'd the door,
And wink'd, and snapp'd his finger, " sir, I will."

So joyful he to Alma Mater went,
A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,
Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
" Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;
Some claret, too. Here's to our friends at home.
There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim
To live—where stands the bottle?" Then to town
Flies the gay spark for futile purposes,
And deeds my bashful muse disdains to name.
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
The tedious interval the mace and cue,
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge
From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,
Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,

Serve well enough to fill. Grievous accounts
The weekly poft to the vex'd parent brings,
Of college impofitions, heavy dues,
Demands enormous, which the wicked fon
Declares he does his utmoft to prevent. -
So, blaming with good caufe the vaft expence,
Bill after bill he fends. and pens the draft
Till the full ink-horn fails. With grateful heart
Toby receives, fhort leave of abfence begs,
Obtains it by a lie. gallops away,
And no one knows what charming things are doing,
Till the gull'd boy returns without his pence,
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute.
Vile deeds, but fuch as in thefe polifh'd days
None blames or hides.

So Toby fares, nor heeds,
Till terms are wafted, and the proud degree,
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.
He fwears, and fwears he knows not what, nor cares,
Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks foon
To be a candidate for orders. Ah!
Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell
Deceive the fhepherd, and devour the flock,
Thou none fhalt injure. On a luckleſs day,
Withdrawn to tafte the pleafures of the town,
Heated with wine, a vehement difpute
With a deteſted rival fhook the roof:
He penn'd a challenge, fent it, fought, and fell.

The GOLDFINCH *and the* LINNET.

MRS. BARBAULD.

A Gaudy Goldfinch, pert and gay,
Hopping blithe from fpray to fpray,
Full of frolic, full of fpring,
With head well-plum'd and burnifh'd wing,
Spied a fober Linnet hen
Sitting all alone,
And bow'd and chirp,d, and bow'd again;
And with familiar tone
He thus the dame addreſs'd,
As to her fide he clofely preſs'd:

" I hope, my dear, I don't intrude,
By breaking on your ſolitude;
But it has always been my paſſion
To forward pleaſant converſation;
And I ſhould be a ſtupid bird
To paſs the fair without a word;
I, who have been for ever noted
To be the ſex's moſt devoted.
Beſides, a damſel unattended,
Left unnotic'd and unfriended,
Appears (excuſe me) ſo forlorn,
That I can ſcarce ſuppoſe,
By any ſhe that e'er was born,
'Twould be the thing ſhe choſe.
How happy, then, I'm now at leiſure
To wait upon a lady's pleaſure;
And all this morn have naught to do
But pay my duty, love, to you.

What, ſilent!—Ah! thoſe looks demure,
And eyes of languor, make me ſure
That, in my random idle chatter,
I quite miſtook the matter.
It is not ſpleen or contemplation
That draws you to the cover;
But 'tis ſome tender aſſignation;
Well!—who's the favour'd lover?
I met hard by, in quaker ſuit,
A youth ſedately grave and mute;
And from the maxim, like to like,
Perhaps the *ſober youth* might ſtrike.
Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,
Who hopes to get you for a wife.

But come, my dear, I know you're wiſe,
Compare and judge, and uſe your eyes.
No female yet could e'er behold
The luſtre of my red and gold,
My iv'ry bill and jetty creſt,
But all was done, and I was bleſs'd.
Come, brighten up, and act with ſpirit,
And take the fortune that you merit."

He ceas'd, Linnetta thus replied,
With cool contempt and decent pride:

'Tis pity, ſir, a youth ſo ſweet,
In form and manners ſo complete,

Should do an humble maid the honour
To waſte his precious time upon her.
A poor forſaken ſhe, you know,
Can do no credit to a beau;
And worſe would be the caſe,
If, meeting one whoſe faith was plighted,
He ſhould incur the ſad diſgrace
Of being ſlighted.

Now, ſir, the *ſober-ſuited youth*,
Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
To thoſe ſmall merits, ſenſe and truth,
And gen'rous love, has ſome pretenſion.
And then, to give him all his due,
He ſings, ſir, full as well as you,
And ſometimes can be ſilent, too.
In ſhort, my taſte is ſo perverſe,
And ſuch my wayward fate,
That it would be my greateſt curſe
To have a *coxcomb* to my mate."

This ſaid, away ſhe ſcuds,
And leaves *beau Goldfinch* in the ſuds.

EPITAPH on Mrs. ROBINSON's TOMBSTONE,

In the Church of Old Windſor.

PRATT.

OF Beauty's iſle, her daughters muſt declare,
She who ſleeps here was faireſt of the fair.
But, ah! while Nature on her fav'rite ſmil'd,
And Genius claim'd his ſhare in Beauty's child;
Ev'n as they wove a garland for her brow,
Sorrow prepar'd a willowy wreath of woe:
Mix'd lurid nightſhade with the buds of May,
And twin'd her darkeſt cypreſs with the bay:
In mildew tears ſteep'd ev'ry op'ning flow'r,
Prey'd on the ſweets, and gave the canker pow'r:
Yet, O! may Pity's angel, from the grave,
This early victim of misfortune ſave!
And, as ſhe ſprings to everlaſting morn,
May glory's fadeleſs crown her ſoul adorn!

THE FOREST YOUTH.

FROM GISBORNE'S "WALKS IN A FOREST."

ONCE by yon poplars, through whose twinkling shade,
With fruitless glance, the oft-reflected beam
Struggled, nor reach'd the dusky flood beneath,
An ancient mill arose. The restless wheel
Scatter'd the sparkling wave amid the gloom,
And broke the noon-day silence of the wood.
'Twas there a youth with care fraternal sooth'd
A much-lov'd sister, while a parent lost,
An aged mother whom his toil had fed,
Their mingling tears deplor'd. One summer eve,
As from short absence he return'd, her shrieks,
Shrieks as though racking pangs o'er life prevail'd,
He heard. The whirling millstone, as she mov'd
Unwitting of the danger, seiz'd her arm,
And crush'd each muscle. The remorseless gripe
He loos'd. Art lent its healing aid in vain.
Nine days in anguish o'er her couch he hung;
The tenth he clos'd her eyes. The murd'rous stone,
The floor still spotted with a sister's blood,
The conscious poplars, and the fatal stream,
He could no more behold. His native land
He left for ever; stemm'd the western main:
And fix'd in depths of solitude to hide
His grief, on Pennsylvania's utmost bound.
Where to man's heav'n-appointed rule her sons
Bend the untamed wilderness, prepar'd
To rear his dwelling. The stupendous scene,
Unlike the humbler wild that gave him birth,
Amaz'd he view'd; th' interminable waste,
The woods of giant growth, the piny swamp
Dark'ning the humid air: and oft would note
Curious the wings unknown that cross'd the glade,
And mark the scaly serpent as he slunk
Through rustling leaves, or, darting onward, shook
The warning rattle; or, beside the root
Of some time-honour'd trunk in spiral folds
Coil'd motionless, his fascinating eye
Fix'd on the conscious victim perch'd above.
Chain'd by the potent glance, the helpless prey,
With piteous cries and wildly-ruffled plumes,
Flutter'd from bough to bough, descending still,

Nor fhunn'd the jaws of death that gap'd below.
Meanwhile of rugged logs his cot he fram'd,
And ftopp'd each chink with moss, left fearching rains,
Or fnows by winter's guſty breath impell'd,
Should drench his nightly couch: then from the foil
Clear'd the rough bruſhwood, and round ev'ry ſtem
Of ampler girth the fatal circle drew.*
Blighted and wan, the vernal foliage mourn'd
Its intercepted nutriment, and ſtrew'd
The ground, as when the gale of autumn whirls
The leafy ſhow'r: the ſolitary trunks
Frown'd on the riſing harveſt. Time ere long
Looſen'd the roots, and tempeſts on the plain
The thundering downfall hurl'd: the midnight craſh
Startled the foreſt. Each ſucceeding ſpring
Beheld the waſte retire. The paſtur'd field,
The emerald meadow, and the waving gleam
Of corn by breezes mov'd, and all the charms
Of hard-earn'd home, bade peace the exile's brow
Dilate, and brighten the yet heaving tide
Of ancient ſorrow: in the void of air
As the red moon new-riſen o'er ocean hangs,
Streams a long line of radiance on the flood,
And golden billows welter to the ſhore.

One vernal eve, as wrapp'd in lonely thought
He trac'd his confines, from the bordering waſte
An aged man came forth: his tottering ſteps,
With looks of filial love, a maiden watch'd,
And propp'd him with her arm; and when he ſigh'd,
Sigh'd deeper, yet in haſte the ſound reſtrain'd,
Leſt he ſhould mark it. From the voice of woe
The exile never turn'd: the fire he join'd,
And aſk'd his grief.——Long in a diſtant wild
He dwelt in peace. With malice unprovok'd,
And thirſt of plunder fir'd, an Indian band,
What time no pitying moon-beam ſpoke their guile,
Stole on his ſleep. At once with ſavage yell
The war-whoop echo'd from the wood; the torch
Flung frequent feiz'd the roof; the ſhiver'd door

* The general mode of clearing the land in this country, where timber is of no value, and labour of great, is by cutting a circle round the tree, through the bark, quite to the wood, before the ſap riſes, which kills it. They cultivate the ground below immediately, leaving the trees to rot ſtanding, which happens in a very few years.

Sunk from the ſtroke; his ſon the onſet brav'd
With fruitleſs arms; the ſhriek of death was heard,
And life's laſt drops the gaſhing tom'hawk drain'd.
Fierce on the ſpoil the murderers ruſh'd: unſeen
The ſire and daughter fled, forlorn to roam,
Think on the ſlain, and beg their daily food.—
Thy throbbings, Memory, in the exile's breaſt
The ſad recital wak'd. With faltering lip
He ſooth'd the wanderers, to his manſion led,
And cried, "Behold your home! and may the Pow'r
Who ſeeming evil into good transforms,
Who pitying ſaw, when Sorrow at your peace
Her keeneſt arrows aim'd, as once at mine,
Bind up the wound!" Nor many a moon had fir'd
And quench'd her varying creſcent, ere that home
Could pleaſe no more, unleſs the ſtranger maid
Call'd it of right her own. For ſhe was fair
As pictur'd Innocence; and mental grace
Spoke in each feature. Soon th' enraptur'd youth
Th' impaſſion'd ſecret told. With downcaſt eye
And burning cheek ſhe liſten'd to his tale;
Own'd the quick pulſe that trembled at her heart,
And nam'd it gratitude, but felt it love.
Weeping for joy, the ſire their union hail'd:
With hands to heaven uprais'd, his children bleſs'd;
And ſmiling years proclaim'd the bleſſing heard.

THE DRUM.

SCOTT.

I Hate the drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To ſell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms;
And, when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate the drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
Of burning towns, and ruin'd ſwains,

Of mangled limbs and dying groans,
Of widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that mis'ry's hand beſtows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

YOUNG.

BE wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.

Of man's miraculous miſtakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride,
On this reverſion, takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone.
'Tis not in folly not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that through every ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty, man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves, then dies the ſame.

And why? becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate

Strikes through their wounded heart the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſs'd the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

To the LILIES *of the* VALLEY.

BIDLAKE.

YE lowly children of the ſhelter'd vale,
Like modeſt worth by ſcornful pride diſdain'd,
Your little fleeting life
Who waſte unſeen, unknown;

In verdant veil how baſhfully enwrapp'd,
Ye ſhun th' officious hand, the ſearchful ſight,
With downcaſt, penſive eye,
And ever-muſing heads!

Ah! when I view your meek, your humble mien,
And all your highly-breathing fragrance taſte,
How bleeds my ſadd'ning ſoul
For unprotected worth!

How bleeds to think, that moral excellence
Is doom'd to live forgot, unheeded die!
For in your ſhort-liv'd charms
Is pictur'd well its fate.

For ye, ere yet the morning's riſing gale
Shall wing its early courſe, may ceaſe to greet,
With the ſweet breath of love,
The wakeful wanderer's way.

Nor longer virtue's boaſt! a little day,
A little hour, ſhe blooms! Nor can her pow'r
Us helpleſs victims ſhield
From the unpitying grave.

Then come, my Anna's faithful boſom deck:
For ever there true worth, true wiſdom dwell.
Congenial to your ſtate,
Soft in that heaven reſt.

There ſhall no buſy inſect dare obtrude,
Your ſweets to rifle with perfidious kiſs;
While ye more fragrance taſte
Than in your native beds.

Your higheſt incenſe breathe, to emulate
Thoſe more than opening morning's pureſt ſweets,
That ſit on roſy lips
Of ſmiling chaſtity.

CONTENTMENT.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

PRITHEE, teaze me no more, dear troubleſome friend,
On a ſubject which wants not advice:
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
Thoſe ills I have learn'd to deſpiſe.

You ſay I'm dependent—what then? if I make
That dependence quite eaſy to me,
Say, why ſhould you envy my lucky miſtake?
Or why ſhould I wiſh to be free?

Many men of leſs worth, you partially cry,
To ſplendour and opulence ſoar:
Suppoſe I allow it:—Yet pray, ſir, am I
Leſs happy, becauſe they are more?

But why ſaid I happy?—I aim not at that;
Mere eaſe is my humble requeſt;
I would neither repine at my niggardly fate,
Nor ſtretch my wings far from my neſt!

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the fav'rites which fortune has made;
Regardleſs of thouſands who pine with neglect
In penſive obſcurity's ſhade.

With whom when comparing the merit I boaſt,
Though rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I ſink in confuſion, bewilder'd and loſt,
And wonder I *am* what I am.

And what are theſe wonders, theſe bleſſings refin'd,
Which ſplendour and opulence ſhow'r?

The health of the body and peace of the mind
Are things that are out of their pow'r.

To contentment's calm funſhine, the lot of the few,
Can inſolent greatneſs pretend?
Or can it beſtow, what I boaſt of in you,
That bleſſing of bleſſings, a friend?

We may pay ſome regard to the rich and the great,
And how ſeldom we love them, you know;
But if we do love them, it is not their ſtate,
The tinſel and plume of the ſhow:

But ſome ſecret virtue we find in the heart,
When the maſk is laid kindly aſide:
Which birth cannot give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good ſpirits we've ſeen with a ſmile
To worth make a ſhallow pretence;
And the chat of good breeding, with eaſe, for a while,
May paſs for good-nature and ſenſe.

But where is the boſom untainted with art,
The judgment ſo modeſt and ſtaid,
That union ſo rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friend it has made?

As for thoſe whom the great and the wealthy employ,
Their pleaſure's or vanity's ſlaves,
Whate'er they can give, I without them enjoy,
And am rid of juſt ſo many knaves.

Nor the many whom titles alone can allure,
The blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myſelf round in my lowneſs ſecure,
And am rid of juſt ſo many fools.

Then why ſhould I covet what cannot increaſe
My delights, and may leſſen my ſtore?
My preſent condition is quiet and eaſe,
And what can my future be more?

Should Fortune capriciouſly ceaſe to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty deſcend,
I, doubtleſs, like others, ſhould claſp her with joy,
And my wants and my wiſhes extend.

But ſince 'tis denied me, and Heaven beſt knows
Whether kinder to grant it or not,

Say, why should I vainly disturb my repose,
Or peevishly carp at my lot?

No; still let me follow sage Horace's rule,
Try all things, and hold fast the best;
Learn daily to put all my passions to school,
And keep the due poise of my breast.

Thus fair at the helm, I glide calmly away,
Like the merchant long us'd to the deep;
Nor trust for my safety, on life's stormy sea,
To the gilding and paint of my ship.

Nor e'er may the giants of honour and pelf
My want of ambition deride:
He who rules his own bosom, is lord of himself,
And lord of all nature besides.

ELEGY.—THE DEAD BEGGAR.

Written in the Church-Yard at Brighthelmstone, on seeing the Funeral of a Pauper, who perished for Want.

MRS. SMITH.

SWELLS then thy swelling heart, and streams thine eye,
O'er the deserted being, poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant parish charity
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn suff'rer ends
Those evil days that promis'd woes to come?
Here, where the friendless feel no want of friends,
Where e'en the houseless wand'rer finds a home?

What though no kindred crowd in sable forth,
And sigh, or seem to sigh, around the bier:
Though o'er his coffin, with the humid earth,
No children drop the unavailing tear:

Rather rejoice that *here* his sorrows cease,
Whom sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd;
Where Death, the leveller—restores to peace
The wretch who, living, knew not where to rest.

Ah! think that this poor outcaſt, ſpurn'd by fate,
Who a long race of pain and ſorrow ran,
Is, in the grave, e'en as the rich and great:—
Death vindicates th' infulted rights of man.

Rejoice that, though ſevere his early doom,
Though rude, and ſtrew'd with thorns, the path he trod,
Now, where unfeeling fortune cannot come,
He reſts upon "the boſom of his God."

TO STELLA.

BULL.

SAY, why that deep and frequent ſigh
Heaves thy ſoft boſom, gentle fair?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Ah! flows it from the fount of care?
Thou look'ſt, my love, like ſome fair flow'r
Sinking beneath the dewy ſhow'r.

Too well I gueſs thy ſecret woe;
Thou weep'ſt to think that one ſhort day
May bid thy beauties ceaſe to glow,
And pilfer ev'ry grace away:
'Tis this that melts thy tearful eyes,
And heaves thy tender breaſt with ſighs.

Yet ſhall not all thy beauties fade,
Beneath rough Time's auſtere control;
His keeneſt froſt ſhall ne'er invade
The bright receſſes of thy ſoul,
Which, purer than the veſtal flame,
For ever burns, and burns the ſame.

LINES *written in a* GARDEN SEAT.

IF mirth alone to thee be dear,
If ſorrow ne'er thy heart reſin'd,
If frolic youth thy boſom cheer,
And ſpirits light, and Fortune kind,

No longer let thine eye peruſe
What here inſcrib'd thy glance may ſee;

For I this artleſs verſe would chooſe
Unmark'd by mortals bleſs'd like thee.

But, ſtranger! at the touch of pain
If e'er thy heart was doom'd to thrill;
If melancholy ever deſign
To ſteep thy ſoul in ſlumbers ſtill;

If harſh unkindneſs e'er for thee
Prepar'd that keen envenom'd dart,
Which tenderneſs can ſeldom flee,
And left it rankling in thy heart:

Thee I would greet with kindlieſt lay,
Would ſay, like thee that others mourn,
And chide thee ſoft, if chide I may,
And bid thee bear what I have borne.

And tell thee, ſtranger! if to me
Thy ſacred griefs had but been known,
One heart at leaſt had felt for thee,
And made thy ſorrows all its own.

HYMN ON CREATION.

MRS. BARBAULD.

JEHOVAH reigns, let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow, with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praiſe proclaim:
Then ſend it down to hell's deep gloom reſounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs ſounding.

He rules with wide and abſolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the ſtedfaſt land;
Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Uſurp or ſhare the throne of the Creator.

He ſaw the ſtruggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the maſſy gloom of ancient night;
His ſpirit hush'd the elemental ſtrife,
And brooded o'er the kindling ſeeds of life:
Seaſons and months began their long proceſſion,
And meaſur'd o'er the year in bright ſucceſſion.

The joyful fun ſprung up th' etherial way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her ſhadowy light,
Superior, o'er the duſky brow of night:
Ten thouſand glitt'ring lamps the ſkies adorning,
Num'rous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with riſing flow'rs ſhe dreſs'd,
And ſpread a verdant mantle o'er her breaſt;
Then from the hollow of his hand ſhe pours
The circling waters round her winding ſhores;
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with ſoft murmurs ſtill her banks careſſing.

At length ſhe roſe complete in finiſh'd pride,
All fair and ſpotleſs, like a virgin bride;
Freſh with untarniſh'd luſtre as ſhe ſtood,
Her Maker bleſs'd his work, and call'd it good;
The morning ſtars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting ſung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, muſt paſs away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night ſhall veil their proudeſt ſtory,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The ſun himſelf, with weary clouds oppreſt,
Shall in his ſilent, dark pavilion reſt;
His golden urn ſhall broke and uſeleſs lie,
Amidſt the common ruins of the ſky:
The ſtars ruſh headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever ſtands thy throne:—
Jehovah reigns, a univerſe alone:
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is ſtill the ſame:
He dwells within his own unfathom'd eſſence,
And fills all ſpace with his unbounded preſence.

But, oh! our higheſt notes the theme debaſe,
And ſilence is our leaſt injurious praiſe;
Ceaſe, ceaſe your ſongs, the daring flight controul,
Revere him in the ſtilleſs of the ſoul:
With ſilent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmoſt hearts adore him.

ON HEARING VILLAGE BELLS,

AFTER AN ABSENCE.

WHEN laſt I liſten'd to thoſe village bells,
Cheerful and merry in the diſtant vale,
'Twas ev'ning, and Matilda's bridal day;
Bright on the beauteous ſcene the ſun-beams ſhone:
Methought the genii of domeſtic bliſs,
And ſocial comfort, hail'd her to its throne:
Ideal joy! but one ſhort year has fled,
And all thoſe hours of envied happineſs,
When laſt I heard their ſoft enchanting peal,
Are now no more!—their mournful muſic ſends
A ſadneſs to my heart, as ſoft it ſwells
Reſponſive through the grove—to her death bed
Is poor Matilda gone, with many friends,
Croſs'd by the cares that crowd life's rugged way.

OF A NIGHTINGALE.

PRATT.

FOR Eluſino loſt,—renew the ſtrain,
Pour the ſad note upon the ev'ning gale;
And, as the length'ning ſhades uſurp the plain,
The ſilent moon ſhall liſten to the tale.

Sore was the time—ill-fated was the hour,
The thicket ſhook with many an omen dire!
When from the topmoſt twig of yonder bow'r,
I ſaw my huſband tremble and expire.

'Twas when the peaſant ſought his twilight reſt
Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;
'Twas when the plumy nation fought the neſt,
And all, but ſuch as lov'd the night, were ſtill;

That—as I ſat with all a lover's pride,
(As was my cuſtom when the ſun withdrew)
Dear Eluſino, ſudden left my ſide,
And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.

For ſport the tube he levell'd at our head,
And, curious to behold more near my race,
Low in the copſe the artful robber laid,
Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.

Ingrateful wretch! he was our ſhepherd's ſon—
The harmleſs good old tenant of yon cot!—
That ſhepherd would not ſuch a deed have done!
'Twas love to him that fix'd us to this ſpot.

Oft, as at eve his homeward ſteps he bent,
When the laborious taſk of day was o'er,
Our mellow'd warbling ſooth'd him as he went,
Till the charm'd hind—forgot that he was poor.

Ah! could not this thy gratitude inſpire?
Could not our gentle viſitations pleaſe?
Could not the blameleſs leſſons of thy ſire
Reſtrain thy barb'rous hand from crimes like theſe?

Oh, cruel boy! thou tyrant of the plain!
Couldſt thou but ſee the ſorrows thou haſt made,
Or didſt thou know the virtues thou haſt ſlain,
And view the gloomy horrors of the ſhade:

Couldſt thou—behold—my infant younglings lay,
In the moſs cradle, which our bills prepar'd;
Babes as they were—the offspring of the day—
Their wings defenceleſs, and their boſoms bar'd:

Surely the mighty malice of thy kind,
Thy pow'r to wrong, and readineſs to kill,
In common pity, to the parent's mind,
Would ceaſe the new-made father's blood to ſpill.

Haply—the time may come, when heav'n ſhall give
To thee the troubles thou haſt heap'd on me.
Haply—ere well thy babes begin to live,
Death may preſent the dart of miſery.

Juſt as the tender hope begins to riſe,
As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
And the breaſt throbs with all a parent's joy;

Then may ſome midnight robber—ſkill'd in guile,
Reſolv'd on plunder and on deeds of death,
Thy fairy proſpects—tender tranſports ſpoil,
And to the knife—reſign thy children's breath!

In that ſad moment ſhall thy ſavage heart,
Feel the keen anguiſh, deſperate and wild,
Conſcience forlorn, ſhall doubly point the ſmart;
And juſtice whiſper—this is child for child.—

'Reft of their ſire—my babes, alas! muſt ſigh—
For grief obſtructs the widow's anxious care;
This waſted form—this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of deſtitute deſpair;

All load this boſom with a fraught ſo ſore,
Scarce can I cater for their daily food!
Where'er I ſearch—my huſband ſearch'd before—
And ſoon—my neſt will hold—an orphan brood.

STANZAS *to the* MEMORY *of* BURNS.

PORTENTOUS ſigh'd the hollow blaſt,
Which, ſorrow-freighted, ſouthward paſs'd;
I heard the ſound, and ſtood aghaſt,
In ſolemn dread:
The mournful truth is told at laſt,
And BURNS is dead!

Ah, ſweeteſt minſtrel! Nature's child!
Could not thy "native wood-notes wild,"
Thy manly ſenſe, thy manners mild,
And ſprightly glee,
The ghaſtly tyrant have beguil'd
To ſet thee free?

Unfriended, deſolate, and young,
Misfortune o'er thy cradle hung;
And Penury had check'd thy ſong,
But check'd in vain;
Till Death, reſiſtleſs in his wrong,
Has clos'd the ſtrain!

Thus, 'midſt the cold of winter's ſnows,
The unprotected ſnow-drop blows;
Awhile in native beauty glows,
And charms the eyes;
Till paſt ſome ruthleſs ſpoiler goes,
And crops the prize.

But not for thee, O bard! the lot
In cold oblivion's ſhade to rot,
Like thoſe unhonour'd and forgot,
Th' unfeeling great,
Who knew thy worth, but haſten'd not
To ſoothe thy fate.

Whilſt Love to Beauty pours the ſigh,
Whilſt Genius ſhall with Nature vie,
Whilſt Pity, from the melting eye,
Shall claim regard;
Thy honour'd name ſhall never die,
Immortal bard!

But oft as winter, o'er the plain,
Shall pour at eve the beating rain,
The hind ſhall call his little train
Around the fire,
To liſten to ſome thrilling ſtrain
Of thy lov'd lyre.

Whether to Heav'n's eternal King
Thou ſtrike the deep-refounding ſtring,
Whilſt, riſing on Devotion's wing,
Hope ſoars above,
To happier realms of endleſs ſpring,
And boundleſs love;

Or whether lighter themes beguile
The moments of relaxing toil,
Bidding on Labour's front the ſmile
Of pleaſure ſit,
The roof re-echoing all the while
To genuine wit;

Or if wild Fancy ſeize the rein,
Whilſt horror thrills through ev'ry vein,
And ſprites and elves, an awful train,
Their orgies keep;
And warlocks o'er the frighted plain
At midnight ſweep:

As works the ſpell, the liſt'ning band
Aghaſt in mute attention ſtand;
Again thou wav'ſt thy magic wand
Of pow'r ſo rare,
And all the ſcene, by Fancy plann'd,
Diſſolves in air.

Thine too the charm of ſocial hearts,
Where wit its vivid lightning darts,
Where converſe keen to age imparts
The fire of youth,
Whilſt from the fierce concuſſion ſtarts
The ſpark of truth.

What though thy wild, untutor'd ſtrain
The critic's pedant laws diſdain,
Not all the wire-cag'd minion train
E'er pour'd a note
So ſweet as, echoing o'er the plain,
The woodlark's throat.

Old *Coila*, firſt, whoſe brakes among
Thy infant hands the wild harp ſtrung,
Shall flouriſh in thy deathleſs ſong,
With laſting fame;
And *Ayr* ſhall henceforth roll along
A claſſic ſtream.

But thou, O bard! in ſilence laid—
Ah! what ſhall ſoothe thy penſive ſhade,
For worth and genius ill repaid,
With bounty ſcant;
And hours of ſorrow unallay'd,
And toil, and want?

See, o'er thy ſong, as loud it ſwells,
The lordly thane delighted dwells;
Or to his fair his rapture tells,
By thee inſpir'd;
His boſom, as the ſtrain impels,
Or thaw'd or fir'd.

Around him, ſee, to guard his ſtate,
A train of pamper'd minions wait;
And ſee, to form his daily treat,
Each climate join;
While Iceland's froſt and Aſia's heat
Their gifts combine.

Yet whilſt he revels, unconfin'd,
Through all the treaſures of thy mind,
No gen'rous boon, to thee conſign'd,
Relieves thy care;
To Folly, or to Vice, aſſign'd
What Pomp can ſpare!

For rights withheld, or freedom ſold,
Corruption aſks the promis'd gold;
Or, in licentious ſplendour bold,
Some titled dame
Squanders, in riot uncontrol'd,
What worth ſhould claim.

From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Wide ſpreads the chieftain's proud domain,
Which, half a deſert, aſks in vain
For culture due;
Whilſt cold inaction chills thy vein,
And ruſts thy plough.

Meanwhile thy youthful vigour flies,
The ſtorms of life unpitying riſe,
And wounded Superſtition tries
To thwart thy way;
And loath'd Dependence ambuſh'd lies
To ſeize her prey.

Yet high above thy reptile foes
Thy tow'ring ſoul unconquer'd roſe—
Love and the Muſe their charms diſcloſe—
The hags retire;
And thy expanded boſom glows
With heav'nly fire.

Go, builder of a deathleſs name!
Thy country's glory, and her ſhame!
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,
To Genius due;
Whilſt rolling centuries thy fame
Shall ſtill renew.

MARY LE MORE.

AS I ſtray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the ſweet primroſe array'd,
I ſaw a poor female, whoſe mental diſorder
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aſpect betray'd:
On the ſward ſhe reclin'd, by the green fern ſurrounded,
At her ſide ſpeckled daiſies and crow-flow'rs abounded;
To its inmoſt receſs her poor heart had been wounded,
Her ſighs were unceaſing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blaſts of ſorrow were faded;
Yet the ſoft tinge of beauty ſtill play'd on her cheek;
Her treſſes a wreath of pale primroſes braided,
And ſtrings of freſh daiſies hung looſe on her neck:

While with pity I gaz'd, ſhe exclaim'd, " Oh! my mother!
See the blood on that laſh, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They've torn his poor fleſh, and they now ſtrip another;
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

" Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
Thoſe ſoldiers ſhall find that my father is brave;
My father!" ſhe cry'd, with the wildeſt emotion,
" Ah! no; my poor father now ſleeps in his grave:
They have toll'd his death-bell, they have laid the turf o'er him;
His white locks were bloody, no aid can reſtore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him.
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold-bloſſom'd furze that grew near her,
Now roſe, and with energy caroll'd his lay;
" Huſh! huſh!" ſhe continued, " the trumpet ſounds clearer;
The horſemen approach; Erin's daughters, away!"
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning!
Go hide with the ſea-mews, ye maids, and take warning,
Thoſe ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

" Away, bring the ointment! O God, ſee thoſe gaſhes!
Alas! my poor brother! come, dry the big tear;
Anon we'll have vengeance for thoſe dreadful laſhes;
Already the ſcreech-owls and ravens appear:
By day, the green grave, that lies under the willow,
With wild flow'rs I'll ſtrew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark ſea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furniſh a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor Maniac, in tones more heart-rending
Than Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear;
When, lo! on the waſte, and their march tow'rds her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear;

" Oh! the fiends!" ſhe exclaim'd, and with wild horror ſtarted;
Then through the tall fern, loudly ſcreaming, ſhe darted;
With an overcharg'd boſom I ſlowly departed,
And ſigh'd for the wrong of poor Mary le More.

THE TRAVELLER.

GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wand'ring Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte, expanded to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend!
Bleſt be that ſpot, where cheerful gueſts retire,
To pauſe from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire!
Bleſt that abode, where Want and Pain repair,
And ev'ry ſtranger finds a ready chair!
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts, where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent, and care;
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot, of all the world, my own.
E'en now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;

And, plac'd on high, above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward, where a hundred realms appear.
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amid the ſtore ſhould thankleſs Pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught Pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns! with wealth and ſplendour crown'd;
Ye fields! where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes! whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains! that dreſs the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine;
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs—for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amid the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd;
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs, to ſee my fellows bleſt.

Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe:
The naked ſavage panting at the Line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine;
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt; where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country ever is—at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall Wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.

From Art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content;
Yet theſe each other's pow'r ſo ſtrong contеſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Hence ev'ry ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at ev'ry blaſt.

Far to the right, where Appenine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her uplands, ſloping, deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride;
Whilſt oft ſome temple's mould'ring top, between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die;

Theſe, here diſporting, own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows;
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contracted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And, e'en in penance, planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That Opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flouriſh'd thro' the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column fought the ſkies;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature, warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other ſhores her ſail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave.

Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love;
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in ev'ry grove.

By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd;
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repreſs'd by long control,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My ſoul, turn from them; turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay;
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, e'en here, Content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhade the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den, where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour ſped,
He ſits him down, the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And e'en thoſe hills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For ev'ry want that ſtimulates the breaſt
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence, from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe pow'rs that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
Theſe, far diſpers'd, on timʼrous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay, ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe!
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe!
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murm'ring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And, freſhen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch, faltʼring ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages! Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay;
Thus, idly buſy, rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe:
They pleaſe, are pleas'd; they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe, too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought;
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence, Oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here Vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting Faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep, where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad Ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
Spreads its long arms amid the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While the pent Ocean, riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And Industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here:
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind:
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims, irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All claims that bind and ſweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Till, over-wrought, the gen'ral ſyſtem feels
Its motion ſtop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, ſtript of all her charms,
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flow'r! alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's foſt'ring ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure;
For juſt experience tells in ev'ry ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that Freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each:
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting legal pow'r to ſtretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;

Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal pow'r;
And, thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waſte?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern Depopulation in her train;
And over fields, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen, at Pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts and through dang'rous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a long look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centres in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In ev'ry government, though terror reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,

How ſmall, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure!
Still to ourſelves in ev'ry place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience all our own.

LODGINGS *for* SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

COLMAN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has ſeen "*Lodgings to Let*" ſtare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while ſome, 'tis well known,
Are ſo dear, and ſo bad, they are beſt let alone.

Will Waddle, whoſe temper was ſtudious and lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was ſo fat, he appear'd like a tun,
Or like two ſingle gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a ſcore of fat ſheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to ſleep.

Next night 'twas the ſame;—and the next;—and the next;
He perſpir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd:
Week paſs'd after week, till, by weekly ſucceſſion,
His weakly condition was paſt all expreſſion.

In ſix months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his ſkin, like a lady's looſe gown, hung about him.
He ſent for a doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
"I have loſt many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wife:—'A ſlow fever,' he ſaid;
Preſcrib'd ſudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed (exclaim'd Will) are humbugs,
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed,
E'en diſmiſſing the doctor don't *always* ſucceed;
So, calling his hoſt—he ſaid,—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, ſix months ago?

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
"That with honeſt intentions you firſt *took me in*;
But from the firſt night—and to ſay it I'm bold—
I have been ſo d——d hot, that I'm ſure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—'Till now, I ne'er had a diſpute;
I've let lodgings ten years;—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your ſheets, ſir, my wife is no ſloven,
And your bed is immediately—over my oven.'

"The oven!!!" ſays Will—Says the hoſt, 'Why this paſſion?
In that excellent bed died three people of faſhion;
Why ſo cruſty, good ſir?' "Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be cruſty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the hoſt with a ſneer,
'Well, I ſee you've been *going away* half a year;
Friend, we can't well agree'—"Yet no quarrel—" Will ſaid;
"For one man may die where another makes bread."

The SUPERANNUATED HORSE to his MASTER,

Who had ſentenced him to die at the End of Summer.

AND haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And houſe me in this hoſpitable ſhed:

It glads me more to ſee my maſter's face,
And linger round the ſpot where I was bred.

For, O! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
Then from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious maſter on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since firſt to thee theſe way-worn limbs I gave;
Sweet, ſmiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindeſt maſter and the happieſt ſlave;

Ah, years, ſweet, ſmiling: now for ever flown!
Ten years thrice told, alas! are as a day;
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear that age away!

For ſtill the older times are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
Light were our hearts, and ev'ry ſeaſon brought
Pains that were ſoft, or pleaſures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Searing's ſtream
My ready ſteps were bent to yonder grove,
Where ſhe who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I thy more than meſſenger of love!

For when thy doubting heart felt fond alarms,
And throbb'd alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms,
Aſſure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And haſt thou fix'd my doom, ſweet maſter, ſay?
And wilt thou kill thy ſervant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!

Yet, ah! in vain, in vain for life I plead,
If nature hath deny'd a longer date:
Still do not thou behold thy ſervant bleed,
Though weeping pity has decreed his fate.

But, O! kind nature, take thy victim's life;
End thou a ſervant, feeble, old, and poor;
So ſhalt thou ſave me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently ſtretch me at my maſter's door.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. KIPPIS.

MISS WILLIAMS.

PLAC'D 'midſt the tempeſt whoſe conflicting waves
The buoyant form of Gallic freedom braves,
I from its ſwelling ſurge unheedful turn,
While o'er the grave where Kippis reſts I mourn.
Friend of my life, by ev'ry tie endear'd,
By me lamented, as by me rever'd;
Whene'er remembrance would the paſt renew,
His image mingles with the penſive view;
Him thro' life's length'ning ſcene I mark with pride,
My earlieſt teacher, and my lateſt guide.
Firſt, in the houſe of pray'r, his voice impreſs'd
Celeſtial precepts on my infant breaſt;
"The hope that reſts above" my childhood taught,
And lifted firſt to God my ductile thought.
And, when the heav'n-born Muſe's cheriſh'd art
Shed its freſh pleaſures on my glowing heart;
Flaſh'd o'er my ſoul one ſpark of purer light,
New worlds unfolding to my raptur'd ſight;
When firſt with timid hand I touch'd the lyre,
And felt the youthful poet's proud deſire;
His lib'ral comment fann'd the dawning flame,
His plaudit ſooth'd me with a poet's name;
Led by his counſels to the public ſhrine,
He bade the trembling hope to pleaſe be mine;
What he forgave, the critic eye forgives,
And, for a while the verſe he ſanction'd lives.
When on that ſpot where Gallic freedom roſe,
And where ſhe mourn'd her unexampled woes,
Scourge of his nature, and its worſe diſgrace,
Curſe of his age, and murd'rer of his race,
Th' ignoble tyrant of his country ſtood,
And bath'd his ſcaffolds in the patriot's blood;
Deſtin'd the patriot's fate in all to ſhare,
To feel his triumphs, and his pangs to bear;
To ſhun th' uplifted axe, condemn'd to roam
A weeping exile from my cheriſh'd home,
When Malice pour'd her dark inſatiate lie,
Call'd it, though death to ſtay, a crime to fly;
And, while the falſehood ſerv'd her hateful ends,
Congenial audience found in hollow friends;
Who to the tale "aſſent with civil leer,
And, without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;"

*

His friendſhip o'er me ſpread that guardian ſhield,
Which his fevereſt virtue beſt could wield;
Repell'd by him, relentleſs Slander found
Her dart bereft of half its pow'r to wound.
Alas! no more to him the talk belongs,
To ſoothe my ſorrows, or redreſs my wrongs;
No more his letter'd aid, enlighten'd ſage!
Shall mark the errors of my careleſs page;
Shall hide from public view the faulty line,
And bid the merit he beſtows be mine.
Ah! while, with fond regret, my feeble verſe
Would pour its tribute o'er his hallow'd hearſe,
For him his country twines her civic palm,
And Learning's tears his honour'd name embalm.
His were the laviſh ſtores her force ſublime,
Through ev'ry paſſing age, has ſnatch'd from time;
His, the hiſtorian's wreath, the critic's art,
A rigid judgment, but a feeling heart;
His, the warm purpoſe for the gen'ral weal,
The chriſtian's meekneſs, and the chriſtian's zeal.
And his, the moral worth to which is given
Earth's pureſt homage, and the meed of heaven.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our blood and ſtate
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no armour againſt fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt be equal made
With the poor crooked ſcythe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
And plant freſh laurels where they kill;
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early or late
They ſtoop to Fate,
And muſt give up their murm'ring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds;

Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads muſt come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet and flouriſh in the duſt.

THE TRAVELLER'S HOME.

O'ER barren hills, or fertile dales,
At morning dawn, or cloſe of day,
By riſing Sol's bright golden beams,
Or penſive Moonlight's ſilver grey:
Through verdant meads, and flow'ry fields,
Where limpid rivers ſmoothly glide,
Or o'er the bleak and rugged cliffs
That bound the ocean's foaming tide,
The Trav'ller ſtill is forc'd to roam,
And wander from his native Home.

When riſing Spring its verdure yields,
Or Summer's ſcorching ſuns aſſail,
When bounteous Autumn decks the fields,
Or Winter's dreary blaſts prevail;
Alike indiff'rent to his mind
The varying ſeaſons of the year,
Who, lonely wand'ring, leaves behind
A Wife belov'd, and Children dear:
What though o'er half the world he roam,
His heart muſt ever be at Home.

While Contemplation ſmooths his way,
As paſſing o'er the mountain's brow,
He ſtops, delighted, to ſurvey
The wide extended vale below,
The farm—the cot—the dome—the ſpire,
The winding river glaſſy bright,
Extenſive lawns, and ſhady bow'rs,
To give the ſons of wealth delight:
But farm—or cot—or ſtately dome,
Alas! afford not him a Home.

O'er fenceleſs moors, and trackleſs ground,
At cloſe of Winter's gloomy day,

With ſtorms and darkneſs gath'ring round,
He ſeeks his ſolitary way,
Till glimm'ring lights beſpeak him nigh
Some long and anxious look'd-for town,
Where hoſts, to catch the Trav'ller's eye,
Hang out an Angel, King, or Crown,
To ſhow where thoſe who that way come
May find a temporary Home.

Here, by the cheerful parlour fire,
A few from various parts are met,
And round the feſtive board at eve,
The troubles of the day forget;
And while with ſocial mirth and glee,
As briſkly moves the ſparkling glaſs,
Each, as a toaſt, is proud to name
Some valued friend, or fav'rite laſs:
From nymph to nymph his tongue will roam,
But drinks—to her he left at Home.

So through Life's ſhort and buſy day,
Whether with Fortune's ſunſhine crown'd,
Or doom'd to trudge his dreary way,
With ſtorms and tempeſts threat'ning round,
He labours tow'rd his journey's end,
Cheerful through ev'ry buſtling ſcene,
And age advancing, hopes to ſpend
The ev'ning of life's day ſerene:
Life's journey o'er, the ſilent tomb
Affords at laſt—a peaceful Home!

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

FRIEND of departed worth! whoſe pilgrim feet
Trace injur'd merit to its laſt retreat,
Oft will thy ſteps imprint the hallow'd ſhade,
Where Wakefield's duſt, embalm'd in tears, is laid;
"Here," wilt thou ſay, "a high undaunted ſoul,
That ſpurn'd at palſy'd caution's weak control—
A mind by learning ſtor'd, by Genius fir'd,
In Freedom's cauſe with gen'rous warmth inſpir'd—
Moulders in earth; the fabric of his fame
Reſts on the pillar of a ſpotleſs name!"

Tool of corruption—ſpaniel ſlave of pow'r!
Should thy raſh ſteps in ſome unguarded hour
Profane the ſhrine, deep on thy ſhrinking heart
Engrave this awful moral, and depart!
That not the ſhafts of ſlander, envy, hate,
The dungeon's gloom, nor the cold hand of fate,
Can rob the good man of that peerleſs prize
Which not pale mammon's countleſs treaſure buys—
The conſcience clear, whence ſecret pleaſures flow,
And friendſhip kindled 'mid the gloom of woe,
Aſſiduous love that ſtays the parting breath,
And honeſt fame, triumphant over death.

For you, who o'er the ſacred marble bend,
To weep the huſband, father, brother, friend,
And, mutely eloquent, in anguiſh raiſe
Of keen regrets his monument of praiſe——
May faith, may friendſhip, dry your ſtreaming eyes,
And virtue mingle comfort with your ſighs;
Till reſignation, ſoftly ſtealing on,
With penſive ſmile bid ling'ring grief begone,
And tardy time veil o'er with gradual ſhade
All but the tender tints you would not wiſh to fade.

The OBLIGATION *on* MOTHERS *to* SUCKLE *their* OFFSPRING.

FROM ROSCOE'S POEM "THE NURSE."

WHAT fury, hoſtile to our common kind,
Firſt led from nature's path the female mind,
Th' ingenuous ſenſe by faſhion's laws repreſs'd,
And to a babe denied its mother's breaſt?
What! could ſhe, as her own exiſtence dear,
Nine tedious months her tender burthen bear,
Yet, when at length it ſmil'd upon the day,
To hireling hands its helpleſs frame convey?
—Whilſt, yet conceal'd in life's primaval folds,
Th' unconſcious maſs her proper body holds;
Whilſt in her mind diſtracting fears ariſe,
Stranger to that which in her boſom lies;
Whilſt, led by ignorance, wild fancy apes
Uncouth diſtortions and perverted ſhapes;

Yet then ſecurely reſts the promis'd brood,
Screen'd by her cares, and nurtur'd by her blood.
But when, reliev'd from danger and alarms,
The perfect offspring leaps into her arms,
Turns to a mother's face its aſking eyes,
And begs for pity by its tender cries;
Then, whilſt young life its op'ning pow'rs expands,
And the meek infant ſpreads its ſearching hands,
Scents the pure milk-drops as they flow diſtil,
And thence anticipates the plenteous rill,
From her firſt graſp the ſmiling babe ſhe flings,
Whilſt pride and folly ſeal the guſhing ſprings;
Hopeful that pity can by her be ſhown,
Who for another's offspring quits her own.

Ah! ſure ye deem that Nature gave in vain
Thoſe ſwelling orbs, that life's warm ſtreams contain;
As the ſoft ſimper, or the dimple ſleek,
Hangs on the lip, or wantons in the cheek;
Nor heed the duties that to theſe belong,
The dear nutrition of your helpleſs young.
—Why elſe, ere health's returning luſtre glows,
Check ye the milky fountain as it flows?
Turn to a ſtagnant maſs the circling flood,
And with diſeaſe contaminate the blood?

O crime! with herbs and drugs of eſſence high,
The ſacred fountains of the breaſt to dry!
Pour back on nature's ſelf the balmy tide,
Which nature's God for infancy ſupplied!
—Does horror ſhake us when the pregnant dame,
To ſpare her beauties, or to hide her ſhame,
Deſtroys, with impious rage and arts accurſt,
Her growing offspring ere to life it burſt,
And can we bear, on ev'ry ſlight pretence,
The kindred guilt that marks this dread offence?
—As the green herb freſh from its earlieſt root,
Young life protrudes its yet uncertain ſhoot,
Or falls, unconſcious of the blighting ſtorm,
A dubious victim, and a ſhadowy form;
But ſhe who to her babe her breaſt denies,
The ſentient mind, the living man deſtroys;
Arreſts kind Nature's lib'ral hand too ſoon,
And robs her helpleſs young of half the boon.
—'Tis his, not her's—the colour only chang'd,
Erewhile through all the throbbing veins it rang'd;

Pour'd through each art'ry its redundant tide,
And with rich ſtreams incipient life ſupplied;
And when full time releas'd th' impriſon'd young,
Up to the breaſts, a living river, ſprung.

Doubt ye the laws by nature's God ordain'd,
Or that the callous young ſhould be ſuſtain'd
Upon the parent breaſt?—be thoſe your ſchools
Where nature triumphs, and where inſtinct rules.
No beaſt ſo fierce, from Zembla's northern ſtrand
To Ethiopia's barren realms of ſand,
But 'midſt her young her milky fountain ſhares,
With teats as num'rous as the brood ſhe rears.
Two breaſts ye boaſt for this kind end alone,
That your twin offspring each ſhould have its own.

Does no remorſe, ye fair, your boſoms gnaw,
Rebellious to affection's primal law?
Perſiſt ye ſtill, by her mild voice unaw'd,
Falſe to yourſelves, your offspring, and your God?
Mark but your proper frame—what wondrous art,
What fine arrangement rules in ev'ry part;
As the blood ruſhes through each ſwelling vein,
The ruddy tide appropriate veſſels ſtrain;
And whilſt around the limpid current flows,
To ſhape and ſtrength th' unconſcious embryon grows;
But when 'tis born, then nature's ſecret force
Gives to the circling ſtream another courſe;
The ſtarting bev'rage meets the thirſty lip,
'Tis joy to yield it, and 'tis joy to ſip.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'TWAS at the ſilent ſolemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear my lip was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night
Till the laſt morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come fee, falfe man! how low fhe lies
Who died for love of you.

The lark fung out, the morning fmil'd,
And rais'd her glift'ning head;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And ftretch'd him o'er the green grafs-turf
That wrapp'd her breathlefs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word fpake never more.

MONODY *to the* MEMORY *of* CHATTERTON.

MRS. COWLEY.

O CHATTERTON! for thee the penfive fong I raife,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praife!
Bright ftar of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verfe, fhall confecrate thy name!
Ye Muſes! who around his natal bed
Triumphant fung, and all your influence fhed:
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breaſt,
And in his dædal numbers fhone confeſt,
Ah! why, in vain, fuch mighty gifts beſtow?
—Why give freſh tortures to the Child of Woe?
Why thus, with barb'rous care illume his mind,
Adding new fenſe to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard Poverty! whoſe cheerleſs eye
Transforms young Rapture to the pond'rous ſigh;
In whoſe dreat cave no Muſe e'er ſtruck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire;
Why all thy ſpells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thought creative, why muſt thou confine?
Subdued by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the ſong of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from diſtant ſkies,
Nor bids wild ſcen'ry ruſh upon our eyes——

Check'd in her flight, his rapid Genius cowers,
Drops her ſad plumes, and yields to thee her powers

Behold him, Muſes! ſee your fav'rite ſon
The prey of want, ere manhood is begun!
The boſom ye have fill'd, with anguiſh torn——
The mind you cheriſh'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now Deſpair her ſable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.
Ah. ſee! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd——
Seize it, Apollo!—ſeize the liquid ſnare!
Daſh it to earth, or diſſipate in air!
Stay, hapleſs youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!
O hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than Death the pois'nous juice beſtows!
In vain;—he drinks—and now the ſearching fires
Ruſh through his veins, and writhing he expires!
No ſorrowing friend, no ſiſter, parent, nigh,
To ſoothe his pangs, or catch his parting ſigh:
Alone, unknown, the Muſe's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright ſtar of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verſe, ſhall conſecrate thy name!

PENSIVE REFLECTIONS.

AH! who has pow'r to ſay,
To-morrow's ſun ſhall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuſe a brighter ray?

Ah! who is ever ſure,
Though all that can the ſoul delight
This hour enchants the wond'ring ſight,
Theſe raptures ſhall endure?

Is there, in life's dull toil,
One certain moment of repoſe;
One ray to diſſipate our woes—
And bid reflection ſmile?

We ſeek Hope's gentle aid.
We think the lovely phantom pours

Her balmy incenſe on thoſe flow'rs
Which bloſſom but to fade!

We court love's thrilling dart;
And, when we think our joys ſupreme,
We find its raptures but a dream—
Its boon a wounded heart!

We pant for glitt'ring fame;
And, when pale envy blots the page
That might have charm'd a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore;
And when we gain the golden prize,
And Death appears—with aching eyes
We view the uſeleſs ſtore.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dimpled cheek, the ſparkling eye,
Scarce ſeen before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb.

Then, ſince this fleeting breath
Is but the zephyr of a day,
Let conſcience make each minute gay,
And brave the ſhafts of Death!

And let the gen'rous mind
With pity view the erring throng,
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind.

For who, alas! ſhall ſay,
"To-morrow's ſun ſhall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuſe a brighter ray?"

JULIA; *or*, THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

FROM PINDAR'S "SMILES AND TEARS."

SHE is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the pleaſures and loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whoſe beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, ſo ador'd, ſo deſir'd;

Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the paſſion her beauty inſpir'd.

Yet ſilent was ſhe on the ſwain
Whoſe cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In ſecret her ſoul would complain,
In ſecret her anguiſh would burn.

Though faint was the bluſh on her cheek,
And deep in her boſom the thorn;
A ſmile 'midſt her ſorrows would break
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would ſit near yon willow and ſigh,
And pant in the ſhade of the trees;
"Sweet ZEPHYR! bring health," ſhe would cry;
But HEALTH never came with the breeze.

And oft ſhe would drink of the brook,
But HEALTH never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights ſhe would look,
But HEALTH never came to the hill.

On her dog ſhe look'd down with a tear,
And ſigh'd, as ſhe patted his head,
"Poor FIDELLE! thou wilt ſuffer. I fear,
When thy miſtreſs, who loves thee, is dead.

"*Thou* haſt ever been conſtant and kind;
My fondneſs ne'er met with a *ſlight*:
In thee a firm friendſhip I find;
How unhappy when out of my ſight!

"When with ſpeed I could travel the plain,
With thy miſtreſs to ſport was thy pride;
And now I am weak and in pain.
Thou art heartleſs and dull by my ſide.

"When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow! wilt pine,
And ſeek me, uneaſy, around;
Beſeeching the ſwains, with a whine,
To tell where thy friend may be found.

"Shouldſt thou find my cold dwelling at laſt,
Near my ſod thou wilt mope the long day:
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blaſt,
Nay, nor hunger, will force thee away."

Thus ſhe ſpoke to her fav'rite, whoſe eye
Was fix'd upon thoſe of the MAID:

Then he lick'd her fond hand at her ſigh,
As if conſcious of all ſhe had ſaid!

Sweet nymph! what a ſudden decay!
Now her limbs ſhe could ſcarcely ſuſtain;
Now her head would ſink feebly away,
Like the lily preſs'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow ſhe fell;
In ſilence we watch'd her laſt breath:
When ſhe bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, though the whiſper of death!

No ſtruggle in dying ſhe knew,
Life paſs'd with ſuch ſweetneſs away!
So calm from the world ſhe withdrew,
Her laſt ſigh ſeem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* ſtone ſhe is laid,
For needleſs of *praiſe* is the tale;
Since the virtues that ſhone in the MAID,
May be ſeen in the tears of the VALE.

THE HERMIT.

BEATTIE.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's ſong in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himſelf or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
"Why, lone Philomela, that languiſhing fall?
"For Spring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
"And Sorrow no longer thy boſom inthral.
"But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay;
"Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer! man calls thee to mourn;
"O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away:
"Full quickly they paſs—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
"The Moon, half-extinguiſh'd, her crefcent diſplays:

" But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
" She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
" Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
" The path that conducts thee to ſplendour again.
" But man's faded glory what change ſhall renew?
" Ah, fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

" 'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
" I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
" For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
" Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
" Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
" Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave:
" But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn!
" O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

' 'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe Science betray'd,
' That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
' My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
' Deſtruction before me, and Sorrow behind.
' O pity, great Father of light,' then I cry'd.
' Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee.
' Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
' From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free.'

' And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away.
' No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
' So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,
' The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
' See truth, love, and mercy in triumph deſcending,
' And nature all glowing in Eden's firſt bloom!
' On the cold cheek of Death ſmiles and roſes are blending,
' And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

SMART, PRINTER, HUDDERSFIELD.

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